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Vol. XXX.

JANUARY, 1879

No. 1.

—  
“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”  
—

THE  
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE  
*SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE AND THE SOCIAL, LITERARY,  
AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS*

OF  
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—  
Rev. B. Bausman, D. D., Editor.  
—

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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GUARDIAN, JANUARY, 1879.

## LETTERS RECEIVED.

S. A. E. L. Miller, R. M. Elliott, O. Barnet, E. Dieffenbacher, A. Gouser, Miss M. Harbaugh, H. Ritter, Rev. Z. A. Yearick, J. H. Meyers, M. M. Brouse.

## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The present number of the "Guardian" closes the twenty-ninth volume. A new one will accordingly be entered upon with the next number. We trust our present subscribers will promptly renew their subscriptions, and that many new ones will be added to the list.*

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,

907 Arch Street Philadelphia.



THE  
GUARDIAN:

A  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR  
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

---

REV. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

VOL. XXX. 1879.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.  
1879





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# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

JANUARY, 1879.

NO. 1.

## Editorial Notes.

We greet our readers in this festive season. May Christ be formed in their hearts, the hope of glory. We wish them a happy New Year. May they all experience that spiritual renewal, which will make them new creatures in Christ Jesus. The past year teaches us lessons of gratitude, penitence and faith. Gratitude to God for the countless mercies vouchsafed to us. Penitence for our many sins—may our sorrow be of a godly sort, working repentance unto life. Faith in the sin-forgiving and soul-healing Christ. Standing on the threshold of the New Year it is wise to form resolutions of amendment, and daily strive, in prayerful reliance upon divine grace, to carry them out. It may be the last year of our earthly life; to some of our readers it will surely be. Living or dying, may we be the Lord's.

Few periodicals of our country have as many subscribers to-day as they had a year ago. The hard times have reduced the circulation of the best of them. The GUARDIAN has gained in this respect. We thank our friends, and above all the kind Providence of God which has helped and prospered it thus far. We ask our patrons for their continued support. Speak a good word for our magazine to your friends. Help to raise clubs of subscribers. Let each one make it an object to add at least one new subscriber to its list. We want all who possess the talent of writing aptly for our class of readers to aid us with their pen in enriching its pages.

Recently in a village church a collection was taken up for foreign missions. When the money came to be counted a fifty dollar bill was found in the contribution-box. Great was the surprise.

Who could have put it in? It must have been one of the summer visitors yet staying in the place, said the deacons, and at once surmises were rife as to which of the wealthy gentlemen at the little hotel had given the generous sum. Finally, after much discussion, Mr. A—— was decided upon, and Deacon Brown went to call upon and thank him for the gift. But when the matter was opened, Mr. A—— cut short the thanks by saying, bluntly, "I didn't give you fifty cents." Deacon Brown retired, and a new conference was held.

This time Dr. F——, who had built and was occupying a summer cottage, was pitched upon. But he too disclaimed the contribution, and after half-a-dozen trials, the fifty dollars was yet unaccounted for.

Now all this while a poor widow, who was a member and faithful attendant of the church, was never once thought of, yet it was she who had given this money, which she had gathered by long and patient self-denial. When the truth came out at last, how blank Deacon Brown looked. Yet the good man had not judged strangely, and probably not one of us would have thought of looking for the donor of that fifty dollars in that comparatively poor woman. So we need not smile at his mistakes too complacently.—*Christ. Intelligencer*.

Where did she get the money from? Doubtless she earned it by hard work, used her earnings savingly, spent no money uselessly for luxurious living; ate plain substantial food, perhaps not always enough to satisfy her hunger, wore plain clothing which by much darning and patching she probably wore as long as she could. In this way she was enabled to give much more to Christ than her rich neighbors, who spent vast sums in high living and showy parade, and gave but a pittance to the



Lord. The poor widow, in her lonely, lowly hut, unknown, unnoticed, and unvisited by the fashionable folk around her, put more into the Lord's treasury than they all.

"With a look of sad content,  
Her mite within the treasure heap she cast;  
Then, timidly as bashful twilight, stole  
From out the temple. But her lowly gift  
Was witnessed by an eye whose mercy views,  
In motive, all that consecrates a deed  
To goodness, so He blessed the Widow's Mite."

When three heroic Hebrews, at the risk of their lives, brought David a cup of fresh water from the well at Bethlehem's gate, the good king refused to drink it, although almost dying of thirst. Why? Bought or brought at the virtual cost of three brave lives, it was too precious and too sacred to be drunk by him, and he devoutly poured out the water as an offering to God. How painful must the further enduring of his thirst have been, and what a heroic sacrifice of personal comfort it involved! This act endeared the king greatly to his people. The son of a German noble family, sat among a group of day laborers at a village inn. As they munched their chunks of bread, he took a few pears and a piece of bread out of his wallet, and ate his meal as simple as theirs. And the poor working-men praised the young duke for partaking along with them of as plain a meal as theirs. When Alexander the Great, on his conquering path, marched through India, he almost perished with thirst. A group of soldiers, at a great cost, brought him a drink of water. He poured it out as a libation to the gods, for he would not drink any better water than he could give to his soldiers. For a ruler who shared the lot of his common soldiers they cheerfully laid down their lives. Higher still than this was the libation of David, offered to the only true God. On the battle-field of Gravelotte the Emperor William I. ate his black bread, and nothing more, the same food his victorious soldiers ate, and slept on the same kind of cot. And this sharing with the common soldiers the privations and perils of war drew his valiant men tenderly to his heart, and his to theirs. In these trying times we greatly lighten the burdens of the

poor by suffering with them; reducing our wants, contenting ourselves with plainer food and raiment; doing without luxuries and even without some necessities of life, that we may have something to give to those who are in want. Thus our Saviour bore our burdens and griefs. Became poor and lowly for our sakes that He might bring us to God. Did richer people thus in their own persons help to bear the burdens and sorrows of the needy, we would hear less of embittered jealousies and clashings between rich and poor.

### The Thirtieth Volume of the Guardian.

BY THE EDITOR.

With this number the GUARDIAN brings its thirtieth New Year's greeting to its readers, and the present editor his thirteenth. Since the issue of its first number, on January 1, 1850, it has had many friends. Those that were in the heyday of youth then are now in middle life, or past. Many have passed beyond the flood. The living and the dead in Christ Jesus, those here and those there, are still one in Him. To all the GUARDIAN has proven to be a wise counsellor and a true friend. Some may have made a poor use of its proffered help. But that is their fault, not that of this Magazine. It has a responsible and a promising mission to perform. For, the period of youth is extremely critical. The mind eagerly thirsts for knowledge, and, whether true or false, takes it in readily. Impressions for good and for evil are easily made. It then takes but little to give the current of one's life a new turn. Here different paths diverge. A slight turn in the wrong direction may lead to a life of ruin. An inch at a railroad switch is sufficient to wreck a whole train, kill a hundred people, and desolate a score of homes.

In one particular the GUARDIAN labors under a disadvantage. Its means and mission will not allow it to compete with the so-called popular monthlies. These cater to the popular taste with diversified novelties. They aim to please people of all ages, classes, and characters. To do this the temptations and perilous vices peculiar to youth are at



best but softly touched. Their reading may be entertaining and pleasing, but does little to mould and build up sanctified characters, and fit persons to fight successfully the great battle of life. Not simply the battle in the race for fame and wealth, but that waged against sin for the saving of one's soul forever. Some of our readers have had little or no home training to give them a good start. Others have had it, but failed to improve it. Some need chiding and restraint, others an incentive to pious endeavor and encouraging hope. All need the blessed Christ and His anointing grace. But who will lead them to His feet? Who help them to stay there?

In writing for our Magazine, and praying for it, too, we often try to take in the whole field of the GUARDIAN. Those to whom it has spoken, once young, now old and gray-headed, or perhaps gone up higher, and those reading it now, make up its parish. Humbly has it been sowing its seed. In some hearts has it already borne a rich harvest. In others, like the grains of wheat beneath the bandages of Egyptian mummies, after being fruitless for a season, some hand, yet unborn, may help to unearth and unbandage it, and bring it under the light of a vitalizing sun. But each soul is of priceless value—has an ever-enduring destiny to achieve. If achieved rightly, how glorious! if wrongly, how ruinous! All souls are moving towards it. There is no stopping or avoiding this onward flow. Time and tide wait for no man. In this respect a pastor and the editor of a magazine like the GUARDIAN have much in common. "At the gate of birth souls keep coming, and across the world, and out at the gate of death they keep going. And all the worse distracted is the time of their passage through, so much the more do they need the Gospel of Christ, and faithful words from some heart that is at peace with itself, and in communion with God and Christ. There are souls which look to me for guidance, or which say they do. These souls I have to watch; and I have perhaps to notice how on the mind of this old man there is a cloud thickening,—and how this young man is advanced within sight of a temptation, that beckons him,—and how this maiden is walking

with her eyes on what is no trusty star, but a deceitful meteor,—and how this sufferer is beginning to despair,—and how this public event is likely to affect the minds of men, whether well or ill. whether to strengthen them in right feeling or weaken them. And so sometimes it may happen with a sermon of mine, that some hearer is guided safely past a danger which he never saw,—or some man has his courage called up against a trouble which he did not know was coming,—or some woman finds her heart grown unexpectedly strong against her next trial,—or some youth finds himself followed by earnest thoughts, that have come upon him he knows not how. To do something of this nature, and to keep myself and my little flock in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,—this is my object, and I think it is my proper business."

Thus, too, does the GUARDIAN feel towards its readers, and after this order it strives to help them. And in these New Year's reflections one feels the solemn mission pressing on him all the more. For with each ending year are we reminded of our shortening life and its coming end. St. Jerome writes to a friend: "Do you not perceive how you have been a child, a boy, a robust youth, and how already you are now an old man? We die daily; we are changed every day. This moment of my writing is so much deducted from my life. We write; and then again we write in answer. Letters cross the sea, and ships plough the deep, and with every tide, every wave, our moments are diminished. We never can gain any thing but what we can appropriate to ourselves through the love of Christ."

Thus wrote and felt good St. Jerome fifteen hundred years ago. He felt then as we feel now, and how soon life for him ended just as he had thought it would. And so will ours by-and-by. As Christians, our life is hid with Christ in God. Let this life be one of persistent, persevering endeavor for the good of souls and His glory. Now is the time to do what we deem needful. In the grave whither we are going, there is neither work, nor wisdom nor device. Vain regrets over evil, brooding over what might or ought to have been will make the world no better, and us no



wiser. The only safe way is at once to place ourselves on a better footing for the future, which knows no failures,—to turn to Christ by a penitent faith, and give ourselves to Him as He has given Himself for us.

“There’s no time to waste in sighing,  
While the years are rolling on.  
Time is flying, souls are dying,  
While the years are rolling on.”

### The Inn at Bethlehem.

BY THE EDITOR.

The inn of the Gospels is an Eastern khan, caravanserai, or caravan house. These buildings are built all after one plan. Usually of rough stone, and only one story. “They consist for the most part of a square enclosure, in which the cattle can be tied up in safety for the night, and an arched recess for the accommodation of travellers.” The recess has a paved floor, and is raised a foot or two above the other part. It is simply an elevated platform along the sides of the buildings, without any furniture but what travellers bring with them. On the lower floor are the cattle, camels, donkeys, horses, mules, and piles of baggage and merchandise. On the upper travellers eat, drink, and sleep in sight of each other. Nothing but lodging, no bed nor board, are furnished. Even the water the travellers must draw themselves from the fountain or well. Within its walls they find a place of shelter, and nothing more.

Should they come late the platform may be occupied by others, and they must lodge among the animals and luggage on the lower floor. Here are all manner of offensive odors and noises, and the sneaking thefts of cunning dogs, annoy them. Sometimes, when large caravans visit a place, some can find room neither on the platform nor among the animals on the lower pavement. Many of these inns, built near the limestone hills of Palestine, had caves hewn out of the rock near the main building, in which the animals of the travellers were housed. In these cave-stables some of the pilgrims sought shelter for want of a better place. It is very probable that in such a cave, belonging to the inn, our Saviour was born.

Justin Martyr, a great writer of the early Church, was born at Shechem, in Palestine. He lived less than a hundred years after our Saviour, and places the scene of His birth in a cave at Bethlehem. Over this cave the Church of the Nativity has been built. In a cave near by, which you enter through the room marking the place of our Saviour’s birth, St. Jerome lived and labored for years, while he translated the Bible into the Latin tongue. Hither came Joseph and Mary from Nazareth, a distance of seventy or eighty miles. Here David had lived. And being of his lineage they came here to be enrolled or taxed. This taxing brought so many people to Bethlehem that they could not all find room in one caravan house. Joseph and Mary happening to arrive somewhat late, were obliged to content themselves with lodging in a cave-stable. And thus it happened that Jesus was born in a stable.

The earthly life and ministry of our Saviour abounds in contrasts. How lowly and yet lofty His being. The newborn babe lies helpless and listless in the arms of His meek mother, while the frightened Herod is mustering his cohorts to destroy Him. How harmless the child, and seemingly how insignificant compared with the great Emperor Augustus. The abode of the new King is in a stable, amid the odor of cattle and hay, that of Herod and the Emperor of Rome in gorgeously furnished palaces. He is wrapped in swaddling clothes, they are arrayed in purple and fine linen. His bed a manger, theirs a couch of richest make and material. Mary and Joseph are His only attendants, they are served and waited on by thousands. Not even in the inn or humble caravan house can He find a spot to be born in. In the best and costliest apartments that royalty can furnish are the rulers of the earth-born, but the King of kings is even refused a spot in an inn where to be born. How humble the scene in the stable at Bethlehem.

“Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall.”

Yet the stars of the firmament vie to do Him honor, and the angels of heaven chant an anthem in honor of His birth. How poor in money and friends this Nazarene group in the stable looks.



Yet the great and the wise come from a far country to offer Him reverent worship, and lay their costly offerings at His feet. Holy angels shield Him against the cruel envy of Herod. A sceptre greater than that of David and Solomon is put into the tiny hands of this harmless yet dreaded Child of heaven. The great Roman Empire is shaken to its centre as the Christ-child ascends the throne of a kingdom which cannot be moved. How unpromising the beginnings of this kingdom, when its King was a child. How vast its present domains. "Therefore receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."

### My Sister's Dying Admonition.

The writer had the misfortune to lose a much beloved companion in January 1842. She spent her parting moments in addressing a dying admonition to each one around her bed. That addressed to a younger sister, we embodied in the following poetical effusion, written shortly after her death. A recent request for a copy of it has brought it to our attention afresh, and hence we have concluded to give it to the readers of the "Guardian," it having never before appeared in print. It will, we trust, find acceptance with some on account of its Christian sentiment, though we do not claim for it any special poetical merit.

S. R. F.

As lowly on the bed of death,  
My eldest sister lay,  
About to yield her fleeting breath  
And soar from earth away.

A parting word she sought to give  
To me, as I stood nigh,  
That like a Christian I might *live*,  
And like one also *die*.

"See, sister! See religion's power,  
As in my death 'tis shown.  
O make this yours through life's brief hour,  
And heaven shall be your own."

This said; with peace as tongue can't tell,  
She sank into her rest;  
And now with Jesus e'er shall dwell,  
In regions of the blest.

O may her words upon my heart  
Deeply engraven be,  
That I from God shall not depart  
Through all eternity.

### The Fading and the Falling Leaf.

BY PROF. THOS. S. STEIN.

Winter is at our doors. Her first messenger, clad in robes of fleecy white, made his appearance a few weeks ago, and almost immediately departed. The plentiful crops have been gathered and stored into barns; the fields are bare and desolate; the cattle are disappearing from a thousand hills and plains; the mountains assume a deep blue; all vegetation has cast off her parti-colored robe; the driving rain and the howling wind render outdoor life unpleasant, and lead us to gather around the family hearth.

We all accept these changes as matters of fact. Why? Is it because we prefer them? The question answers itself. Is it because we know the unalterable course of nature, and conclude to submit to our fate? That would be a cold comfort. Is it not rather, because we look (no doubt, often unconsciously) for a resurrection of nature next spring? We expect to see all vegetation again arrayed in a robe of living green.

Let us now inquire why the leaf falls, and what lesson it teaches us. For, if there are

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,"

surely we can learn a lesson here. The immediate, scientific cause of the fall of the leaf we shall not consider here, but rather, the final cause, or purpose for which it falls, or at least, one of the final causes.

Early in the summer there is formed in the axil of the tree, *i. e.*, in the upper angle formed by the petiole or foot-stalk of the leaf and the branch on which it is inserted, a small bud. These axillary buds, as they are called, because they are formed in the axils of the leaves, sometimes develop into small shoots, or branches, later in the season, but generally do not expand until the following spring. They are sometimes so small as to escape detection, being hidden under the bark, or, in some cases (buttonwood, sumac), under the petiole of the leaf, which is hollowed out to receive it.

Now, suppose the leaves would not



fall in autumn, suppose they could not separate from the branches to which they are attached, what would be the result? The tree would be filled with dry and faded leaves all the year round. The leaves, performing their functions in their earlier state, ministered to the life of the tree, but being no longer capable of that, the tree must gradually and inevitably die. But you may ask, Would not next spring clothe it with a new apparel of green? I answer, No; and for this reason. The axillary buds could not expand, and there can be no leaves without these buds. They are, in fact, the embryonic leaves. They require very little space in the axils of the leaves at first, but when they begin to develop, they need more room. Thus, if the leaves would remain permanently attached to the branches, these axillary buds could not develop themselves and grow into leafy shoots and branches, for lack of room. They would die in the first year of their existence, and, of course, there could be no new leaves the next spring. And thus spring would be changed from the season of the renewal of life into one having the appearance of decay and death. She would exchange her robe of living green for one of a death-like gloom.

Hence the leaf must *fall*, as well as *fade*, if it wishes to have a future existence in its direct descendant, the axillary bud and the subsequent branch into which it develops.

But what is the application of all this to ourselves? What lesson does it teach us? "We all do fade as a leaf." Now, as we supposed the leaves to be permanently attached to the branches, let us, likewise, suppose ourselves attached to this earth—our abode in this world to be permanent. What would be the result? How would it affect us? We, of course, could not prevent ourselves fading from the bloom and vigor of youth to decrepid and withered old age. Thus each individual in particular, and mankind in general, like the tree, with permanent leaves, would present a feeble and lifeless aspect.

But this is not all. There is in us an axillary bud of immortality, a germ of a future, spiritual life. And, as the tree with its leaves permanently attached to it could not develop its axillary buds,

so neither can this bud of a new life in us expand itself and attain to full growth here on earth. Why? For the same reason that the axillary bud could not develop, were the leaf permanent, *viz.*, lack of room. Thus this bud of a spiritual life in us cannot mature for want of room. It is "choked with the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, and becomes unfruitful." It is true, that, as the axillary bud sometimes develops into a small shoot or branch the same season, so this germ of a new life in us may attain some degree of growth in this life, yet, in order to develop itself fully, to exert to the utmost its latent powers, it is necessary that this "mortal, corruptible body" be laid aside. Just as necessary, as that, in the natural world, the leaf must fall. Hence, it is not only necessary that "we all do *fade* as a leaf," but also that we *fall* as a leaf. This fall is in fact a rising, for, if we fall not, we cannot rise. Unless the leaf fall, the axillary bud cannot develop the life imparted to it by the tree. And unless we "shuffle off this mortal coil," the germ of a future, spiritual existence cannot come to maturity. Thus death is a "blessing in disguise." Who should not be willing, when he has performed the duties of life, when he has subserved the purpose for which he was placed on earth,—who, under such circumstances, should not be willing to "fade as a leaf?" As the sun often displays his brightest colors when setting, and leaves assume their most beautiful hues when fading, so a Christian's decline of life will be marked by the tints of the bow of God's promise and the effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness shed upon him. And when the time has come he will be willing to *fall* as a leaf, in order that he may henceforth enjoy immortal life, and develop into the full and perfect man, the image of his Creator.

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### Rural Life in Russia.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Russia has of late years stepped into the front ranks of the few controlling powers of the earth. In population and territory she has no equal. The Rus-



sian word for a foreigner is "the dumb," "the speechless." Russian peasants (farmers on a small scale) have been heard to say, when listening to foreigners conversing: "Look at those people; they are making a noise, and yet they cannot speak." We may smile at their conclusion; but they might feel equally amused at our ignorance of their habits and national life. Hitherto people of other nations have travelled less in Russia than in any other European country. As a consequence less is known about her religious and social life.

Russia covers a territory forty times as large as that of France, and has 80,000,000 of inhabitants. The population per square mile is only one-eighth that of England. The bulk of the English people live in large towns; the bulk of the Russian people are peasants — four-fifths of them — and live in small towns. As in Germany, the farming population, or peasantry, are grouped together in villages. Large landholders or proprietors usually live near the village, or the *Mir*, as they call it. Country or farm life in Russia is found in these small towns. Each peasant, if he has the means, can own the house he lives in, but all the land belongs to the commune or village government. From one to many thousand acres are thus owned. This is divided into three fields: one for rye, another for oats and buckwheat, and a third for pasture. Sometimes a fourth is meadowland. In each field every peasant is assigned a strip of land, according to the number of male members in the family. A family with two workingmen gets half as much as one with four. A farmer must farm rye in the rye-field, and oats and buckwheat in the field assigned for these, and nothing else. Often the crops do not suffice to pay the taxes. For this reason the less land the peasant farms the better, and often he begs for less. The village Assembly is responsible for the payment of all taxes to the Empire. Hence it keeps an eye on drunkards and lazy people, lest they become a burden to the town, and compel it to pay their taxes. If a man becomes a drunkard, every citizen in the village has a right to complain, as he is in part

pecuniarily responsible for him. No one can leave the village without its consent. Indeed the farmer cannot begin to plough, sow or reap until the Village Assembly has passed an action on the subject.

The head of the place is the Village Elder, corresponding to our burgess or to the German *Bürgermeister*. He is elected at a Village Assembly, usually against his will. He is without authority, and receives neither pay nor much respect. He presides at the village meetings by simply standing a little back or to one side of the crowd of men and women. He speaks little, watches the loud colloquial discussions, calls a speaker "a blockhead," or orders him to hold his tongue when the latter wags foolishly. When he thinks the crowd have sufficiently discussed any given subject, and seem to be generally favorable to it, he calls out: "Well, Orthodox, have you decided so?" Perhaps the crowd will shout, "*Ladno, ladno!*" (Agreed, agreed.) That settles the matter. If there is a division of sentiment, he requests those in favor to stand on the right side, and those opposed on the left, until they have been counted. The women are allowed to be present, but rarely speak. The Russian loves his wife, but does not consider her his equal. She can and must help him to perform hard work, but mentally he ranks her below himself. His adage touching woman is: "The hair is long, but the mind is short." One of his proverbs holds that "seven women have collectively but one soul," and another that she has no soul at all. Of course such views are only held among the most ignorant and depraved. The following is a description of a village election, given in Wallace's excellent work on Russia, to which we are indebted for some of the material in this article:

"It is a Sunday afternoon. The peasants, male and female, have turned out in Sunday attire, and the bright costumes of the women help the sunshine to put a little rich color into the scene, which is at ordinary times monotonously gray. Slowly the crowd collects in the open space at the side of the church. All classes of the population are represented. On the extreme outskirts are a band of fair-haired, merry children,



some of them standing, or lying on the grass, and gazing attentively at the proceedings, and others running about and playing at tig. Close to these stands a group of young girls, convulsed with half-suppressed laughter. The cause of their merriment is a youth of some seventeen summers, evidently the wag of the village, who stands beside them with an accordeon in his hand, and relates to them, in a half-whisper, how he is about to be elected Elder, and what mad pranks he will play in that capacity. When one of the girls happens to laugh outright, the matrons who are standing near, turn around and scowl; and one of them, stepping forward, orders the offender, in a tone of authority, to go home at once if she cannot behave herself. Crest-fallen, the culprit retires, and the youth who is the cause of the merriment, makes the incident the subject of a new joke.

"Meanwhile the deliberations have begun. The majority of the members are chatting together, or looking at a little group composed of three peasants and a woman, who are standing a little apart from the others. There alone the matter in hand is being really discussed. A woman is explaining, with tears in her eyes, and with a vast amount of useless repetition, that her 'old man,' who is Elder for the time being, is very ill and cannot fulfill his duties. 'Very well; that's enough; hold your tongue,' says the gray-beard of the little group to the woman; and then, turning to the other peasants, remarks, 'There's nothing to be done. The stanvoi (officer of rural police) will be here one of these days, and will make a row again if we don't elect a new Elder. Whom shall we choose?'

"As soon as this question is asked several peasants look down to the ground, or try in some other way to avoid attracting attention, lest their names should be suggested. When the silence has continued a minute or two, the gray-beard says: 'There is Alexei Ivanof; he has not served yet!'

"'Yes, yes, Alexei Ivanof!' shout half a dozen voices, belonging perhaps to peasants who fear they may be elected.

"Alexei protests in the strongest terms. He cannot say that he is ill, because his big ruddyface would give him

the lie direct; but he finds half a dozen other reasons why he should not be chosen, and accordingly requests to be excused. But his protestations are not listened to, and the proceedings terminate. A new Village Elder has been elected."

The standard of Sunday observance in Russia is low. Like France and Switzerland, the popular elections are held on the Lord's Day, or sometimes on a holy-day. And although these elections are usually conducted in an orderly way, their being held on this day has doubtless helped to weaken the popular force of Russian religion.

Still, at these elections, one can see much from which Americans might learn a useful lesson. The meetings are held in the open air, at a spot where there is the least mud. No village has a building large enough for such a purpose. There are no election rules read. Indeed there is no written Village Constitution. The people follow an unwritten law—the rules their forefathers observed. These have been handed down for many generations, and everybody seems to know what they are. Every household is represented by a head—the father, grandfather, elder brother, or, if without a male member, one of the older female members. These heads represent the family in the town assemblies and vote. At these meetings there are no set speeches made. Groups of men and women standing together, talk the subjects over. Should a young member try to spread himself at speech-making, some older persons will soon stop his fine talking. In a group or among the whole, two or more peasants can speak. For a while there may be a hum and noise of promiscuous conversation, fun and laughter. They are very good-humored people, rarely quarrelling or coming to blows. "No class of men in the world is more good-natured and pacific than the Russian peasantry." When sober they never fight, and when drunk they caress, fondle and embrace.

At one of these meetings a neighboring liquor dealer asked permission to open a gin shop in the village. The Russians are fond of strong drink, and are given to drunkenness. The better class of men and all the women of



the town opposed this gin-shop. Should it make drunkards who would neglect their farms when all the rest would be held for the payment of their unpaid taxes. Besides, many of them knew the evils of drunkenness—the women knew it would ruin the peace of their homes. Still, liquor carried the vote, and the nuisance came, with its consequent ruin.

With such regulations one would suppose that the Russian peasant could not have any strong home attachments. For where there is no ownership the heart takes no root. Still, although he is really only a renter of the land he farms, he owns his house. His parents, grandparents, and possibly a still more remote ancestry have lived in it. In it many generations of his kin have been born. It is sacredly kept in the family, even though it be occupied by strangers. Many peasants are at work or in business in Moscow, Novogorod or St. Petersburg for years, but occasionally revisit their village homes, and pay their taxes to retain their interest in the village lands. Sometimes part of the family remain in the humble old home, whilst the rest are living in style in the great city. If you ask them the reason of this divided home-life, they will tell you: Our forefathers are buried in the village grave-yard, there will we be buried. The fortunes of business are uncertain. Should we fail in our ventures or work elsewhere, the home of our native village will not fail us. Our children may come to grief and want. Our dear old home, and strip of land and right in the grave-yard will give them a dwelling-place through life, and a place of rest after death.

Thus the Russian peasant reasons, after he ceases to work his lands and becomes a rich burgher of a great city. The home ties of Russian families are not so easily severed as those in America. Sons and daughters, even after they are married, often remain under the parental roof until past middle life. And while here, all their earnings are put into a common treasury under the care of the father. Out of it he supplies their wants, but retains the surplus funds. If an investment is to be made, he consults the older sons. Thus Russian houses are often crowded with three generations. And where daughters and

daughters-in-law, sons and grandsons, cousins and nephews, are dwelling together, the affections as well as the frictions of home life come into full play, and possibly not always in the most agreeable forms. In many homes a lively time is had, where, however, the tongue is the only weapon of warfare. This deference to parental authority is pleasing to witness, from which many people, who claim to have a purer religion than the Russians, might learn important lessons.

In the distribution of the home estate very unfair distinctions are made. A married daughter gets nothing from her father's estate, because she is expected to be cared for by her husband's family. A son who separates himself from home before his father's death, gets nothing but perhaps a share in the stock of clothing left by the parents, and some articles of furniture.

A Russian peasant, in the popular sense, means "a man, a woman and a horse." When a boy has grown up to be an able-bodied laborer, he is expected to provide the two remaining ingredients of true peasantry. At the age of eighteen he is informed that he ought to marry at once. If he consents to the admonition, parents and a few considerate friends will help him to search for a wife. A class of women called *Svalkhi* are matchmakers by profession, whose offices are often employed to negotiate between the parents of young persons. The chief requisites on both sides are, as a rule, not beauty or fine mental qualities, but bodily strength and power to work. The law forbids the marriage of cousins and those related with their sponsors. The bride brings nothing with her to her future home but her bridal dress and a pair of good strong arms. With the latter she expects to add to the common wealth of the family. It would be unnatural if many of these young hearts would not be united with ties of tenderness and love; still, we are told that among a large class, as a rule, the heart is less consulted than the purse and the power to work.

The millions of the hard-working Russian peasantry feed and furnish the life-blood of the nation. True, their farming is on a small scale, and not after the modern and more improved style.



In northern Russia and on the Steppes or Russian prairies, in southern and eastern Russia, farmers lead a roving life. They settle down upon and farm a certain tract for two or three years, or as long as it will yield a paying crop without manuring—until they have exhausted the soil; then they move to another unoccupied tract and repeat the process. This is a very unwise kind of farming. Sooner or later they will have passed over the unoccupied lands. After the exhausted land will have rested five or ten years, they can return and farm it again. With all these agricultural drawbacks Russia has hitherto been one of the greatest grain-producing countries of the earth. A distinguished writer says: "The more advanced parts of Europe would be starved out of their centres were it not for the grain of Egypt, Russia and America."

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### The Death-roll of a Year.

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BY REV. D. W. GERHARD.

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What a rich experience Christian ministers have in visiting the sick and burying the dead! Many *sad* experiences are theirs. Perhaps one of the saddest is to visit the dying, and minister unto them in holy things, when they give evidence of having neglected all preparation for the solemn hour of death, and are now seeking reconciliation with God simply because they are afraid of being lost. Sometimes the Christian minister is called in only when consciousness is partly gone, and the patient is almost too weak to hold any conversation with, and yet is anxious to prepare for death. It is very difficult frequently, under such circumstances, to know exactly how to proceed. Unwise are all they that wait until then to prepare to meet their God.

Another difficult experience. An aged father dies, and leaves a large and highly respected family to mourn his loss. Some members of his family are devoted and intelligent members of the Church. The father was kind-hearted in his family, charitable to the poor, a respected citizen, and a useful member of the community. Much sorrow is felt at his death, and the pastor of the family deeply feels the loss they have sustained,

and sincerely longs to extend to them the consolations of our holy religion. But, alas! this otherwise most excellent man, though he always gave liberally of his means toward the support of the Church, never gave the subject of his own salvation any attention, and dies, after a short illness, without any evidence that he is prepared to die. Of course our plain duty is to preach the Gospel to the living, and leave the dead in His hands who knows full well how to mete out justice to all; and yet the hearers are waiting for comfort, and the preacher longs to impart it. No true comfort can be extended except as there is ground for it in the life of the departed.

But the Christian minister has also many *pleasant* experiences in visiting the sick and dying, when they have been faithful followers of the Lord, and their past lives give good evidence that their hopes for a blissful hereafter are well grounded. In fact there are no enjoyments more satisfying throughout the whole year, and no pleasures more real and substantial than those which are afforded to us in the sick chamber of the dying Christian.

"The Christian never dies,  
His years on earth are but the infancy  
Which ripens him for an immortal life—  
His death a peaceful sinking to that Rest,  
For which he lives, and hopes, nor hopes in vain."

Much profitable thought is continually suggested to us by the experience of those who are called away. Many useful lessons we can learn by looking over the past year and calling up in mind those who started in with the rest of us at its beginning, but now are numbered with the dead. Let us then for our benefit and self-improvement pass in review before us the dead of an ordinary pastoral field, for the church year from the first Sunday in Advent, 1877, to the first Sunday in Advent, 1878.

My charge consists of four congregations, not one of which is regarded as very large; but as our lot is cast in a community where many whole families stand aloof from the cause of Christ, except that they have their preferences for this or that church, my pastoral field is by no means one of the smallest.



At thirty-five funerals I was called upon to preach the Word to the living, and conduct the services either in whole or in part. One aged father lived to within a few months of ninety years. Two brothers died within three weeks of each other, aged respectively eighty-eight and eighty-three years. Six were upwards of seventy, and two were upwards of sixty years. These eleven persons were all spared to see a good old age, and yet six of them were not members of the Church, never enjoyed the pleasure of making a public profession of faith in Christ. "Isn't it strange," we hear it said, "that when people become so old they do not see the necessity of preparing for death?" Much more strange, we should say, if at such advanced age they do turn their backs on their whole former life, and like little children become learners in the school of Christ. If we are Christians at all we have great reason to sing,

"I'm a miracle of grace,"

but how especially appropriate these words are on the lips of such as have, in their old age, by the grace of God, been rescued from the fearful consequences of a life of sin.

Of these eleven, four died suddenly, two of them so suddenly that they had no conscious moments after the first attack. One, a most devoted follower of Christ, came with us to church on the Lord's Day, and was one of the guests that surrounded the communion table, when, on the following Friday, she took her bed at 9 o'clock in the morning, and at 4 in the afternoon breathed her last. Her last Sunday on earth was a fitting close to her life of faith; but what a solemn warning her death to the congregation from whose presence she was taken, as we fondly believe, to the upper sanctuary.

Two impressive lessons we learn from a contemplation of the death of these aged people. The first is that we must all die. However long our lives may be continued, the time is coming when we, too, must pass away. In the second place, the thought is suggested that a vast amount of good can be accomplished in such a long life. But as no one has a life insurance policy which can guarantee a moment for the future, the

present should be wisely and profitably improved. By far the larger portion of the human race pass away long before they attain to such a good old age.

At three funerals I officiated where the deceased had lived to between thirty and fifty years of age. One, called away at thirty-five, was a real Martha. A positive character by nature, she became a leading member of the church, and an earnest worker in the Sunday-school, as well as a highly useful member of the family and community. No wonder that I wept as I had not for many days before, when the tidings of her death were first brought to me. Her death was an unusually sad one, but yet there was very much in her past life to comfort the bereaved family and friends; also very much to incite others to an earnest and positive devotion to the cause of Christ.

Another, who lived almost to see her fortieth year, was a devoted Christian until from some unknown cause she was deprived of her reason. How many such poor unfortunates there are whose bitter experience teaches us that we should labor for Christ not only while we live, but while we are in the enjoyment of our reasoning faculties.

A father lived until he was in his fiftieth year. He was naturally inclined to be a good man. Interested in the Church, a friend of the Bible, and no stranger at the throne of grace. Peculiar circumstances, however, led him to defer union with the Church from time to time. When his eldest daughter died, under distressing circumstances. Not quite six months before his death, he made up his mind that now he would take the solemn step already so long contemplated. He spoke freely of his decision, so that it was a fact well known to not a few of his friends. The ailment which had for several years deprived him of robust health was, however, making faster progress than was suspected, and he died suddenly without being either baptized or admitted to the Lord's Supper. His condition was widely different from such as spurn and utterly neglect the grace of God, but yet there was profound sorrow that his heart's desire and earnest wish to be received into the Church was not realized. A solemn warning here to all such as are



neglecting and postponing from time to time to do that which they acknowledge not only as a sacred duty, but as an exalted privilege. But how many—perhaps I should say how few—will heed the lesson?

Five were called away between the ages of twenty and thirty years. This is an interesting age, and we cannot help but feel sad when we look for the last time on the lifeless forms of such as are called away in these early years. If they have been faithful Christians we are sad because they will be so much missed in the Church. But if, like so many others at this age they put off to a more convenient season what the Bible says should be done in early life, there are thoughts of a sad character; and where shall surviving friends find well-grounded hopes? But at least some who die in the prime of life give us consolation in their death. One young man, who had just attained to the age of twenty-one years, gave us much comfort in his dying experience. He frequently said, "I would like to live." And what for? "To serve the Lord." "I have done so little," he said, "and it seems to me if I were spared I could make myself useful so many, many years, until I attain to the age allotted to man." Although he felt that he had done so little, he had taught school five years, had earned the means to defray his own expenses at the State Normal School, and what is the best of all had been a devoted and consistent member of the Church five or six years. He selected his funeral text, Heb. ix. 27: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." His request was, "Preach to the young, and tell them as we have but once to live we should make the best possible use of our time." It was a noble ambition with him to aim to be useful. A young mother died at twenty-nine. Her dying experience was full of interest to us. She was perfectly free and frank in expressing herself. In the early stage of her illness she lamented greatly what she regarded her neglect of her Christian privileges. Though a member of the Church for a number of years she felt that she had not been as faithful as she should have been. "I expect to get well again," she said, "but I want to be

assured now that I am accepted of the Lord; and if I am restored to health I shall be so much better prepared to enjoy the services of the sanctuary, and if I am not to be restored to health I know then in whom I have trusted." Before her death she said, "Of course I would like to live, I am still young, I have a small child, and life is sweet, but I have now given every thing into my Saviour's hands." "If I am to die I am perfectly reconciled to it." To be in her sick room was a real pleasure. How different this dying experience from that of many others. Very often we are obliged to guess at the thoughts of the dying, but in this instance one could talk with the greatest freedom.

And now let us turn to those called away in early childhood. Seventeen we followed to the grave of such as had not yet reached their twelfth year. The Advent season witnessed three deaths in one family. After an illness of but two days the first one died. In less than two weeks two more were claimed by the angel of Death, and these two less than twenty-four hours apart. And so it came to pass that the day before Christmas, the happiest festival of the entire year, we wended our way to the house of mourning, where we witnessed the unusual sight of having two coffins before us in which were contained the mortal remains of two beloved children, both of them belonging to one and the same family. Though the father is a successful physician, and has often administered medicine with favorable results in other families, there was no remedy for his own. In another instance death entered for the first time into a family on the last day of the old year, while the sad funeral services were held on the third day of the new year. And so it is that we carry our sorrows and our pleasures of one year over into the next following, and our lives on earth are no less the beginning of what is in store for us hereafter. It has been beautifully said, "The streets of heaven have their openings on earth."

Early last spring a little babe—one only child—was called home. Then both parents were outside of the Church, now both are communicant and interested members. One dear little girl was taken sick in the morning, and died



at midnight. Do you say "she was only a child, not quite two years old?" I would reply, if you want to know how much such a little one is missed, blow out a faint little light in a very dark night.

Another little babe failed to reach full three months, and yet it was remarked, "One would not think that a child could suffer so long and so much. Poor little babe; it is a relief to know that her sufferings are ended."

What a consolation that the Saviour says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Although in these precious words He tells us to bring them to Him in life, consecrate them to His service in the hope of training them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, yet this saying is also full of comfort when He takes the little ones in His arms and bears them safely home.

The list which we have now rapidly glanced at includes persons from two and a half months of age to the good and ripe old age of ninety years. We find then that in the death-roll of a year all ages and all classes are included. None are exempt.

Prepared or unprepared, when the death summons comes, we must go. In many instances the call to go is very unexpected and sudden. How important that we should take home to ourselves the Saviour's exhortation to watch and pray. It is a noble ambition to aim to be useful. One of the Wesleys was asked whether he was not afraid to die. His reply was: "I have nothing to do with that, my business is to see to it that I live right." It is well for us at the beginning of a new year to look at the object and aim of our own lives. To assist in this work is the purpose of these lines.

### The Wrong Stocking.

Nearly twelve at night; the children fast asleep in their little room opening out of ours, and my wife and I sitting up to fill the stockings. Two boys, two stockings; two lots of presents of equal value. But, unfortunately, the harmony and pleasure of our preparations had been disturbed by a piece of "original sin" on the part of Master Harry,

who had got into one of his tantrums of passion that very afternoon and broken some furniture, besides striking his twin-brother, Ernest. It was on receiving a report of these proceedings, as I returned from business the day before Christmas, that I told the young rowdy in a general way that Santa Claus didn't bring presents to boys that behaved like him; and now I was firmly insisting, against the meek objections of my wife (who is a sweet little thing without judgment, and never would get along with the children if they took a notion to disobey her as they do me)—firmly insisting, I say, that Harry needed a good lesson, and a good lesson he should have. Nothing must go into his stocking but a piece of charcoal and a bunch of rods. Ernest should have all his presents, of course; he was a good, gentle and affectionate boy; but those destined for Harry must be put away on the top shelf in the cupboard till some future day.

As I said, my wife made objections. She is an ingenious woman, and she approached the subject somewhat as follows:

"We can't keep these cakes on that shelf, Harry." (My name is Harry, too, and the boy is just like what I was at his age—which makes me determined that his temper shall be subdued before he grows up. It took me twenty years to conquer mine, and I mean to take the thing in the bud with him.)

"Very well, then," said I, "eat 'em yourself, or give them to Ernest, or send them to the poor, or throw them away, or let the rats find them on the shelf. I don't care what you do with any of the things—only don't use them to reward a naughty child."

"Don't you think it is a very severe punishment to destroy the boy's Christmas pleasure? It comes but once a year, you know; and Harry has been looking forward to it for months."

"The more careful he ought to have been not to throw it away by his unruly spirit. I tell you, the child is defiant still. When I said to him that he was a bad boy, and Santa Claus wouldn't bring him anything, he stamped on the floor, and told me to my face he didn't care."

"But I think he does care," timidly



remarked my wife (who, in her soft way, has a remarkable ability for sticking to her subject;) "he cried a good deal to himself in bed, although he turned his back to Ernest, and wouldn't speak."

"Rather a meagre repentance," said I, "and it comes too late besides. I tell you he don't deserve any presents."

"Do we give presents out of justice or love?" persisted my wife. "And there is Ernest; it will spoil his Christmas, too, if his brother is unhappy."

"I am sorry for that, but I cannot help it; the innocent always suffer more or less with the guilty."

Just then we heard voices in the next room. The boys had woken up, and were talking in low tones. "I say, Ern," whispered our little Hotspur, "there's a light in the big room. I guess Santa Claus has come!"

"We must lie perfectly still and not look at him," replied Ernest; "he is filling up the stockings."

"Oh, dear!" said Harry, "and he will leave for me the switch and charcoal that he carries for bad boys. Let him, then; he may keep his old presents; what do I care?"

"Now don't talk so," replied Ernest's sweet voice. "If you are sorry, perhaps he will give you something after all."

"I tell you, I won't say I'm sorry, just to get something. That's too mean. But I *am* sorry I hit you, Ern; that's a fact. I say, let's snuggle."

Thereupon there was some chuckling and rustling and suppressed laughter, with now and then a smothered exclamation—"Owtch! you tickle!"—and our two seven-year-olds went off to sleep, spoon-fashion.

My wife gave me one of her looks, as much as to inquire what I thought of that. "A touch of feeling," said I, "but transient, merely transient. What the boy wants is to have a sense of sin deeply impressed upon him."

She had filled one stocking by this time, and the other lay empty across her knee. I took them both and hung them up on either side of the fire-place, the full one nearest the boys' room.

"Give me the labels to pin on them," said I. She gave them to me with trembling hand, and cried out with a

sob, "Oh! *don't* put a rod into Harry's!"

"Well, I confess," said I, "that does seem a little barbarous, on second thought. I was only meaning to comply with the legend, you know; not to indicate a whipping. I never whipped a child of mine, and I never shall. Justice and moral suasion (*firmly administered*, my dear!) are quite sufficient for family government. Now, what's the use of your crying? That doesn't affect the argument in the least. I'm not a brute; you've only to convince me by reason—don't try tears."

My wife is at heart a sensible woman; and when I spoke in this calm and reasonable tone, she quietly retired, only saying, "I hope you are right." I pinned the labels hastily to the stockings and shortly after went to bed with a good conscience.

It was barely daylight when I was awakened by shouts of triumph and laughter from the next room. It had always been our custom to let the young ones jump out of bed whenever they liked Christmas morning, capture their respective stockings from the fire-place in our room, and return to the warm retreat with their booty; and my wife and I took great delight in watching unseen their innocent wonder and joy. This morning the old habit was much stronger upon me than my recent recollections; I forgot entirely for the moment the little incident of family discipline, and springing up, dressed myself hastily, not to lose the Christmas fun. My wife, in her morning gown, was already watching the children through the crack of the door, and as I joined her, cast upon me a look of perplexity, gratitude and happiness that puzzled me strangely. "Ah!" said she, "you played me a cruel trick; but I am so glad!"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Now you needn't make me believe any longer, you stern parent," she responded playfully; "look there!"

Whereupon I posted myself behind her to get a good view over her shoulder through the crack of the door—in which position nothing was more accidental than the gentle sliding of one arm around her waist, and a whisper of "Merry Christmas!" in her ear, fol-



lowed with another slight ceremony indicative of affection, but conducted with the minimum of resonance (just the least little smack) so as not to inform the children of our presence. After which preliminaries I peeped into the boys' room. There they sat, waist-deep in billows of bed-clothes,—Harry's brown head and Ernest's yellow one close together, and their eager eyes fixed on the stocking, out of the depths of which our naughty son was fishing treasures, with his nimble fingers for a hook, his whole arm for a line, and his bending body for a pole.

"Hallo! Ern, what's this? It feels round! it is round! It ain't an orange! Here she comes! Hooray—look here—it's a ball! That's bully; we wanted a ball, didn't we?"

"Yes," chimed Ernest; I like a ball better than anything. Two can play at ball. It takes two."

Meanwhile Harry had picked up the stocking again, and cried out, "There's something hard in the toe! It's your turn now, Ern; you pull it out."

I pause to remark that the genuine handiwork of Santa Claus may be recognized in this: there is always a treasure in the toe of the stocking to be discovered, dug after, extricated, unrolled and rejoiced over, after everything else has been displayed. This is the last drop that makes the child's cup of joy overflow—the sweetest surprise of all.

That something hard proved to be a jack-knife, over which the boys set up a perfect war-whoop of mutual congratulation. By this time I realized that something was wrong. Harry was not getting his "lesson" at all. A swift glance at the fire-place told me that the empty stocking at the farther side had not been removed. I ran to examine it, and found to my consternation that the label bore the name of good little Ernest! In the confusion of the domestic preparation (and discussion) of the night before, I had pinned the wrong names to the stockings, and "the fat was all in the fire." Evidently my wife thought I had relented, or never meant to be severe, and that after she went to bed I had blessed both the boys alike. I was just about to try by an exclamation to straighten out matters, when she turned with her finger on her

lip, and beckoned me back to our observatory.

The boys were sitting in the midst of their trophies, quiet from very fulness of joy. Suddenly Harry broke out: "Look here, Ern; I don't want these things. Santa Claus has plenty of good children to give these things to; he can't waste them on naughty ones. You take them—and you'll let me play with them, won't you? You always do."

"Now, you mustn't feel so, Harry," said gentle Ernest. "Look here; I'll tell you a secret. Santa Claus brings them; but other folks help, or at least they tell him what to fetch; and sometimes, I guess, when he says, 'I won't give anything to that naughty boy,' they tease him till he says, 'Well, if you get the things, I'll put them into the stocking.' That must be the way, for I heard father say the other day, 'I'll get him a jack-knife;' and mother said 'Well, and I'll get him a ball;' that's a good thing for boys, though I never could see much fun in it myself." And then I went into the room, and both of them said 'Sh—!' But mother told somebody else that he might buy something for Santa Claus to give you, and I shan't tell you who it was; but he bought a pop-gun, and I can't think what has become of it."

"That was you, you splendid, dear, good brother," cried Harry, "and I'm never, never going to get angry with you again as long as I live. But I'll tell you something, somebody sent Santa Claus a little white slate for you, and, what do you think? I found it in the top of my stocking—I know it was my stocking, you see, because mother let me print my name on the paper, and said she would pin it to the stocking, so that Santa Claus shouldn't make any mistakes—and, wasn't it funny? He did make a mistake after all, and stuck your slate right in the top of it. So I just hid it in my night-gown to surprise you, and look a' there! That's a bully slate, Ern; it cost fifteen cents."

"Why, that's your fifteen cents, Harry, that you saved up! Now that's splendid—but, I say, you'll never get a sled if you spend your money that way. You were going to get a sled, you know."

"Never you mind the sled," replied



Harry, a little embarrassed. "It takes too awful long to get sleds. I like slates on the whole ever so much better; and then you see, Ern, yesterday afternoon—you know—after that—you know—after I struck you—I just begged mother to let me go down to Murray's for a minute; and she didn't ask me any questions (mother always knows what a fellow means,) and I made her promise she wouldn't tell anybody, not even father—that is, not till after this morning—and I just legged it as tight as I could go, and got that slate, and mother gave it to Santa Claus—and—and, look here, Ern, you *do* forgive me, *don't* you?"

Ernest is no milk sop, as his reply showed. "Of course," said he, "a fellow ain't going to hate his own brother. What if a fellow did strike a fellow, if he didn't exactly mean to, and is real sorry? But there's no use talking of those things Christmas morning. Mother says everybody must be happy Christmas day."

"That's so," assented Harry as if a great weight were off his heart—"but I say, Ern, you've got a stocking, too, and you've forgot all about it! Now that's just like you; you cared more for my stocking than you did for your own."

"Well, it was such fun," said Ernest, "and besides, I've got my slate. But I'll just scud out and get my stocking now. Say, is the floor cold?"

"Awful," replied Harry, with a shiver of remembrance, "you'd better put on your shoes."

This delay was lucky for me. At the first allusion to that other stocking, I turned and saw that all the other gifts intended for it were lying on the table still, where they had been before. Santa Claus himself, with forty million stockings, more or less, to fill in one night, don't make better time than I did on that one; and I had just crammed the last package into it, and regained my place behind the door, when Ernest came in, clumping along in his untied shoes. We pounced on him from our hiding place with "A merry Christmas," at which Harry rushed in and "caught us" with his swift greeting. The other stocking was carried in festive procession back to the boy's room; and four

heads, instead of two, were knocked joyfully together over its contents. Harry was a little inclined to be silent in my presence at first, but he soon forgot himself, and great was his glee when out of the leg of Ernest's stocking came his pop-gun!

"Santa Claus made such a funny mistake, didn't he?" cried the merry voices.

My wife looked one of her looks at me. On the whole it was very good of her not to allude (as she never has done since) to my blunder in family government. She only said, "Yes, it was a funny mistake; but it is all right now."

Of course I think my first plan was the right one, though I spoiled it by my carelessness about the labels. But, circumstances having put it beyond my power to carry it out consistently, and the children being so very jolly, and my wife so perfectly charming, I am resolved not to disturb the universal pleasure by any remnant of parental sternness. (To be candid, I forgot all about it, and it only occurred to me after breakfast, during a furious game of ball with the boys, that I had better make this resolution.)

*Postscript.*—Harry has disappeared for an hour, and his mother comes to me with a folded paper, saying, "This is a letter from a little boy who thought he could better write than speak what he had to say. The letter was printed (in very good style, too, I must say. I had no idea the boy could do so well. His mother says she taught him at odd times.) It runs as follows:

"*Dear Sir:* I am very sorry for everything and I will try to be good. I thank you very much for my ball it is a bully ball if I am nauty again, please show me this leter. Your's respectfully Henry Clay Hopkins."

That wife of mine, with tears of pleasure in her gentle eyes, and a touch of sweet mischief at the corner of her mouth, says, "Is there any answer?" "God bless you, my darling," says I (and shall say the same as long as I live,) "and bless the boys your love is educating. I trust Harry has received a good lesson; but I know I have. You have converted me to the Christmas plan of full and free forgiveness."

"Is it not Christ's plan?" says she.  
*Christian Union.*



## The Sunday-School Department.

A DESIRE has been frequently expressed for the issue of a small paper devoted to infant classes in our Sunday-schools. The Board of Publication has concluded to meet this want, and hence has commenced to issue a small weekly sheet, entitled "Sunshine," at the following rates: Single copy for one year, 50 cents. Ten copies, \$4; twenty-five copies, \$9; fifty copies, \$16; and one hundred copies, \$30. These rates are cash in advance. Orders are to be sent to the Reformed Publication Board, 907 Arch street, Philadelphia.

SET the children to work for Christ. Cultivate in them a habit of doing and giving something for the cause of Christ. If possible give them a chance in some way to earn the money which they give. Teach them self-denial; to do without this or that nice present in order that they may be able to give bread or clothing to some suffering poor. An exchange says:

"A brother minister recently forwarded a donation from two young ladies to aid an important portion of Christ's work. He wrote in reference to the givers that when they were little children he came as pastor into the place where they lived. 'I induced them to plant a patch in the garden for money to give to Christ's service. This was continued from year to year, and now they have grown up, but they have got into the way of giving out of their own earnings, and we doubt not but that their interest has been secured for life.' And then he added: 'I am glad to think that I was enabled to start them on such a course. *With the hearts of the children we secure a promise for future missions.*'"

DOES your son mingle much in society? we asked of a certain Christian mother. "No, we do not wish to hurry him in that matter," she replied. "He

is tall and manly, but young and tender in years. We wish to keep him a boy in artless sport as long as possible." Another mother being congratulated on the rapid growth of her daughter, replied: "Yes, but I shall keep her in a short dress as long as I can. I do not wish her to put on the young lady too soon. Better keep her a young girl as long as possible." The foolish ways so prevalent among young ladies' society nowadays, are far more perilous for a daughter than the simpler amusements and employments of young girls. Your dashing little boy ought to have pants soon, said a lady to a young papa, doting with excessive fondness on his child. He replied: "No, we wish to keep him in this dress as long as we can. We are not in haste to press the child upward to boyhood. That will come soon enough of its own accord." These three instances we personally witnessed. We commended each of these parents for their good sense and pious restraint. To make children prematurely boys and girls, and these prematurely young gentlemen and ladies, is one of the great evils of our present society. Juvenile balls, juvenile parties, half-grown boys and girls, arm in arm, playing at courting on the street and in the house; indulging in gallantries and flirtations peculiar to grown-up young people, and not always becoming even for them, are a pernicious perversion of the law of God and the teachings of good sense.

ALWAYS speak with politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere else except at home, but there they are coarse and rude. Shameful!

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, nothing makes them so lovely, as an habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their friends and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless, but peculiar charm.



# SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

JANUARY 5.

LESSON I.

1879.

*Second Sunday after Christmas. John i. 29-34.*

## THE TESTIMONY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

29. ¶ The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!

30. This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for he was before me.

31. And I knew him not: but that he should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water.

32. And John bare record, saying, I saw the

Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him.

33. And I knew him not: but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.

34. And I saw and bare record, that this is the Son of God.

## QUESTIONS.

Verse 29. Tell what you know about John the Baptist. Was he the John who wrote this Gospel? What work had he to do? What did he exclaim when he saw Jesus coming to him? Was this before, or after, the Baptism of Jesus? Why does he call Jesus the *Lamb of God*? Mention places in which Christ is spoken of as a Lamb. Is. liii. 7; 1 Pet. i. 19; Rev. v. 6. What important place did the lamb fill in the Pass-over? Exod. xii. 3. Was the lamb used in other sacrifices? Exod. xxix. 38-41; Numb. xxix. 2, 13-40, &c. Who is the true Lamb, of whom this sacrificial lamb was a type? Could they take away sin? How does Christ *take away the sin of the world*? By His atoning sacrifice on the Cross.

30. What else did John say? When had he used these words? Vers. 15, 27. See, also, Matt. iii. 11. Is it probable that he had said the same thing many times?

31. Repeat this verse. Does this mean that John was wholly unacquainted with Jesus?

What does it mean? Was it necessary that he *should* know Him? Was it necessary that he should declare Him to the people? What does John declare to have been the object of His baptizing?

32, 33. What does John here relate? When and where had these things taken place? Does the Gospel of St. John contain any direct history of the Baptism of Jesus? Where do we find this history? Matt. iii. 13, 17; Mark i. 9-11; Luke iii. 21, 22. What remarkable thing did John see at the Baptism of Jesus? Of what had God appointed this to be a sign to him? What is meant by *baptizing with the Holy Ghost*? Did John, before baptizing Jesus, know that He was the Messiah? Did he know it afterwards? Did he declare it?

31. Whom did he declare Jesus to be? What is meant by *the Son of God*? Can there be any other Saviour than He? How then ought we to act towards Him?

## CATECHISM.

### I. Lord's Day.

*Question 1.* What is thy only comfort in life and death?

*Answer.* That I with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong unto my faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, who with His precious blood, hath fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil; and so preserves me that, without the will of my heavenly Father, not a hair can fall from my head; yea, that all things must be subservient to my salvation: and therefore,

by his Holy Spirit, He also assures me of eternal life, and makes me sincerely willing and ready henceforth to live unto Him.

2. How many things are necessary for thee to know, that thou, enjoying this comfort, mayest live and die happy?

Three; the first, how great my sins and miseries are; the second, how I may be delivered from all my sins and miseries; the third, how I shall express my gratitude to God for such deliverance.

1. The Lord, who left the heav'ns  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their Pattern and their King:

2. Glory to Thee for all  
The ransomed infant band,  
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,  
And reached the quiet land.



COMMENTS.—The importance of the ministry of John the Baptist is shown by the circumstance of his being so conspicuous a figure in the beginning of each one of the four Gospels. His character, and his mission in relation to Jesus, are exceedingly interesting, important and instructive, as pointed out at some length in the Lessons for January, 1878. In the present passage, we have the direct, formal, official testimony of John in behalf of Jesus, as the Messiah and the Son of God. This testimony was an important fact in the history both of John and of Jesus. It was important for Jesus, because, while it was in His baptism that He was formally ordained and consecrated from above to His office and work as Messiah, this recognition and declaration of His character, by His appointed forerunner, marked the point of His actual entrance upon the work of His public ministry. Immediately after His baptism by John, he went into the wilderness; immediately after this testimony by John we find him beginning to gather disciples and perform miracles. It was important, likewise, for John, because it was the indispensable culmination and completion of his work as the herald of Christ. Until he had borne this testimony, his work was not done; immediately after the bearing of it, he begins to disappear, and presently has vanished entirely from the scene.

29. *The next day.* That is, the day after the deputation of priests and Levites held their interview with John (vers. 19–28). According to the most natural interpretation of St. John's report the visit of the priests and Levites to John the Baptist could not have taken place earlier than the fortieth day of the Temptation. On the day following, then, Jesus Himself, having accomplished the Forty Days in the wilderness, and having gained the victory over the Tempter, came immediately back to John on the banks of the Jordan. This prompt return to John was no doubt the effect of the Spirit's guidance no less than the going into the wilderness had been. For the time had now arrived for a recognition and declaration of the character of Jesus as the Son of God. But it was not for Jesus Himself to stand forth and say "I am He;" that was the office of His appointed fore-

runner. Hence, knowing that this testimony of the Baptist was now ready, He, under the guidance of the Spirit, and in order that all things might be fulfilled as appointed, comes back from the wilderness to John. "*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!*" This exclamation, uttered by John when he saw Jesus coming to him, shows how deep was his insight, at least in certain prophetic moments, into the way of salvation. The language, and the truth which it expressed, came to John out of God's Word in the Old Testament, which was one of the chief sources of the light which he possessed both with respect to himself and with respect to Christ. As it was in what the prophet Isaiah had said (Isa. xl. 3) of the voice of one crying in the wilderness, that John had recognized the image of his own life, so it was no doubt the language of the same prophet concerning the suffering Lamb of God bearing the sins of men, that led him to think and speak of Christ as the Lamb of God. See Isa. liii. 4–7.

This profound saying, which expresses the character of Christ, foreshadows His history, and implies the doctrine of His atoning sacrifice, is well worthy of consideration. That John, being, as we must suppose, especially at this solemn moment, under the illuminating influence of the Holy Spirit, and being throughout under the guidance of the Holy Scriptures, could not have used this expression in any other sense than as referring to the character of Christ as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, seems to admit of no doubt. That is, we cannot understand John to use the lamb as an image of meekness merely; or to indicate, by the application of the image to Christ, that He should be an example in respect of the innocent and unresisting endurance of great suffering. This, indeed, does lie in the expression; but, along with this, a great deal more. The *lamb*, as an image of Christ, is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, but invariably in the character of a *sacrifice*; and, in the New Testament, Christ is often called "the Lamb," but it is always as having been *slain* and *offered* for us. This is the one distinguishing and unmistakable characteristic



of the lamb as it appears in the Old Testament, whether as the Passover Lamb (Exod. xii. 3), or as used in other sacrifices (Exod. xxix. 38-41; Numb. xxix. 2, 13-40). They were lambs of *sacrifice for sin*, and, as such, had all their meaning in the fact of their being types of Christ, the true and only Lamb of God, who should be offered in the fulness of time. So, likewise, in the New Testament, while Christ is sometimes called "the Lamb," it is always as having been "slain" (Rev. v. 6); or as having been "slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. xiii. 8); or with reference to His "precious blood" (1 Pet. i. 19).

In view of this, it seems wholly arbitrary and false to suppose (as has sometimes been done) that John's remarkable expression contains no allusion to the character of Christ as being a sacrifice for sin, but simply represents Him as a meek and innocent sufferer. However imperfect John's conception may have been of the nature of the atoning sacrifice for sin, which Christ was to be and to make, it is impossible, that his language on this occasion should not have referred chiefly to that great fact.

What we have pointed out is an important doctrinal distinction. It makes much difference whether we believe that Christ was a Lamb as a meek and innocent sufferer, merely, or, as a sacrifice for sin. That He is to us the great example of the silent and patient endurance of suffering and wrong, is indeed true; but it is equally true that this is not what is meant by His being "the Lamb of God." That He teaches us by His meek example, is without doubt; but it is equally without doubt that it is not by such instruction merely that He "takes away the sins of the world." This He accomplishes only by being, in His own character, and by making Himself, in His actual history (especially in His sufferings and death) a sacrifice for sin; and it is in this sense that He is "the Lamb of God." It is impossible to root this idea of *sacrifice for sin* out of the Old Testament, or out of this expression of John the Baptist's, together with many similar expressions in the New Testament. So it is perilous in the highest degree to undertake (as has sometimes been done) to eradicate it out

of the body of Christian doctrine. It cannot be given up without giving up, along with it, a whole domain of good, wholesome and necessary doctrine. The great mystery lying in the idea of sacrifice we may not be able to understand; we may have imperfect conceptions of the way and manner in which our blessed Lord became an effectual sacrifice to take away sin; but the great and precious fact itself of our Saviour's atoning sacrifice, we can and must hold fast to. One of the strongest evidences of the truth of this doctrine, is the powerful hold which it takes of our consciousness, and the deep sense of need which it responds to and satisfies. And one of the signs that it does this, is the fact it finds utterance in so many of the Church's favorite hymns. Take, for example, the Hymn:

"Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they."

Take, also, in that other favorite hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," the lines:

"Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power," etc.

Want of space forbids us to make further quotations. But it would be an interesting exercise for a Sunday-school class to go over some of those hymns which are most frequently used, in order to observe how largely they are made up of praise to "the Lamb that was slain."

*Which taketh away the sin of the world.* The original Greek word signifies both "to bear" and "to take away." Both senses are included here. Christ does both. He does not take away the sin of the world without bearing the penalty of it; neither does He bear the penalty of it except for the purpose of removing it. John the Baptist's words have a far wider scope than we might have ex-



pected. He extends the efficiency of the suffering and atoning Messiah to the whole world, whereas it might have been supposed that he, from his standpoint as a Jew, would have confined it to the people of Israel. This circumstance shows how, far more than the generality of the Jews of his day, he had been led to penetrate into the heart of the Old Testament, which, when rightly read, abounds with intimations that the promised redemption should not be confined to Israel, but should extend to all nations and classes of mankind.

30. *This is he, &c.* See vers. 15, 27, where John uttered the declaration to which he now refers. Before this, John had spoken of Jesus only in general terms, saying, "There standeth *one* among you," &c. Now, he speaks definitely and particularly, saying, "This is he." In vers. 19-27 we have his *negative* testimony, declaring that he himself was not the Christ. Here we have his *positive* testimony, declaring that Jesus is the Christ.

31. *And I knew Him not.* A difficulty arises when we compare this with Matt. iii. 13-15. Here, and again in verse 33, John declares that he did not know Jesus before his baptism, and was led to know Him only by the sign of the Spirit's descending upon Him at that time. Yet, in the history of the Baptism, as given by Matthew, we find that John at first refused to baptize Jesus, a circumstance which implies that he already at that time knew who He was. This is explained by saying that, before the baptism, John knew the Lord, and yet knew Him not. That is to say, he was acquainted with Jesus personally, but knew Him not as the Messiah and the Son of God. He knew enough of His pure and holy character, to feel that He ought not to be baptized with his baptism; but, until he was divinely taught by the signs which followed the baptism, he did not know, and was not prepared to declare, that He was the Christ that should come. Thus John could truly say, speaking of Jesus before the time of His baptism, "I knew Him not." And, further, he here declares that it was the chief end of His baptizing with water, that Jesus might thus be made known, first to him

and afterwards to Israel, as the Son of God.

32-34. St. John does not expressly mention the baptism of Jesus. This indirect reference on the part of John the Baptist is all that the Gospel of John contains on the subject. For the history of the Baptism, see Matt. iii. 13-17 and Luke iii. 21, 22. This omission by St. John is not strange, in view of the fact that one characteristic feature of his Gospel is, that it was written as a sort of supplement to the others, and contains chiefly such events and discourses as are not mentioned by the first three Evangelists. For an explanation of the significance of our Saviour's baptism, see the Lessons for January, 1878. The chief point here, is, that this descending and abiding of the Spirit upon Jesus had been previously appointed to John, by God, as the sign by which he should know the Messiah; and that, after this miraculous occurrence, he, on the strength of this sign, proceeded, with full conviction, to declare Jesus to be the Son of God.

I. In this and the following Lesson, we see John the Baptist in the performance of the last and crowning act of his life. God had given him a certain work to do; this he did with a sort of condensed and terrible energy. We have elsewhere seen him beginning his work; we here behold him finishing it. God has given each one of us a work to do. Let us seek to know what it is; let us bend our energies to the doing of it; let us strive to be able to say, with Paul, "*This one thing I do;*" let us not only begin, but let us also *finish* our work. Then will the Lord say to us at the last day: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

II. We have here John the Baptist's final, formal and solemn testimony concerning Jesus. He is the Messiah, the Son of God, the Saviour that was to come. He is the "Lamb of God;" the true and only sacrifice for the sins of mankind. As the Lamb of God, He bears, and by bearing, takes away, the sins of the world. O let us repent and believe in Him, through whose precious blood alone we can be cleansed from the guilt, and delivered from the power of sin.



JANUARY 12.

LESSON II.

1879.

*First Sunday after the Epiphany. John i. 35-42.*

## THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

35. ¶ Again the next day after, John stood, and two of his disciples;

36. And looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!

37. And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.

38. Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi, (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), where dwellest thou?

39. He saith unto them, Come and see. They

came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour.

40. One of the two which heard John *speak*, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.

41. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah: which is, being interpreted, the Christ.

42. And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas; which is, by interpretation, a stone.

## QUESTIONS.

Verse 35. When did the events of this Lesson take place? Who are here mentioned? In what other places do we read of the disciples of John? Matt. ix. 14; John iii. 25; Luke xi. 1.

36. What did John do and say? What did you learn, in the last Lesson, as to the meaning of the expression, *the Lamb of God*?

37. What did the two disciples do? Had any of them followed Jesus when John had pointed Him out the day before? Was this probably one reason why John repeated his words? Was it right that they should leave John and follow Jesus? Was it probably a great trial to John to see himself forsaken? Yet, how did he bear it? As soon as we learn of Christ, what ought we to do? *How* are we to follow Him?

38, 39. What then took place between the two disciples and Jesus? How long did they remain with Him? What time of day was the *tenth* hour? About 4 o'clock, P. M. Why was this so important an event? Because these were the *first followers* of Jesus. Do we know what conversation passed between them during this time?

40. What was the name of one of these disciples? Whose brother was he? Who was the other? Most probably, John himself, the writer

of this Gospel. What leads us to believe this? Did they both afterwards belong to the twelve? Mention other places in which Andrew is named. Mark i. 29; xiii. 3; John xii. 22. Tell what you know about John.

41. Whom did Andrew find? What did he tell him? Does this show that they had been *looking* for the Messiah? What other word is of the same meaning with *Messiah*? What do both mean? Anointed. How was Christ *The Anointed*?

42. What did Jesus say to Simon? Did He see at once what sort of man he was? What is said in John ii. 25? How is this proved by the case of Nathanael? See vers. 43-50. What new name did Jesus give Simon? What does it mean? What is another form of the same name? Peter. Was this Simon the same Peter of whom we read so much in the New Testament? Why did Jesus change his name? Into what did God change *Abram's* name? *Jacob's*? Where, in Genesis, do we read of this? What did Jesus say to Peter on another occasion? Matt. xvi. 17-19.

What may we learn from the example of Andrew, in bringing his brother to Jesus? How may we bring others to Christ?

## CATECHISM.

## II. Lord's Day.

## THE FIRST PART.

## OF THE MISERY OF MAN.

3. Whence knowest thou thy misery?  
Out of the law of God.

4. What doth the law of God require of us?  
Christ teacheth us that briefly, Matt. xxii. 37-40. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is

the first and the great command; and the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commands hang the whole law and the prophets."

5. Canst thou keep all these things perfectly?  
In no wise; for I am prone by nature to hate God and my neighbor.



COMMENTS.—This Lesson contains a brief repetition of the testimony of John, together with the history of the gathering of the first disciples of Jesus. When, on the previous day, John had first uttered the exclamation, "Behold the Lamb of God," no one of those who heard had followed Jesus. It was as if they had not rightly understood his words; or as if time was needed in order that the meaning of his words might dawn upon them. Probably on this account, he repeats his words when he sees Jesus again on the following day. He is now understood, and the two disciples who were with him at the time begin to follow the Lamb. There is no ostentation in the narrative; no sign, in this simple and quiet story, of its being the record of any extraordinary event; and yet, in truth, it is the record of a great crisis in the history of John, of Christ, of the world. For this was the first gathering of those who were to be the Apostles of our Lord; the beginning of that great host of followers of the Lamb, which has continued ever since that time in all nations and in all climes. To this it was necessary that it should come. For it belongs to the idea of Christ to be Head, Leader, Captain; and there is in the human heart, also, an irresistible impulse towards *following*. We must have some one to follow. This impulse, particularly keen and alert in those days of an expected Messiah, had first turned itself towards John the Baptist. He, however, having previously turned it away from himself, here directs it to its true object, which it here for the first time finds in Jesus, the Messiah, the Christ.

The beginning was small; they were only two who in this first instance followed Jesus. But the beginnings of all the great works of God are small, simple and unostentatious. Man begins with much and ends with little; God begins with little and ends with much. This first act of following Christ, small and insignificant as it appeared to be, carried in itself the germ of an innumerable, world-wide and never-ending following of the Lamb.

The situation is a sadly interesting one as regards John. He had himself been a teacher, a master, revered, beloved, followed. For a while, he had

been the centre of attraction; preaching to, and wielding a powerful influence over, innumerable crowds. Now, his popularity is gone; his influence is on the wane; another is taking his place; his own disciples are leaving him; he sees his work done, his occupation gone, and himself a lonely and forsaken man. He would not have been human, had not this been a keen trial to him. Yet how did he bear it? Without murmuring; without flinching: actually *pointing* his own disciples to Jesus, and rejoicing greatly, as the Bridegroom's friend, "because of the Bridegroom's voice." "This my joy therefore is fulfilled," said he; "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John iii. 29).

The attitude of our Saviour, at this important crisis in His life, is also interesting and suggestive. It had been written of Him that He should not "strive nor cry." Throughout His entire life, it was characteristic of Him that He did not go about, proclaiming Himself to be the Christ, and insisting upon men's following Him, but occupied a peculiar attitude of *waiting*; waiting for some sign of men's recognizing Him and coming to Him; as One who was exceedingly anxious to manifest Himself, but could do so only where a certain susceptibility for Him existed. How anxiously He looked for *faith*; how eagerly and graciously He welcomed the first, faintest sign of it! So here, Our Saviour did not go after these two disciples. He waited for some sign of their coming to Him. There were things which even He could not *force*. He "walked" and calmly watched to see what the effect of the Baptist's words would be. But, when the two followed Him, how quickly He "turned;" how graciously He met them; took them with Him; bound them to Him! Thus does our Saviour anxiously wait for some indication of susceptibility for Him, some sign of coming to Him. Thus eagerly, when this is once given, does He seek to fan this "smoking flax" of a first faint beginning of faith into a burning flame of devotion. We can but touch upon this peculiar attitude and conduct on our Saviour's part; which, however, as illustrated here and characteristic of His entire life, is worthy of long-continued reflection.



36. For an explanation of the expression, *Behold the Lamb of God*, see the Comments on the last Lesson.

38. *What seek ye?* This question, without doubt, was uttered in a kind, gracious and attractive manner. In this question, our Saviour meets them, and, as it were, helps them on their way towards a true following of Him. He desires to call forth (as we see Him do on so many other occasions) some expression of a desire for Him. This He succeeds in doing; for the essence of the question in which they make reply, *Rabbi, where dwellest thou?* is a desire to be with Him wherever He might be. We are taught here that we never make a movement towards the Lord which He does not promptly meet, encourage and help forward. He "turns," and meets, and actively helps us, whenever He sees a sign of our desiring to come to Him.

39. *About the tenth hour.* About 10 o'clock, A. M., if the time is reckoned according to the Roman method; about 4 o'clock, P. M., if according to the Jewish. We do not know what passed at the interview. We know, however, that the effect of it was to confirm their faith in Him as the Messiah, and attach them permanently to Him as His followers.

40. This would be a good place for finding out whatever may be ascertained concerning Andrew, who is here mentioned for the first time as one of the two who followed Jesus. Considering the important relation which the Twelve Apostles sustain to the Church, it is astonishing how little the generality of Christian people know about them. True, the Gospel history gives us very little personal information as regards the most of the Apostles. This is no reason, however, why we should not diligently seek to find out what they do tell us concerning each one. As for Andrew, he is one of those of whom comparatively little is said. What little information is given, however, is such as to indicate that he stood high in the favor and confidence of our Saviour. We learn from the passage under consideration that he was one of the disciples of John the Baptist, and one of the very first to follow Jesus, being associated, in doing so, with no less a personage than St. John, the beloved disciple, himself.

In addition to this place, there are two others in which St. John, in his Gospel, makes mention of Andrew. See chaps. vi. 8, 9; xii. 20-22. These passages seem to indicate that Andrew enjoyed, in some degree, a special intimacy with our Lord. And this inference is confirmed by the only place in the other Gospels (apart from the catalogue of the Apostles) in which the name of Andrew is mentioned. This is Mark xiii. 3, where he is associated with Peter, James and John, the three disciples whom our Saviour is known to have singled out for His special intimacy and confidence; and where Jesus is represented as speaking privately and confidentially to Andrew, in connection with those three chosen disciples. These notices are sufficient to justify us in believing that St. Andrew stood high in the esteem of our Lord, and was of great importance and usefulness as an Apostle. According to an ancient tradition, he preached the Gospel in Scythia, and suffered martyrdom in Achaia, being crucified on a cross of that peculiar form which is known to this day as "St. Andrew's Cross."

The other of the two disciples who followed Jesus is believed to have been St. John himself, who relates the history. This, at least, has never, from the earliest times, been doubted. The detailed and vivid character of the history shows it to be most probably the narrative of an eye-witness; while the suppression of his own name is only in accordance with John's custom of throwing into the background everything relating personally to himself.

41. Andrew here becomes the means of bringing to Christ his brother, who was destined to play so important a part as an Apostle; and, in doing this, he shows us an example how any one who has himself found Christ ought immediately to set about the work of bringing others to Him.

*Messias* and *Christ* both signify *Anointed*, the former being Hebrew, the latter Greek. Christ is The Anointed, because He was anointed with the Holy Ghost to be our Prophet, Priest and King.

42. The manner in which Jesus meets Simon shows that He already knew what manner of man he was. It is said



in chap. ii. 25, that "He knew what was in man." We see the same in the story of Nathanael, vers. 45-51. His words to Peter, also, show that He had in mind the important part which he was to act as one of the greatest of His Apostles. Compare with this history, Matt. xvi. 13-19. With reference to the new character and destiny of Peter, as His Apostle, our Saviour gives him a new name, instead of, or in addition to, his previous name of Simon, calling him *Cephas*, which is a Syriac word, the equivalent of Peter, and signifies Stone or Rock. Of this change of name there are other instances in Scripture, as in the cases of Abram (Gen. xvii. 5) and Jacob (Gen. xxxii. 28). This outward change was the consequence and the sign of an inward change. Of Peter much more is told us in the Gospels than of Andrew. It is not possible for us to give a sketch of his history here. In view of the above-mentioned ignorance on this subject, however, the teacher ought to lose no opportunity of calling forth the leading facts in any Apostle's life.

The following are some of the lessons which we may learn from this passage :

I. From the conduct of John the Baptist, in giving way before Jesus, and sending his own disciples to Him, we may learn the duty of willingly and cheerfully giving up self for the sake of Christ.

II. From the conduct of the two disciples we may learn to follow Jesus wherever and whenever we learn of Him.

III. As regards Jesus, we learn how ready He is to meet and welcome all those who show signs of coming to Him.

IV. From the conduct of Andrew, in particular, in bringing his brother to Jesus, we may learn that, after having ourselves come to Christ, it is our duty to bring others to Him.

### The Birthday of a King.

ON the 5th of September, 1639, in the faubourg St. Germain, of Paris, then a little village surrounding the palace of King Louis XIII., was crowded the blue blood of France. Around that royal home of the King of France had gathered all that was noble, all that was great in the land, in honor of the birth of a child to the King. In an antechamber within the palace the Bishops

of the Church were waiting to christen the child on its birth. Soon a nurse entered the room, bearing the child upon a pillow, and kneeling, she said, "Sire, it is my honor to bring you this son and heir." The proud King carried the babe to an open window, and addressing the waiting multitudes, exclaimed, "My son, gentlemen, my son!" The bells rang, the people shouted, and for a week France was wild with joy. The 19th of March, 1812, one hundred and seventy-three years later, was the eve of another great birthday in France. The little Corsican, the man of destiny, was on the throne. He had put away one wife and taken another, and the birth of a child was expected. Twenty-one guns were to be fired if a daughter was born, one hundred if the child was a boy. On the 20th of March, at 6 o'clock in the morning, the booming of cannon was heard. All Paris waited and listened. When the twenty-second gun was heard a mighty shout arose, and there was great rejoicing in every part of France. The dynasty of Bonaparte had a son and heir. It is impossible, men and brethren, as we come together this morning to celebrate the anniversary of another birth the contrast between that one and these should be overlooked. There was no royalty in Bethlehem; the palace was a stable, the cradle was a manger, but what a contrast paid to Him born at that time by a whole world for eighteen centuries. The child born in St. Germain was Louis XIV., the Grand King, who ruled for many years, who first said: "I am the State." But he lived to see that the sun of his dynasty was setting. The other son died ere he had reached man's estate, obscure and neglected. Five years after the guns had fired in honor of his birth his father was a prisoner of war. Looking back to that manger in Bethlehem we see stepping from it a royalty which has governed the world. What a conquest, what a history is His. It is told in one of the apocryphal books that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem the earth stopped on its axis, and movement upon it suddenly ceased. A great light, an ineffable joy, had come upon the world, and that light, that joy, eighteen crowded, busy centuries has not diminished.—*Dr. H. C. Potter on Christmas day.*



JANUARY 19.

LESSON III.

1879.

*Second Sunday after the Epiphany. John ii. 1-11.*

## THE FIRST MIRACLE.

1. And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there.

2. And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

3. And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine.

4. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.

5. His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.

6. And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.

7. Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

8. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it.

9. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was, (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom,

10. And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

11. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.

## QUESTIONS.

What is the subject of this Lesson? What is a miracle? Mention some of the miracles which Jesus wrought. Which was His first miracle?

Verses 1, 2. When did these things occur? *The third day* after what? Where was Cana? Who had been invited to this marriage? Which of the disciples had already been called? Was it strange that Jesus should be present at a marriage festival? How do you suppose He regards occasions of joy?

3, 4. What did the mother of Jesus say to Him? Why did she apply to Him? What did Jesus answer? Does this sound harsh? Do you suppose that Jesus ever spoke unkindly to His mother? What, then, did He mean?

5, 6. What directions did His mother give? What were the water-pots there for? How much was a *firkin*? Between eight and nine gallons.

7, 8. What then took place? What had been put into the water-pots? What was it when drawn out? By whose power was this wonder

wrought? To whom was the wine taken? Who was *the governor of the feast*?

9, 10. Did the governor of the feast know whence the wine had come? Did he find it to be good wine? What did he say to the bridegroom? Why was it usual to give the better wine first? What deeper meaning lies in these words? The order in which the world gives, is, first that which is good, or seemingly good, then that which is worse, and then from worse to worse, until the worst is given at last. But Christ gives, first the good, and then from better to better, the best being kept for the last.

11. What does John call this miracle? How did it manifest His glory? What was the effect of it on His disciples?

How does this miracle set forth the nature of the work which Christ came to do? What great change is He working in the hearts of His people? How does it begin? How is it carried forward? When will it be completed?

## CATECHISM.

III. *Lord's Day.*

6. Did God then create man so wicked and perverse?

By no means, but God created man good, and after His own image, in righteousness and true holiness, that he might rightly know God his creator, heartily love Him, and live with Him in eternal happiness, to glorify Him and praise Him.

7. Whence, then, proceeds this depravity of human nature?

From the fall and disobedience of our first parents, Adam and Eve, in Paradise; hence our nature is become so corrupt, that we are all conceived and born in sin.

8. Are we then so corrupt that we are wholly incapable of doing any good, and inclined to all wickedness?

Indeed we are, except we are regenerated by the Spirit of God.

1. All praise to Thee, O Lord,  
Who by Thy mighty power  
Didst manifest Thy glory forth  
In Cana's marriage hour.

2. Thou speakest: it is done:  
Obedient to Thy word,  
The water redd'ning into wine  
Proclaims the present Lord.



COMMENTS.—We have heretofore seen Jesus, so to speak, at the threshold of His public activity, receiving the testimony of John, and gathering the first of His disciples. This preparation being past, and the proper time being now come, we here behold Him fairly entering, by the performance of His first miracle, upon the work He had come to do, so far as this consisted in outward and public activity. The miracle of changing the water into wine, inasmuch as it was a manifesting forth of our Saviour's glory, has, from early times, together with the adoration of the Magi, the Baptism of Jesus, etc., been regarded as one of the *Epiphanies*, and hence, as a Lesson, is very opportune during this Epiphany season. It is, indeed, by a coincidence, the Gospel for this Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

The subject is far too rich and suggestive that we should undertake to do more, in these comments, than briefly to indicate some of its leading points.

First, as regards the circumstance that our Saviour's first miracle was wrought at a *marriage festival*. The very fact of His being present on such an occasion is itself interesting and suggestive. For we here see what relation He assumed towards the festive side of human life, and learn an important lesson with reference to the matter of recreations, amusements, and enjoyment generally. Our Saviour did not despise or condemn festivity. His mode of life was very different from that of the austere Baptist; so different, that some called Him "a gluttonous man and a winebibber." He went among the people; sat down in the homes both of the rich and of the poor; took an interest in all that concerned them, both of joy and of sorrow; was present, not only at funerals, but also at weddings. A certain Roman writer said: "I am a man; I take interest in whatever belongs to man." Above all others, Christ might have said this; for He is The Man. Whatever legitimately belongs to human life, whether on its sorrowful or on its festive side, is matter of interest to Him. And it is as if to show us this, and to guard us against the mistake of supposing that His Gospel has nothing to do with the enjoyments of life, that this

history is recorded of His presence at a marriage festival, where, we must suppose, the usual rejoicing and merriment prevailed. We learn from this that that whole realm of recreation and enjoyment which undoubtedly belongs naturally to our human life, is capable of being hallowed, and needs to be hallowed, by the presence of Christ. The Christian religion is a religion for the whole of a man's life, and is to be carried with him by the Christian wherever he goes, into the Church, into the home, into the shop, into the school, into all places and scenes of enjoyment. Some so-called enjoyments, indeed, there are, which are essentially of sin, and which, therefore, we cannot conceive of as being hallowed by the presence of Christ. Drunkenness and gambling, for example, cannot be thus hallowed; but neither do they belong naturally and necessarily to our human life. As for that whole world of festivity, which naturally belongs to our life, and which is here typified by the marriage feast, it is good, right and wholesome, and we could not be the right kind of children, or of men and women, without some measure of participation in it. As such, our enjoyments are capable of being hallowed by the presence of Christ, and must be thus protected and blessed, if they are not to become a source of great danger to us. And what does this mean, that Jesus ought to be present at our festivities? Not that these should necessarily be opened with prayer, or that we should mingle religious conversation with our other conversation on such occasions. That would be absurd and useless. But it does mean that we ought to engage in our enjoyments and amusements in a Christian spirit; avoiding selfishness and unkindness, and whatever is displeasing to God; not forgetting Christ, but thinking of Him as present, looking on with approving eye (as He no doubt did at this marriage in Cana) and rejoicing at whatever of innocent enjoyment His children may be able to find. Surely, if young people engaged in their amusements in this way, much evil that sometimes grows out of them would be avoided. And, if they thought of Jesus in this way, they would be far less disposed to shun Him than many of them are.



Secondly, as regards the miracle itself. It is distinguished as being the first of all the miracles which our Saviour wrought. St. John expressly mentions that this was, for Jesus, the "beginning of miracles" (ver. 11), thereby showing that all those stories are false which tell of miracles performed in His childhood. Our Saviour neither preached nor wrought any miracle until He was thirty years old, and after He had been, in His baptism, properly ordained and consecrated to His work. But this miracle was not only first in point of time; it was first also in another sense, as serving, better than any other one of our Saviour's miracles would have done, to introduce the rest of His wonderful works, and to represent beforehand the character of the one great work of man's redemption which He had come to accomplish. It was not without design that the first miracle was one of changing and transforming, and, specially, of transforming water into wine. For the work which our Saviour came to do was essentially one of transformation. He takes our nature in its poor, weak, fallen, earthly condition, and changes it into a new, glorified, heavenly nature,—“a turning of the water of earth into the wine of heaven.” According to the deeper and prophetic meaning of this miracle (which, in any study of it, it would be a great mistake to leave out of view), the water stands for our human nature in its low, weak and helpless state because of sin; and the wine, which is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures as one of the richer and nobler productions of the earth, stands for that same nature as renovated, completed and glorified under the strengthening and ennobling touch of the Incarnate Son of God.

1. *The third day.* That is, the third day after Philip and Nathanael had come to Jesus (i. 43-51). *Cana of Galilee.* A village about nine miles north of Nazareth. *The mother of Jesus.* It is considered probable that Joseph was now dead, no mention of him occurring after the finding of Jesus in the Temple.

2. *His disciples.* Generally considered to be the five mentioned in the previous chapter: John, Andrew, Philip and Nathanael (who is commonly supposed

to have been the one elsewhere called Bartholomew).

2. *They wanted wine.* That is, the supply of wine began to fail, no doubt to the great embarrassment and mortification of the hosts. On account of the familiarity which the mother of Jesus here shows, her giving directions to the servants, etc., it has been considered not improbable that she was related to one of the parties. She evidently applied to Jesus under the impression that He could, and would, in some way, bring relief to the embarrassed family. In what way He would afford relief, it is probable that she herself had no clear idea. She could scarcely have anticipated the working of such a miracle as He wrought, for He had as yet performed no miracle. But, at any rate, she knew enough of the wonderful character of her Son, to know that he was a proper person to apply to under such circumstances, and that He would be able to give the best possible directions.

4. The reply of Jesus sounds harsh, and seems to be a refusal of His mother's implied request. It was not, however, in reality, harsh or unkind. We cannot believe that Jesus ever spoke disrespectfully or unkindly to His mother. Further, it is probable that the words, in being translated into our language, obtain a grating sound which they did not possess in the language which our Saviour used. At least, it is certain that this same form of address was afterwards used by Him to His mother, on an occasion when He could not have spoken otherwise than with the greatest tenderness, namely, when, on the cross, He commended her to the care of St. John. Nor were His words a refusal of His mother's request. At least, she did not understand them so. Her words to the servants indicate that she anticipated His complying with her desires. Still, while there was no unkindness in the words, there was without doubt a measure of reproof in them, solemnly reminding His mother that the time had now come when He could no longer implicitly follow her directions, but must act for Himself, and must be guided, in doing so, by higher considerations than the earthly ones which she suggested. The mother of Jesus, it would seem, needed herself to learn the lesson that



He was infinitely more than merely her Son; and it was partly from these words that she was to learn this lesson.

What Jesus meant by the words, "Mine hour is not yet come," is not altogether clear. Probably He meant to say that He must wait until the wine, which as yet was only failing, not wholly exhausted, should be entirely used up. That is God's "hour" to help, when all our resources have failed. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." This waiting till no wine should be left, was also wise and necessary, inasmuch as it left no opportunity of explaining the miracle by saying that He practised deception, merely *mingling* water with the remnant of the wine.

6, 7. The washing of hands and feet was a very important matter among the Jews. As they wore only sandals on the feet, it was an act of respect to wash the feet on entering into a friend's house. And, as they used no knives and forks, but ate by thrusting their hands into the common dish, those likewise had to be kept thoroughly clean. There were frequent washings also of other objects; see Matt. xv. 2; Mark vii. 2-4; Luke xi. 39. These customs account for the presence of the "six waterpots." Everything was so ordered as to guard the miracle against the appearance of being a deception, or anything else than a miracle. These vessels had been used for water, not for wine; so that it could not be said that water had been mixed with the lees of wine. Further, they were empty, before the miracle. In addition to this, the quantity of wine was itself so great as could not be accounted for in any ordinary way. A *firkin* being between eight and nine gallons, each of these waterpots contained in the neighborhood of twenty gallons.

8-10. The *ruler of the feast* was one of the guests whose office it was to preside at the banquet. It was natural that he should be the first to taste the wine. Unknowingly, he confirms the reality of our Saviour's miracle, not only declaring the wine to be wine in reality and not in appearance merely, but pronouncing it to be superior to any that had yet been brought forth. The custom to which he alludes, of giving the good wine first and the worse afterwards, was based upon the fact that,

after having drunk considerable wine, men's tastes became blunted, and an inferior wine might then be put off upon them. The words do not prove that drunkenness prevailed at this particular festival (in which case Jesus could not have sanctioned it by His presence); they merely declare that this was the common practice. There is at the same time a deeper meaning in the words of this ruler of the feast. They describe well the way in which the world is accustomed to give its pleasures, as distinguished from that in which Christ gives His. The world gives its fairest and best first; then, by degrees, "coarser pleasures, viler enjoyments, the swine's husks;" until, going from worse to worse, the worst is given last. This is ever the course of sin. On the other hand, Christ gives always and only that which is good; but He proceeds from better to better, until finally, the best of all is given last, the joys and glories of heaven. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv. 18). If any one has Keble's "Christian Year," let him read the beautiful poem for this Second Sunday after the Epiphany, which is based upon this deeper meaning of the words of the ruler of the feast.

11. *Manifested forth His glory.* That is, His glory as the only begotten Son of God. By this miracle He gave token of His divinity. The "glory" of Jesus, as the Son of God, was, for the most part, veiled and hidden while He was on earth. Sometimes it burst forth. Every miracle was such a transient and glimpse-like shining forth of His glory. This was true, in particular, of this miracle, which was the first that He wrought, and which in such a noble manner depicted the character of His whole work as the Redeemer of mankind. *His disciples believed on Him.* That is, their faith was confirmed. Having believed on Him before, they now believed more firmly, from having witnessed this manifestation of His glory.

The lessons taught by this history have been sufficiently set forth in the body of the above comments. For want of space, we make no special indication of them here.



JANUARY 26.

LESSON IV.

1879.

*Third Sunday after the Epiphany. John ii. 13-17.*

## JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

13. ¶ And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem,

14. And found in the temple those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money, sitting:

15. And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and

the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables;

16. And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.

17. And his disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.

## QUESTIONS.

Verse 13. To what place did Jesus go after the miracle at Cana? What feast now occurred?

When was the Passover instituted? Exod. xii. 14-17; Deut. xvi. 1-8. What was its object? Whither did Jesus go on this occasion? How many Passovers fell within the term of our Saviour's public ministry?

14. What did He find in the Temple? How came *oxen, sheep and doves* to be there? What were the *changers* of money there for? Of what parts did the Temple consist? In which part were these found? In the Court of the Gentiles.

15. What did Jesus do? What is a *scourge*? What do you suppose the feelings of Jesus were in doing this? Is there a righteous, as well as a sinful anger? Can God be angry? Mention

another instance of anger in our Saviour. Mark iii. 5. What is the difference between a right and a wrong anger? When ought we to be angry?

16. What did He say? Whose house was the Temple? Was it meant for buying and selling? On what other occasion did our Saviour perform this same act? Matt. xxi. 12, 13; Mark xi. 15-17; Luke xix. 45, 46.

17. Of what did this remind the disciples? Where are these words written? Ps. lxxix. 9.

What does this Lesson teach us concerning God's House? In what way may it be desecrated? How ought we to feel towards the house of God? How ought we to conduct ourselves in it?

## CATECHISM.

## IV. Lord's Day.

9. Doth not God then do injustice to man by requiring from him, in His law, that which he cannot perform?

Not at all; for God made man capable of performing it; but man, by the instigation of the devil, and his own wilful disobedience, deprived himself and all his posterity of those divine gifts.

10. Will God suffer such disobedience and rebellion to go unpunished?

By no means, but is terribly displeased with our original as well as actual sins; and will

punish them in His just judgment temporally and eternally, as He hath declared, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

11. Is not God then also merciful?

God is indeed merciful, but also just; therefore His justice requires that sin, which is committed against the most high majesty of God, be also punished with extreme, that is, with everlasting punishment, both of body and soul.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

2. My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of Thy Name.

3. Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4. He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

5. He speaks,—and listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

6. Look unto Him, ye nations; own  
Your God, ye fallen race;  
Look, and be saved through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.



COMMENTS.—We are considering the First Things in our Saviour's public Ministry. We have had the first testimony to him as the Messiah, the gathering of his first disciples, and His first miracle; each of which was a significant crisis and turning-point in his life. We have here, as another important turning-point, his first official words to the rulers of the Jews, to those who were to be the adversaries of his life and teaching.

The attitude in which our Saviour here appears stands in striking contrast with the attitude in which He appeared when we last beheld Him. His attitude, before His mother, His disciples, and the wedding-guests, at the humble marriage-festival in Cana, was that of the utmost condescension and loving-kindness. His attitude now is that of judicial severity before the Jews and their rulers in the temple at Jerusalem. "The glory that was full of grace was also full of truth. He who came to diffuse joy, came also to purge the threshing-floor, and rigorously to correct all that is ungodly in God's people and house." It is good to have a lesson like this following the last. For we need to be reminded that life is not all festivity; and that, however the Lord looks with approbation upon all our innocent rejoicings, and blesses our recreations and amusements in their proper form and place, He expects of us more than these. Festivity is but an incident, a parenthesis, a relief which God graciously allows us in our present state; the substance of life is made of sterner stuff. He to whom life is one prolonged feast, or one ever-reiterated jest, is a pitiable character indeed. He who, amid all his merriment, has no strong under-current of soberness, thoughtfulness and earnestness in him, is in a bad plight. Duty, work, righteousness, purity, truth; these, after all, are the great objects, and it is for these that we ought to lay out our lives. Let us contemplate Jesus, not only as He smiles approvingly upon our marriage festivities, but also as, in holy earnestness and indignation, He drives out the profaners of His Father's house.

This act of purging the Temple was repeated by our Saviour, on a later occasion, in the last week of His life, as related by the three first Evangelists.

See Matt. xxi. 12, 13; Mark xi. 15-17; Luke xix. 45, 46.

13. After the marriage at Cana, Jesus went, as we learn from ver. 12, with His mother, brethren and disciples to Capernaum, a town on the Sea of Galilee, where He passed much of His time. The fact that most of His new disciples dwelt in the neighborhood of the sea, Peter for example owning a house at Capernaum (Matt. viii. 14), sufficiently accounts for this step. Soon afterwards came the time of the Passover, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. This was His custom. We learn from Luke ii. 41, that it was the custom of His parents to go up to the Passover every year, and that, when He was twelve years old, they took Him with them. The institution and design of the Passover, together with the manner of its observance, have been explained elsewhere in these notes. We shall not treat of the subject now, further than to say that the principal passages relating to the Passover are the following: Exod. xii. 1-51; xiii. 3-10; xxiii. 14-19; Numb. ix. 1-14; xxviii. 16-25; Deut. xvi. 1-6. It is very probable that, from so important a place as Capernaum, a large caravan of pilgrims went up to Jerusalem at this time; our Saviour joining Himself to their number. This was the first Passover that occurred after He began His ministry. Four Passovers occurred during his ministry, the last being that of His Passion.

14. *In the Temple.* In that part which was known as "the court of the Gentiles." For an explanation of the structure and arrangement of the different parts of the temple, see a Bible Dictionary. The presence of oxen, sheep and doves, together with those who dealt in them, is explained by the fact that those who attended the Jewish festivals required these animals as sacrifices, and, to supply this demand as conveniently as possible, it had become the custom to hold a sort of cattle-market in the precincts of the Temple. That the Pharisees, who were generally very strict in everything relating to the Temple, should have tolerated this profanation, arose no doubt from their contempt of the Gentiles. They esteemed these animals, which were intended for sacrifice and purification, as being of more ac-



count than the Gentiles, and, as such, did not scruple to allow them to thrust the Gentiles out. *Changers of money.* Every Israelite, who had reached or passed the age of twenty, was required to pay into the treasury of the Temple, whenever the nation was numbered, a half-shekel as an offering to Jehovah. This we learn from Exod. xxx. 13-15. This temple-tax was paid in the temple-coinage; and the money-changers here referred to were those dealers who, for such a premium as they might be able to exact, supplied half-shekels of the sanctuary to those who came to pay their tax.

15-17. He drove out the animals that could be driven, and commanded the doves (no doubt sitting in cages) to be taken away. The act was a startling one and the language severe; though not so severe as that which He used on the second occasion of cleansing the Temple, when He said: "It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves" (Matt. xxi. 13). The act made a profound impression on the minds of His disciples, who remembered that it had been written in the Scriptures, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." The words are found in Ps. lxxix. 9.

The lessons taught by this history are chiefly these two:

I. The lesson of a just and righteous indignation and wrath. God is Love; and yet the Scriptures have much to say of "the wrath of God." He would not be a God of love, if He were not angry with sin and with whatever would work the ruin of those whom He loves. Our Saviour was filled with the tenderest mercy, the most perfect condescension and loving-kindness; yet, as we learn from this history, He was capable of displeasure and righteous wrath, as we learn, also, from other passages in the Gospels, what fierce and burning words of denunciation He could speak against wrong and against those who did wrong. There are two kinds of anger, a bad and a good; the one springing from selfishness, the other from the love of God and whatever is good and holy. For the most part, we are angry because we cannot have our own way, because some one has done us an injury, etc. This is a false and sinful kind of anger.

There is only one thing to do with it: we must conquer it, by the help of God's grace, and cast it out from within us, or else it will ruin our souls. But there is a true, just and holy anger; the anger against whatever is wrong, false, impure, profane, sinful; the anger that is in God and in all good men. No one can be a good man, who is not capable of this kind of anger. If any one has no power to be angry against wrong, falsehood, profanation, injustice, cruelty, oppression, outrage, there is something fundamentally wrong in him. Let us distinguish between the two kinds of anger. As for the one, let us strive with all our energy to root it out of our hearts; as for the other, let us earnestly desire it and give it place within us; taking care, however, lest our deceitful hearts deceive us here, by leading us to give vent to our own sinful and selfish passions, under the plea of exercising a righteous indignation.

II. The lesson of reverence for God's House. The Jews profaned the Temple by making it a house of merchandise. The house of God is profaned at the present day, in ways less gross perhaps, but equally profane. All idle talking and laughing in church; all needless running in and out during divine service; all inattention to the worship; in general, all irreverence of thought, or look, or word, or act, is a profanation of God's house, and very displeasing to God. "Ye shall reverence my sanctuary," saith God. We ought to have peculiar feelings of reverence towards a church, whenever we see one, whenever we enter one, whether alone or in company with the congregation of people. It is a consecrated and holy place; it is the house of prayer; it is the place where God specially meets His people; it is to be regarded, spoken of, and treated with the most careful respect. No one can be a good and true man, who has not the element of reverence in him. Very beautiful in young people, especially, is the habit of reverence in the house of God. There are some bad habits, in this respect, which ought to be broken up; and there are some good habits also, with reference to this matter, which need to be carefully and earnestly inculcated by all who have control of the teaching of the young.



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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1879

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XXXth volume, on the first of January 1879. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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This Magazine will be mainly devoted, as heretofore, to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

In addition to its usual variety of reading matter, THE GUARDIAN will hereafter appropriate at least ten pages of each number to the interests of the Sunday-School cause. It will aim to serve as an efficient helper of Sunday-School Teachers, and thus meet a want which has long been felt in the Reformed Church.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

No. 2.

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”  
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PHILADELPHIA:  
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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

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907 Arch Street Philadelphia.



# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

NO. 2

## Editorial Notes.

WE have lately entered upon a new year; let us try to make it a year of great moral growth. The year 1879 comes but once in our lifetime. Strive to make a good record for it. If you are a wanderer from God, return at once. If you are His child, strive to improve in piety. Live more for Him; pray more, love more, forbear and forgive more. Become more earnest, sincere and active in your piety; then this will prove to be the happiest year of your life, and you will end it, whether on earth or in heaven, with such hymns of praise as you have never before felt or sung.

ON the 19th of December, Bayard Taylor, the American Minister to the German Empire, died in Berlin, aged 54 years. He was born in Chester County, Pa. The child of Quaker parents, his early years were spent on a farm in the plain, simple life peculiar to people of this faith. His school opportunities were comparatively few. Without a liberal or college education, he became a printer's apprentice at 17. He studied Latin and French as best he could. Before long he began to write for different papers, meanwhile carefully reading such useful books as he could procure. He was studious in his habits, with more than an average share of talent, a close observer of men and things with a restless desire to learn all about them he possibly could. Already, as a youth, he had a great desire to travel. At 19 he published a volume of poems. Two Philadelphia editors advanced him each \$100 for foreign correspondence. With a small sum of money he made a European tour of two years afoot, the result of which he afterwards published in a volume entitled: *Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff*. In a

short time this work passed through twelve editions. This was succeeded by many other tours through different parts of the world. Meanwhile, he was a foreign correspondent of the "New York Tribune," of which he was one of the owners. He wrote 37 volumes of poetry and prose—chiefly works of travel. He acquired a speaking knowledge of quite a number of languages. Although of English birth, he learned to speak the German as well as his native tongue. He was a Germanized American, a lover of German culture, literature and customs. This made him quite a ministerial favorite at the Imperial Court of Germany. His wife, a highly educated German lady, helped him much in his literary pursuits. Taylor was mainly distinguished as a journalist, traveler and a poet. We have always admired him as the Pennsylvania farmer's boy, who by his own energy and industry, without stooping to the low acts of a cunning trickster and a demagogue—so common among our young men, has raised himself to the foremost ranks of American authorship, of noble manhood and culture.

THE signers of the Declaration of Independence are deservedly held in high esteem. And their descendants justly pride themselves in their honorable lineage. But the heroic stuff which men like the signers were made of, does not always run in the blood. John S. Morton, of Philadelphia, a grandson of one of these signers, was lately sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary for forgery. The good name of our fathers, like the estates we inherit, can easily be squandered. Such a crime, however, is made more conspicuous by a man's family connections. A few years ago this man stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. He, like many others, had a passion for the ac-



quisition of wealth, lived beyond his income, was fond of parade and vain show. And now he has exchanged his palatial home for a felon's cell.

DR. THOMAS CHALMERS, the foremost pulpit orator of his age, was a hero too, no less than our signers. His fame rang throughout the Christian world. Surely the children of such a man will grace the highest walks of social life; will live among the wealthy and the honored. Yes, of God, and of angels and of good people the life and work of his daughter are honored, and will be forever. But the proud selfish world knows little about her. How nobly she carries forward the blessed work of her father, and blesses his memory! In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help men and women out of their miseries. Her chief work is with drunkards, their wives and daughters. Some of the poor women of the neighborhood who have sober husbands complain against her, saying:

"Why do you pass us? Because our husbands are good, you do not care for us. If we had married some worthless sot, you would then have taken care of us in our poverty!"

In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers, with her lantern, going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved, and bringing them to her reform-meetings. Insult her, do they? Never! They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday night speech on temperance.

One night, as she was standing in a low tenement, talking to the intemperate father, and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room, as though interested in what was said; but finally, in his intoxication, he staggered up to her and remarked:

"I shall go to heaven as easy as you will; do you think so?"

Helen answered not a word, but opened her Bible and pointed to the passage, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." The arrow struck between the joints of the harness, and that little piece of Christian stratagem ended in the man's reformation.

ARE fathers and mothers and heads of families justifiable in taking those papers which are daily filled with matter which is only fit for a police gazette or a dime novel of the worst class? Is that the stuff on which to feed young boys and girls? Is that the pabulum for the young ladies of the household? Is it surprising that any who have such vile and wicked trash presented to them should themselves catch the contagion of this leprosy? The conductors of newspapers say that the people demand what they supply. The truth is that the papers have made and stimulated and are increasing the demand, and that the people whom they are corrupting will rot in the impurity in which they live. The remedies are in both directions. The papers and the people must reform. It matters little at which end the reformation begins. But if the decent and the religious people of the country will stop taking and reading these papers which offend, and will patronize only those which are decent, the needful change will soon be wrought. A purified and decided public opinion will compel managers and editors of papers which circulate among the better classes to respect the moralities of life and the laws of behaviour in the homes of the land.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE St. Louis *Evangelist* says: "The pastor of one of our leading churches was absent from his pulpit a Sabbath. Several persons expressed dissatisfaction at seeing a stranger in the pulpit, and one lady said she would not have come if she had known that Dr. — was going to preach. An elderly lady standing near very promptly replied, 'Madam, the worship of Dr. — will be resumed next Sabbath.'"

Which reminds us of a very innocent incident in our own pastorate. Being prevented from attending an evening meeting, we deputed an elder to preside, who began the service by saying, "The



pastor is absent to-night; let us sing to his praise the 45th hymn."—*New York Observer*.

And this reminds us of the cure a certain Scotch minister applied to some ill-mannered people he met with. On a certain Sunday, Rev. Dr. —, exchanged pulpits with Dr. Chalmers. On entering the pulpit he noticed that some quickly left their pews and went out again, and others stood around the door, refusing to be seated. The good man arose and said: "We will not begin the public worship of God till the chaff blows off." At once the remaining people went to their pews and behaved themselves decently.

SOME stage-stricken youths seek a manager instead of an elocutionist. Many are in haste to become public speakers and seek the bar or the pulpit, a client or a congregation, instead of a Law School or a Theological Seminary. But even these schools train their students mostly in a one-sided way. They graduate more thorough scholars than good public speakers. Especially is the beautiful art of good impressive reading much neglected. Even among the best educated ministers of the Gospel there are few who can read a hymn or a passage of Scripture, so as fully to bring out the sense. To no class of men is the art of good reading so important as to the clergy. The best compositions of poetry and prose lose half their beauty and effect by a faulty rendering. A prize of \$300 is to be awarded next June to the student in either of the Episcopal Divinity Schools of Cambridge, Philadelphia, Alexandria, Gambier, or Sewanee who is adjudged "the most correct, intelligent, and impressive reader of the Bible and Prayer Book in the service of the church." Will not some one encourage good reading among the theological students of other denominations?

It is reported that Mr. Spurgeon will not marry a person of his congregation to one who is not a professor of religion. Possibly his members heed his counsels more than those of some other pastors, who would meet such a refusal with the saucy reply "Well, if you won't, somebody else will." Pastors in some way ought to use their influence against such

unequal alliances. What a harvest of curses often flows from them! In some cases the unbelieving one is "sanctified" by the believer. In many others the opposite occurs, and both are morally and eternally ruined.

"LET all the people praise thee, O Lord, let all the people praise thee." An exchange asks its readers to pray for the singers, more especially for the leaders of song in public worship. A fondness for musical display leads many churches to employ irreligious professional singers, who tickle the ear but fail to touch the heart. God's praise ought to be led by His children. No one else is competent for it. And even among these there is much undevout performing. The same paper says:

"In the primitive church the 'songs of Zion' had a somewhat similar vantage-ground to that which they now occupy. Chrysostom says, 'The young and old, rich and poor, male and female, bond and free, all join in one song.' Ambrose remarks that 'singing is delightful in early age or period in life and for both sexes.' Hilary testifies, 'In their songs of Zion, both old and young, man and woman, bore a part.' And Jerome writes, 'Go where you will, the ploughman at his plough sings his joyful hallelujahs, the busy mower regales himself with Psalms, and the vine-dresser is singing one of the songs of David. Such are our songs, the solace of the shepherd in his solitude, and the husbandman in his toil.' But at a later period 'these solemn and spiritual hymns were exchanged for 'heathen melodies'' which ruled the world for many centuries. To avoid this terrible danger we need to pray very earnestly for the singers."

WEDDING receptions are very popular among young people and among many no longer young. We should like to see some such we know of at a reception like the one described in the following abstract from a letter of a Dutch Reformed Missionary in Japan. The invited Missionary couple left home at five P. M. and returned at ten. In which respect the Japanese show much better sense than many who claim to be more civilized, who begin and close similar meetings much later. The writer says:



"Of course we all went in our chariots, otherwise called 'baby-carriages' or *Jin riki sha*, carrying in our pockets knives, forks, and spoons, as we did not expect to be able to make much headway with chop sticks. The reception was nominally to the bride and groom, but the *go-between* occupied the seat of honor. He is indeed an important personage, a *sine qua non* of every Japanese marriage. The other guests were all assembled and seated in regular order before we arrived, and while we were taking off our wraps in an ante-room they were no doubt wondering what kind of an appearance the foreigners would make. We did not keep them long in suspense. On entering we should have fallen, or rather gracefully descended on our hands and knees and then have put our heads down as if about to improvise a summersault, but as this would have been rather awkward we contented ourselves with very low bows.

The room was very prettily gotten up, the soft thick Japanese mats were covered with a fine scarlet cloth, and each guest sat or rather kneeled on a square cushion. Above the sliding partitions were hung Indian-ink drawings, at present very fashionable among the Japanese, while at the lower end of the room were tall screens ornamented in the same way and arranged so that the servants could pass between them as through a door.

As soon as we were seated tea and cake was passed, and as we were foreigners we were not compelled to sit on our heels, otherwise I should not have been alive to write this. As it was, our feet took care of themselves as best they could with grace and comfort, something not so very easy to do as any one may know by trying for four hours to sit on the floor and put his feet anywhere but in front of him."

THE face is the mirror of the soul. Its peace and purity are reflected on it. The pictures in the so-called rogues' galleries all reveal the criminal in their features. Purity of heart and life keep the feelings and tastes youthful and write their smiles on the countenance. When Michel Angelo was asked why he made the Virgin Mary look so young

compared with the Saviour, in his celebrated statue of la Piéta, which represents her mourning with her dead son in her lap, he replied: "Do you not know that chaste women remain fresher than those who are not so? But yet more; if such youthful bloom is thus naturally retained in her, we must believe that the divine power came also to her aid, so that the maidenliness and imperishable purity of the mother of God might appear to all the world."

WE advise all the readers of the GUARDIAN to cultivate a sound taste for reading. Not a passionate, insatiable fondness for "dime novels," and the miserable stuff of the story papers. In this age of schools and cheap books, young people who cannot enjoy themselves in reading ought to be ashamed of themselves. We have met persons claiming to be intelligent, who could not read one hour with comfort, or if they did read, it was the intoxicating stuff of sensational writers of fiction, or literary *mush*. The pleasures of useful reading are of the most refined and refining kind. Thomas Jefferson, after filling the most honorable offices of the nation, called political honors "splendid torments." In the height of his political glory, when American Minister at Paris, and when idolized as a statesman and a scholar by France no less than by America, he wrote: "I had rather be shut up in a very modest cottage, with my books, my family and a few old friends, dining on simple bacon, and letting the world roll on as it liked, than to occupy the most splendid post that any human power can give."

SPEAKING of Jefferson reminds us of his decalogue for practical life. With one serious defect, it has no rule for religion—its rules are good.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not need because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst or cold.



6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.

9. Take things always by their smooth handle.

10. When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

The good gain wisdom by increasing years. The young increase in strength of body and in intelligence. The older may lose in comeliness of face. The skin less fair and smooth, the voice less clear and ringing. Yet withal, the ripeness of sanctified years brings beauty and strength of character. An exchange says: "In no way is the story of Stanley, the explorer, more succinctly and impressively told than in two pictures of him published in Harper's Bazaar—the one taken just before he started for Africa; the other on his return. The first picture is that of a full-faced, bright-eyed, dark-haired, easy-going Bohemian. There is little of character in it, little indication of thought or of experience. The second is that of an earnest, thoughtful, care-worn man, with deep-set eyes, and iron-gray hair. The lines of his countenance tell of his maturing and refining through experiences of trial and suffering and profound emotion. The first face is the fairer; but the second is the handsomer. The difference is much the same as that between a wax figure and a bronze image. The one has at the best only a surface show. The other is clearly pure metal through and through. The attractions of the one would be gone if the fire touched it. The attractions of the other are a result of the furnace glow. Nor is this an exceptional illustration. The truest beauty of the human face is ever not in the red and white of a fair complexion; but in the lines of character which disclose the improved struggles of a soul within. The face is the reflex of character. While character is unformed, the face is incomplete. Every step of progress in character leaves its impress on the countenance—an impress which cannot be counterfeited, which can come only through progress. In the soldier's uniform there is one thing that cannot be

bought. It is the 'service chevron,'—the little strip of lace upon the sleeve of a veteran, which shows the completion of a full term of service. Gold cannot purchase it. No favor of friends can secure it. Not even the power of the government can bestow it. It comes only as result of enlistment, campaigning, and endurance unto the end. Hence there is no truer or prouder mark of the real soldier than the two, three, five, or more service chevrons which mark the veteran of as many periods of enlistment. Every line of well-worn care in the human face is a service chevron.

" 'Every wrinkled, care-worn brow  
Bears the record "Something done;"  
Some time, somewhere, then or now,  
Battles lost, or battles won.' "

A DISTINGUISHED author says:—"Gluttony kills more than the sword." It seems an extravagant saying. For the sword sometimes slays its hundreds of thousands in a year. During centuries past, there has not been a day when it was sheathed over the whole earth. Some nations or tribes, among civilized or savage people, are all the while killing each other. Still it is true beyond a question, that gluttony is more destructive than the sword. In the United States drunkenness is said to kill 60,000 people every year. And eating too much, and unhealthy food, kills a still larger number. Diseases of the heart, liver, lungs, and stomach, are started or aggravated by it. A farmer in the prime of life, complaining of dyspepsia, lately confessed to us that he must eat a lot of cakes, custards or pies every night before retiring. A few years ago we chided a lady for eating four and five hard-boiled eggs at a meal. She laughed at our warning as she pointed to her red cheeks and robust body. For the past year she has suffered much from dyspepsia, a torpid liver, and violent cramps. Sooner or later the penalty will surely come. Besides injuring the body and shortening the life, it blunts the mind. No danger that a gormandizing youth will grow too much into brains; his development will rather be in the direction of the stomach. Plutarch says his countrymen, "the Bœotians," were remarkable for their stupidity, because they ate too much."



## The Infancy of Jesus.

BY REV. D. Y. HEISLER.

(*The Epiphany.*)

Sages from the Orient far  
Gazing on the azure dome,  
Saw a strange—a wond'rous star,  
Luring them away from home;  
For it spake of One who came  
To fulfill the hopes of old,  
What the Seers in vision claim,  
What the prophets had foretold.

In the clear nocturnal sky  
Still they saw the triple star,  
Shining in its sphere so high,  
Shining near and shining far;  
Dreams of ancient voices came  
Floating on the mid-night air,  
Kindling in their hearts a flame  
Pure and lofty—bright and fair!

Hast'ning they—the mystic three—  
Magi high in story famed,  
Came the wond'rous child to see,  
Child in vision Jesus named;  
When the promised babe was born,  
Born a King in Bethlehem,  
On that fair and brightest morn  
Came the Orient sons of Shem!

Joyous, bright the magi came,  
Came, in eager haste, to seek—  
Seek Him of the mystic name,  
Born a King—so mild and meek;  
“In the east, His star we've seen—  
Seen it brilliant, seen it dim;  
Guided by the radiant sheen,  
We are come to worship Him!”

Vexed, alarmed, the tyrant king,  
Greatly moved the story hears;  
Learned Rabbies doth he bring  
To allay his doubts and fears;  
And of them doth now demand  
Where Messiah should be born;  
“Here,” say they—“in Judah-land,  
Blessed now—tho' erst forlorn!”

Then the despot, greatly ired,  
Called the magi whom he feared,  
Earnestly of them inquired  
When the mystic star appeared;  
“Go,” saith he, “to Bethlehem,  
Seek the wond'rous child and bring  
Word to me in haste again—  
I, too, would adore the King!”

When his wish the magi heard,  
Heard the crafty tyrant's word—  
Hastily they sped their way;  
And the star, which they had seen  
In the Orient sky serene,  
Went before them till it came  
Standing o'er the spot—the same  
Where the infant Saviour lay!

Fairly now the house within,  
They with Mary see the child,  
Bending low, they worship Him,  
Worship Christ—the meek, the mild;  
And their treasures opening wide,  
Rarest gifts of gold they bring;  
Frankincense and myrrh beside  
Offer they to Christ, their King!

Once their willing service done,  
Service rendered to their Lord,  
Homeward haste they, and anon  
God doth kindly aid afford;  
Warns them Herod not to see—  
Homeward go another way;  
Heeding, they the tyrant flee,  
Glad the voice of God obey!

Grateful for this help divine,  
They with joy their steps retrace;  
Still the mystic star doth shine,  
Shines effulgent in its place;  
Guided by His light serene,  
Err they not, nor aimless roam;  
Fended 'neath the radiant sheen,  
They in safety reach their home.

(*The Flight into Egypt.*)

Rapture reigned in Judah then,  
Joy the heaving bosom thrilled;  
For the cherished hope of men,  
For the promise was fulfilled;  
Yet the welkin, dank and dark,  
Presaged trouble, presaged pain,  
And the prudent eye could mark  
Wrath-clouds gathering o'er the plain.

Scarce the Magi yet had gone,  
Lo, an angel from above  
Comes to Joseph—sad and lone—  
In a dream, with words of love,  
Saying, “Rise, and take the child—  
Child so tender, dear to thee—  
With His mother, meek and mild,  
To the land of Egypt flee!

“There remain till thee I bring  
Word of comfort, word of joy;  
For the bloody tyrant-king  
Seeks the infant to destroy.”  
Quickly going thence, he took  
Mary with the babe Divine;  
Glad, the tyrant's realm forsook,  
Safety sought in foreign clime.

Stayed he in that land remote,  
Sheltered by the arm divine,  
Until God in judgment smote  
Herod of the scheme malign;  
That the mystic word of old  
Might receive its sense anon—  
“Out of Egypt have I called,  
Called my well-beloved Son.”

Safe, protected were the three,  
Aided still by might divine;  
From the dread of tyrants free,  
Exiled, they do not repine.



Once the tyrant dead and gone,  
Joseph now no longer fears;  
For an angel from the throne  
To him in a dream appears.

"Hasten, rise," the angel said,  
"Take the mother, take the child,  
They who sought his life are dead,  
Homeward bear the meek, the mild."  
Quickly then he rose and took  
Child and mother, calm, serene,  
Glad the land of Ham forsook,  
Came again to Palestine.

Tyrants new the sceptre bore,  
Evils feared he, serious, grave,  
Would his safety risk no more,  
Would no more the perils brave.  
Fearing, he, and warned of God,  
Turned aside to Galilee,  
Where he found a safe abode,  
Sheltered and from danger free.

In a city small and mean,  
Dwelt they—dwelt the sacred three;  
Naz'reth—as in vision keen—  
Prophets saw their home should be;  
And the mystic word once more,  
In fulfillment now is seen;  
Word in darkness veiled before—  
"He shall be a Nazarene."

O the bliss—the rapture sweet  
Nestling in the trusty heart,  
When, submissive at His feet,  
In God's love we share a part!  
Dangers though, in countless hosts,  
Daily crowd around our path,  
Each, in God, a vict'ry boasts  
O'er the cruel sons of wrath!

### Up to London.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

We left Melrose at about ten o'clock in the evening. Had time not seemed so precious it would have been well worth our while to spend the night at the Abbey Hotel. Our window opened upon the church-yard. Here graves old and new dispute their narrow limits. Rich and poor, noble and common dust rest side by side. Thus time at last sets all things even. Man, however, still seeks to perpetuate earthly distinctions. On a somewhat pretentious tombstone the friend of a dead Melrosian had caused *Mister* ——— to be carved. But he had evidently not enjoyed this honor whilst in the flesh, for some of the gentry, jealous of their prerogative, had chipped away the offending title. The lingering twilight afforded us something akin to the satis-

faction which a moonlight visit to the Abbey is said to secure. Sir Walter, it will be remembered, is responsible for this fancy, and has handed it down in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." And yet he himself had never experienced the delight. Bayard Taylor relates how Scott, when yielding to the wishes of a young lady desiring to have the description of Melrose in the author's own hand, concluded the passage with these lines:

"Then go, and muse with deepest awe  
On what the writer never saw;  
Who would not wander 'neath the moon  
To see what he could see at noon."

But I confess a lingering, undefined *penchant* for the poetic twelve which a full moon lends. Her melancholy rays impart a resistless splendor for which the too-penetrating sunlight offers but a poor substitute.

Our English cousins are proverbially conservative, and generally content to do as did their fathers before them. This characteristic often begets stubbornness. For example, the trains on their railways, are as regards comfort much inferior to our own. They are wholly lacking in those conveniences which in this country render long journeys comparatively pleasant. But you cannot easily induce the average Englishman to believe this. John Bull cannot imagine brother Jonathan's inventions superior to his own; still less will he adopt them. Quite recently our Pullman Palace coaches have been attached to a few trains on the main lines—merely as an experiment. In one respect only did these foreign railways impress me favorably. In what may be termed the *technicalities* of the system they employ better and purer English. They have lines of "rail-ways," not of railroads; passengers wait, and trains stop, at "stations" instead of depots; you travel not in cars but in "carriages;" you forward your "luggage," and leave your baggage in America.

A ride of nearly three hundred miles by night, with a drowsy young couple and sleeping child, as our only companions,—and our train thundered into the Great Midland Station. At length we are in "Lunnen-town" of nursery rhyme recollection. Working our way through an interminable array of coach-



men, until we reach the one corresponding to the number on the tin tab handed us by an accommodating official at the doorway, we for the first time take seats in a hansom cab. This is a truly London institution. The driver is behind us on an elevated seat in the open air. Nor does he leave his lofty station when at our journey's end. The cab itself is an easy-running, two-wheeled, indescribable arrangement, with breast-high doors in front, solid sides, and over-hanging top. Comfortable and amply large for two persons, however oddly they may strike one at first, these "hansoms" soon seem just the thing.

London is a world in itself. Its pulsations are instinct with the life of every people and clime. Through its generally narrow, noisy, crooked, and crowded thoroughfares, the tumultuous throng rolls along—nearly five million souls. No wonder that the Thames disaster is so soon forgotten. It is but a drop in the sea of this ever-changing humanity. Public opinion may for a season demand thorough and searching inquiry into the cause of the collision, and, not resting content when it has fixed the blame, may go farther and insist upon greater security and more careful navigation, but the ebb and flow of London's life is in no wise affected thereby. The great city has no time for mourning. It dare not even stop to think.

You expect to find London under a cloud. You have heard so much of its eternal fog, its "funeral dirge in vapor," that you begin to speculate upon the tolerableness of existence whilst beneath its enveloping pall. Anything short of this is disappointing, agreeably so. I was prepared for the worst, and imagined Pittsburghian gloom, only a denser and darker. But I found all brightness and smiles, skies almost cloudless; in short I saw nothing of a London fog, not at least until several months later upon our return from the continent. Then too the great city suffered by comparison with the other more beautiful European capitals. As yet, however, these were unknown, and although I could only take a peep at its moving throngs, its labyrinthine network of streets, and its striking alternations of riches and poverty, of happiness and gloom, this proved quite enough for enjoyment, recalling

historical associations well-nigh forgotten. Did I not know that of all European cities none is as familiar to American readers as this same English capital, I would be strongly tempted to review my experiences in this modern Babel, drawing fresh and personal inspiration from the shades of Westminster, and in the clustered turrets of the Tower finding the glory and blood of England's tempestuous morning. Above every point St. Paul's, with its

"— huge dun cupola,"

piercing through the sea-coal canopy, stands as a fitting temple of that faith which survives all ages, "shines beyond the tomb and strengthens us with the energy of a life which expands itself into eternity."

It is a question whether London can in any sense be called beautiful. Handsome boulevards there are none. The streets are irregular, with no attempt at uniformity. Some of them change their name at almost every square. The most celebrated buildings are badly situated, æsthetically considered. The new Palace of Westminster, better known as the Houses of Parliament, is built along the banks of the muddy Thames and ye noble Lords breathe the foul vapors constantly arising from its surface. Of this great British capitol I may be permitted to write at greater length. With reference to it an English author remarks: "We have at least one building of which we may indeed be proud." In the same strain the "Times" continues: "A structure destined to receive the great powers of the State, and to endure, in all human probability, as long as England is the seat of freedom and power. The towers of this enormous building are crowned by majestic symbols of the British monarchy—its walls are girt with the heraldic insignia of a long race of Kings—its chambers glow with all the associations of chivalry, of religion, and of justice; and the Palace of Westminster will, ere long, comprise, as in one perfect whole, the staple memorials of our national history and the living history of our political strength." It occupies eight acres of ground and has a river frontage of nine hundred feet. Its style is Gothic, picturesque in realization and elaborate in detail. No



expense has been spared in the decoration of its various halls. These, however, are in striking disproportion to their intended uses. The House of Lords, for example, which one might expect to be in every sense imposing, is but ninety feet long and half as wide. On either side five lines of benches on ascending steps, and covered with scarlet leather, are reserved for the exclusive use of the peers of the realm. On a large crimson cushion in the centre of the room sits the Lord Chancellor. This is the famous wool-sack. The throne is at the southern end of the chamber and rests upon a dais of rich scarlet velvet with lions and roses intermingled. The canopy is in three divisions; that to the right for the Prince of Wales—the heir apparent, that to the left for the late Prince Consort. Scarlet and gold are the prevailing colors. The lions passant and the insignia of the Garter, richly mantled in elaborate panneling, are in the rear of the throne itself. This is of solid mahogany and comparatively plain. But with all its grandeur, the House of Lords is in striking contrast with the Senate Chamber at Washington. The latter certainly seems a more fitting place of meeting for the law-makers of a great people. The House of Commons is of the same size but less elaborate in decoration and inferior in regal appointments.

Westminster Abbey is the mausoleum of England's great and good. Here her dead are glorified, and her men of genius still live. Cathedrals on the continent are celebrated for their architectural proportions, for their priceless treasures, for their age, or as the shrine of one or more saints of the Romish faith. But the interest of Westminster is rather of the intellectual order. It holds in the civil and literary no less than in the religious history of the English people. Although of the Established Church it breathes a catholic spirit, nor does it deny the protection of its sacred walls to those whose orthodoxy might have been questioned. The hallowed precincts of the "Poet's Corner" reverse the dictum of the world, for here the *good* that men do "lives after them," and the *evil* "is oft interred with their bones." I attended a Sunday afternoon service held for the benefit of

the London Orphan Asylum at Walford. Printed slips in the pews informed us that Dean Stanley himself would preach. This announcement insured a large congregation. We were fortunate in securing seats near the chancel. The long ritual was not unimpressive although not nearly so high-church as some might have expected. Of course, it was intoned throughout, and truly here this method seemed not without meaning. The voice travels farther and with greater effect when elevated and prolonged at a given pitch, than when regularly modulated. No doubt intoning was introduced because of the acoustic imperfections and uncertain echoes of English cathedrals. But certainly the same reasons cannot be of force in the American churches of our Episcopalian brethren. On this side of the Atlantic the custom partakes of the ridiculous. Arthur Penryhn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, is famed for scholarship, for genial manners, for theological charity and for a pure, forcible and elegant English style. There is nothing electric in his delivery. His voice is rather shrill. It is the *what* and not the *how* that holds you spell-bound. He has been described as of the Cassius, "lean and hungry" type and is somewhat undersized. He wore the conventional white robe, a black skull-cap and the Oxford colors. His theme was the philanthropic and affectionate side of man's nature. His panegyric on friendship still rings in my ears. The occasion, the service, the man and the sermon will long be remembered.

The English character is a study. They, "whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof," are often regarded with suspicion. Their policy is esteemed Machiavellian, their friendship not of the heart but of convenience. "All the old dislike of America in Great Britain has been revived by recent events." So writes the veteran Philadelphia journalist in the opening number of "Progress. This opinion is colored by the editor's just indignation at the enormity of the Newfoundland fishery award. My own experience justifies no such conclusion. But then mine are not the spectacles of politics. Of one thing I feel assured. No where in Europe is the average American



more likely to feel at home than with his "kin beyond the sea." But let the truly cosmopolitan spirit accompany him, that he may see and judge impartially. If the mother-country does at times feel sore, we, with our young blood and infinitely larger resources, should ascribe the fault to the weakness of age and not seek to open old wounds. There is neither sense nor justice in forever reminding the Englishman of to-day that the American colonies twice proved themselves superior to the proud forces of the sea-girt isle. "Let us have peace!"

The mother country is still second to none in the work of a world's civilization. "From the moment of the Declaration of Independence," says Green, "it mattered little whether England counted for less or more with the nations around her. She was no longer a mere European power, no longer a rival of Germany or Russia or France. She was from that hour a mother of nations. In America she had begotten a great people, and her emigrant ships were still to carry on the movement from which she herself had sprung. Her work was to be colonization. German or Italian history has no direct issue outside the bounds of Germany or Italy. But England is only a small part of the outcome of English history. Its greater issues lie not within the narrow limits of the mother island, but in the destinies of nations yet to be."

THEOL. SEMINARY.

LANC. PA., Jan. 10, 1879.

### The Heroes of Holland.

Dr. R. S. Storrs paid the following compliment to the Reformed Church of Holland at the Two hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Collegiate Dutch Church in New York.

Churches grow by self-consecration. "*Dando conservat*"—the Church grows by giving. The Church is what it is by communicating. The purpose and the missionary zeal of the Church in Holland was one great secret of its magnificent rise and power. Men like your missionaries, deeply beloved disciples,

going to carry the gospel to the heathen on distant shores, are working for your enlargement; for your permanent continuance as truly and as nobly as though they were at home.

Carry on the same spirit which was in the fathers of love for liberty and for learning. We remember that splendid example given by the citizens of Leyden, when after their heroic endurance of the siege, in reward or recompense of their valor and patience, they were permitted to take their choice between the remission of a certain heavy and perpetual tax or the establishment of a university. Now, I don't know, I won't undertake to say what the citizens of New York would do if such a proposition were made to them, but the citizens of Leyden, hunger-bitten, famine-stricken and staggering in their wan and wasted frames along the streets that had been smitten in that terrific siege, chose the university. All honor to the memory of their wisdom and nobleness! And I remember that in the hall, I think at Utrecht, around the dome are words which declare that the seat of learning is the cradle of liberty.

Yes, it is true that the hall of human wisdom has been the cradle of liberty there and elsewhere. It is for us joyfully to remember that the Declaration of Independence written by our fathers caught its spirit and even its terms, in part, from the Declaration of Independence signed at the Hague in 1581, and that the union of the American colonies followed the union of Utrecht, which was the corner-stone of the Netherland Republic.

BLESSED is the man who knows enough to keep his mouth shut. Some people live sixty years without learning the art. Indeed, the older they grow the wider their mouths open. A man or woman who is a gabbler at forty-five is a dreadful affliction to a house or church, or community. There are two things this age needs to learn—when to say nothing, and when it says any thing to say it well. "If any man among you seemeth to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain."—*Golden Rule*.



### My Birthday.

At the age of sixty-four, Whittier wrote the following poem, which appeared in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1871. It will be timely to read again in view of his 70th birthday in December:

Beneath the moonlight and the snow  
Lies dead my latest year;  
The winter winds are wailing low  
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind  
As if a loss befell;  
Before me, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,  
His low voice speaks within,—  
The patience of immortal love  
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years,  
Of care and loss and pain,  
My eyes are wet with thankful tears  
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,  
I will not count it dross,  
Nor turn from treasures still my own  
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;  
As sweet her voices call,  
As beautiful her mornings break,  
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
Kind voices speak my name,  
And lips that find it hard to praise  
Are slow, at least to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!  
How fields, once lost or won,  
Now lie behind me green and still  
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,  
The clamor of the throng!  
How old, harsh voices of debate  
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows  
Too soft in this still air,  
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes  
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed  
May founder in the calm,  
And he who braved the polar frost  
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years  
The outflung heart of youth;  
Than pleasant songs in idle ears  
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
And love for hearts that pine,  
But let the manly habitude  
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh  
Dear Lord, the languid air;  
And let the weakness of the flesh  
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,  
The ear forget to hear,  
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in my hours of need  
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,  
And down these slopes of sunset lead,  
As up the hills of morn!

### Natalie Narischkin,

THE MOTHER OF PETER THE GREAT.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

Natalie Narischkin, the mother of Peter the Great, was a lovely, highly-gifted woman, though of humble origin. Alexis, her husband, was a prince of unusual energy and intelligence. He encouraged agriculture, established silk and linen manufactories, reorganized the army, compiled a law code, which is in use at the present day, and did all which lay in his power to improve both the social and moral condition of his people. When he became a widower he resolved to marry a second time to please himself.

With this object in view, he went through the country in various disguises, seeking to penetrate into the inner circle of homes blessed with daughters. Sometimes he would go dressed as an apothecary in search of healing plants, sometimes as a merchant or a traveling professor.

In this way he became more thoroughly acquainted, too, with his country and its inhabitants, with their desires and cares, duties and trials, than would have been possible otherwise.

As he was one day walking through the suburbs of Moscow, he met one Matwerf, with whom he had often talked concerning the ignorance of the Russian poor, and the best way of remedying it.

Matwerf invited the Czar to sup with him, and introduced him as a merchant from Kasan. The busy, bustling housewife received her guest with true Russian hospitality, but the Czar's glance passed over her short, round figure, to rest upon that of a tall, slender girl,



who stood behind her. It was Natalie, a poor orphan whom the Matwerfs had taken to their home through pity.

She wore the simple national costume of the olden time. Upon her soft hair was a black velvet cap; around her neck hung a triple row of pearls, from which was suspended an image of the holy St. Nicholas. The remainder of her outfit consisted of a short overskirt, a bright colored underskirt, blue stockings and low shoes.

Supper was served by the ladies, and though the kind hostess urged Alexis to do honor to her honey-cakes and meal, he ate but little, so absorbed was he in listening to the praise which she gave her adopted child.

"She reads and writes well enough to be the first secretary of the Czar (the holy St. Nicholas protect him), and yet no girl, far or near, can spin better or faster than she. From early till late she helps me, and then in the evening she reads to Matwerf, because the lamp-light pains his eyes. She is indeed the blessing of our old age."

The Czar's eyes rested with pleasure on the blushing face of the lovely maiden, and with reluctance he took his leave, only to repeat his visit soon and often. Finally he declared his love, and won her promise to be his bride.

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And now an imperial proclamation was issued, ordering all the fair young girls in the empire to assemble in the Kremlin on a certain day, that, following an ancient custom, the Czar might make his choice of a wife from among the daughters of the land.

Very unwillingly did Natalie prepare to obey the imperial summons. Her heart throbbed at the possibility of being the chosen one, and the dread of being unfaithful to her plighted lover. Tremblingly she followed Matwerf into the *salon*, where several hundred other maidens awaited the coming of the Czar. The strange position, the unaccustomed splendor, the noise of the multitude, confused her so much that she was not able to lift her eyes from the floor.

A clang of trumpets announced the Czar's approach. The doors were thrown open, and Alexis, in gold embroidered dress, a diadem on his head

and jeweled scimitar by his side, entered. Laughing and chatting he passed from one group to another of blooming girls.

When he came toward Natalie she raised her timid eyes, her glance met the Czar's, whom she recognized as the merchant from Kasan, and she fell unconscious to the floor. When she next opened her eyes it was to find herself in the arms of Alexis, and to hear her name called as that of his beloved bride.

Crowds of servants now brought fruits from Damascus, figs and confitures from Turkey, cordials from Italy, and rich gifts to distribute among the disappointed girls; but to Natalie Narischkin was given the wedding robe.

The Emperor of all the Russias never regretted having taken to his heart and home the poor orphan girl. With her tender devotion and bright intelligence, she soothed and cheered the hours he spent away from the affairs of state; she sympathized with him, and aided him in all his efforts to elevate the tone of his people, and in every possible way she strove to implant in the hearts of the women of her realm the same virtue and wisdom which was in her own.

—*Home Journal*.

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## Rural Life in Russia.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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In the most parts of Russia the winter is long and intensely cold. Six or seven months of winter are unsuited for out-of-door farm labor. Usually on St. George's Day, the 5th of May, the cattle are brought out to be sprinkled with holy-water by the priest. Their small, unaired stables and straw feed have well nigh famished them. Tottering skeletons they are as they walk by the priest. May is a wet month. Despite this they put out their spring seed. "Sow in mud and you will be a prince," is a peasant proverb. They make their hay at the end of June, and right after comes their harvest. "In little more than a month they must reap and stack their rye, oats and other crops, and sow their fall seed. At furthest by the end of August all their summer's work must



be done. The Russian summer is short and hot.

On the first of October the Russian harvest festival begins. Vast quantities of home-brewed beer and pies are prepared. Rye spirits dare not be wanting.

"The big room of the peasant's house has to be cleaned, the floor washed, the table and benches scrubbed the evening before the festival, while the house is filled with the pleasant odor of fresh baked pies. A little lamp burns before the sacred picture in a corner of the room. The festivities of the day begin in the morning in the village Church. All are there in their best clothes, except those women who must remain at home to prepare dinner. This is eaten at noon. The Russian farmer can rarely afford to eat beef, mutton or pork, save on holidays. The feast consists of greasy cabbage soup, a dish prepared of buckwheat, and such meat as his purse may afford. Beer is copiously indulged in. At the close of the meal all rise to their feet, and with their faces towards the picture in the corner, bow and cross themselves repeatedly. If any guests outside of the family are present, they will say to the host: "Thanks for bread and salt."

He replies: "Do not be displeased, sit down once more for good luck." Or sometimes he will say: "Sit down that the hens may brood, and that the chickens and bees may multiply."

After dinner the people enjoy themselves in various ways: strolling about, chatting, sleeping, and the young people at singing, and playing certain games. Towards evening some go home, whilst others are showing the effects of the beer and whisky. The air is filled with incoherent whoopings and the streets of the village are lined with drunken people, who have to be carried home by their friends. In France and Italy one rarely meets with a drunken person at a popular festival. Even in beer-drinking Germany drunken people are far more seldom seen than in England and America. Wallace says: "As a whole a village festival in Russia is one of the most saddening spectacles I have ever witnessed. It affords a new proof that we northern nations, who know so well

how to work, are utterly incapable of amusing ourselves."

After the village festival comes the long winter. Some of the men may go to the cities to work. Those remaining at home have little to do. Loafing, lying on the stove and listening to the gossip of village groups help them to idle away their time. After the feast comes a fast, which runs through the winter. Without a sufficiency of animal food, so needful in cold climates, he subsists on black bread, cabbage, cucumbers and buckwheat.

The women are much more employed than the men. During the winter months they spin and weave. Even the little girls play at spinning. Early and late, day after day the peasant's home resounds with the tune of the spinning wheel and the weavers' shuttles. In some parts families join in social groups on long winter evenings, the women bringing their sewing and knitting with them and chatting merrily. But of such intellectual enjoyments as grace the homes of American farmers—of books, magazines and newspapers, the ordinary Russian peasant knows little.

Usually a peasant village consists of one street—two rows of wooden houses with their gable ends fronting the street. Between the houses is a high fence and a large wooden gate. We will enter one of the houses: "The first room is empty. To the left is a low door in the wall. We pass through this into the principal room. Two small square windows look out upon the street. A religious picture stands on a triangular little shelf in the corner, near the ceiling. Before this hangs a curious oil-lamp. In another corner is a large stove, built of brick and white-washed. On the top of the stove rests one end of the shelf, six or eight feet long, the other end resting on the wall. This serves as a bed for part of the family. A long wooden bench along the wall, a deal table and a few wooden stools constitute the rest of the furniture. Over the top of the stove a human head with long hair, parted in the middle, peers down at me. The air is very close and offensively impure. The head belongs to a man who says he is very sick. The room is very hot, but he says he feels not the heat, although he is wrapped in a sheep skin, on a hot stove."



A Russian can endure extremes of heat and cold. These farmers take a vapor-bath every Saturday afternoon. Their religion enjoins this as a duty. For they must come to Church with a clean skin. Some villages have a public bath for this purpose. Others generate the vapor in the bake-oven. Some of these hardy northmen rush out of the heated bath in mid-winter and roll about in the snow, without any perceptible injury.

As in other countries the Russian peasant often rises above his inherited station in life. In the larger cities he starts business on a small scale, and by industry and thrift becomes a wealthy merchant. With abundance of money his village home becomes too strait for him. He builds himself a grand house, expensively furnished with grounds around it. There is a spacious drawing-room or parlor. At one end is a sofa, before it a round table. On two sides of the table are three arm-chairs in a row. Other chairs are regularly arranged around the room. The host enters with a stately step. He wears a long double-breasted black coat and well-polished long boots. His hair is parted in the middle, and his beard is bushy, unkempt and untrimmed. After the usual greetings, glasses of tea with slices of lemon and preserves, or a bottle of champagne are served as refreshments. Unless you are an intimate friend, the ladies of the family will not make their appearance. Very likely the host, although an uneducated man, will converse pretty well for a little while about the weather and the crops. Beyond these he will rarely venture.

The parlor is used only on rare occasions, at most only several times a year, somewhat after the fashion of the Holland farmers. This man and his family "live down stairs, in small dirty rooms, furnished in a very different, and for them more comfortable style."

The plain rustic habits of these Russian farmers, their quiet village life, and primitive simplicity are not without their good. Away from the sinful enticements of city life, young people grow up in blissful ignorance of many of the miscalled refinements of modern society! What do they know about mischievous books and poisonous papers

which ruin the faith and morals of our youth! Political life is not cursed with the vices attending it in some other countries. The elections are a sort of collective family consultations, conducted in a free and rational way, where the office seeks the man and not the man the office. Their trades unions make themselves responsible for the debts of every individual member. The vicious and immoral are expelled. They provide for the poor of their craft, as a father provides for his children.

Of course Russian peasant life with its sturdy, rugged virtues, is given to glaring vices. Many a one fells trees in the village forest without permission, and otherwise wrongs his neighbor. But the public sentiment of village communities, as represented in the assemblies, presents a moral grit and soundness which are pleasing to witness.

One of the grandest acts of modern times was the abolition of serfdom in Russia. For centuries millions of people were held here as property. Not bought and sold like cattle, as were the slaves in America; they were attached to the soil. The nobles and other extensive land-owners or proprietors had from one hundred, to over one hundred thousand slaves. One nobleman owned 150,000 male serfs—more than 200,000 in all. Although less severe than our system of slavery, it was nevertheless debasing, and open to inhuman abuses. On the 19th of February, 1861, the Emperor of Russia signed the act which liberated over 20,000,000 of these bonds-men. Many of them, through the kindness of their masters and their own thrift, had acquired considerable intelligence and property. But as a class this people had mentally and morally deteriorated. To prepare them in part for their freedom their chains were gradually untied by a process of two years' preparation. But this time was too short. Like our emancipated negroes of the south, the masses of them were poorly fitted for individual freedom. During this process of emancipation, there was in some districts more flogging with the knout than during their bondage. The friends of freedom were disappointed in their expectations. These serfs when free, drank more and worked less.



The right of voting at their village assemblies they abused by selling their votes for grog. In many districts prevailing drunkenness and a lack of thrift, even now yet, seem to indicate a worse moral condition than before 1861. Many old liberated serfs sicken at the sight: "There is no order now," they sadly exclaim: "The people have been spoiled; it was better in the time of the masters." Under the old system three and four generations would live under the same roof, and eat at the same table. Their wants and expenses were few. The gray-bearded grandfather was the patriarch and chief of the family. Now each married couple must have its own house and board. This costs much more. The old ties are too early severed, the strong hand of age and authority under the paternal roof is too early removed. Unbiased judges say that the moral condition of the Russian peasantry is low. Is it a wonder? One-fourth of the whole population, after being held in hereditary servitude for centuries, is turned loose. Without the necessary education and restraint they are left to govern themselves before they have been prepared for it. Without a "freedman's bureau," or institutions to train pastors and teachers for the emancipated serfs, there is no chance for individual and personal improvement among the masses. Russia has a more serious problem to solve than the "Eastern Question"—that of the intellectual and moral elevation of its emancipated serfs. He only "is free whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides." The Czar seems to realize this. He has spent much money to have the Bible translated into the Russian tongue, and to circulate it among the masses. But this alone will not remedy the evil.

Still it remains true that the liberation of the serfs in Russia was one of the grandest events in modern history. Till 1861 a rich man's estate in Russia was not rated by the number of acres he possessed or the amount of his annual income, but it was said: He owns so many thousand "souls." Over these he exercised almost unlimited authority. When wronged by his master the serf could find no legal protection. Should he complain to the government he would be beaten with the knout or sent to the

mines. In rare cases an act of atrocious cruelty would be reported to the Czar, who would redress the wrongs of the injured serf without however restraining the cruelty of the masters by effective laws.

The serfs of humane masters led a quiet and peaceable life. They could own their cattle and get a certain proportion of the crops they raised. If a cow or a horse died the master would kindly relieve the misfortune. And acts of theft or dishonesty he would charitably overlook. But at best, they were the property of another. Are there any leading statesmen in Russia, any controlling minds in church or State who are earnestly striving to solve the problem what to do with the emancipated serfs? To make them free requires more than simply to sign an emancipation proclamation.

The Cossacks are the most effective warriors of Russia. With bow and arrow, or lances, 10 to 12 feet long, pistols and carbines, they are recklessly daring. Their number is reported at from 1½ to 3 millions. They are a mixture of Russian and Tartar blood. In character and territory they rove along the border of civilization. They live along the river Dnieper. Although they occupy much arable land, up to a recent period farming was a forbidden occupation among them. Raising cattle, hunting, fishing, marauding, kidnapping slaves and Tartar children were their favorite pursuits. Like the Bedouin they are good judges of a horse, and know how to ride it. Horses form their chief riches. The poorer Cossack owns from five to ten, richer ones own hundreds. Their horses are small and scrawny, but fleet-footed and of great endurance. In time of war all men from the age of 18 to 50 must serve on horse-back. They are clothed, but must arm themselves. The most of them wear beards, round caps and wide trousers. They are equal among themselves, elect their own officers, none but the chief of whom receives a salary from the Government. They are a robust, active race, fearfully destructive in war, as Napoleon found them. They form no battle array, attack with fury, amid wild hurrahs. They dash hither and thither, turn up in unexpected quarters to the annoyance of the enemy. They



are the "Bushwhackers" of Russia. The Russian word *Kazaks* means robbers in the Turkish. In many of their habits and tastes they resemble the wild sons of Ishmael. Their out-door active life has developed their bodily frame. Men of grand stature they are, and of reckless daring, barbaric in their virtues and vices. No cavalry in the Russian army is equal to the service of the Cossacks. Wild, and seemingly without order and organization, they perform daring and dashing feats of bravery, beyond the capacity of the rank and file of the Russian soldiery. They profess to adhere to the Russian Religion, but rarely heed its moral precepts. They are subjects of the Czar, yet in many things do as they please. And for wise reasons the Government gives them more rope—treats their civil misdemeanors with more leniency than those of any other class. One of their favorite pursuits used to be the stealing of Tartars, and using or selling them as slaves. They are a semi-independent military order, a species of mounted militia. Their officers have risen to a hereditary nobility among them. Their fertile land is free from taxation, perhaps in lieu of their services. In time of peace many of them remain at home. With scarcely any school privileges, they are little troubled about the vexatious questions of civilized countries.

Until a recent period they were wholly ignorant of surveying. When the boundary of two contiguous farms was to be permanently fixed, the two owners would agree on its location. Then all the boys of both families were driven like so many sheep along the line, with the people of the village following them. At each turn or station every boy was vigorously flogged, and then allowed to run home. This was done that the boys, who were to be the future owners of the land, should remember the boundary as long as they lived. In course of time, however, the most retentive memory becomes unreliable. Thus with the many boundaries of the Cossack villages violent disputes arose. The owners remembered their early whippings, but not the exact boundary line. In that

case one of the oldest citizens was chosen to decide the dispute. After taking a solemn oath on the Scriptures that he would act honestly to the best of his knowledge, he took an Icon, or sacred picture, along the supposed old line. With the help of the picture he decided, and his ruling was accepted by both parties. This method was in vogue till 1850.

The home life of the Cossack, so far as he has any, is wholly controlled by the women. But for them his severe barbaric ways would leave him unprovided for. The Cossack children, like those of the Arabs, are early trained for their unsettled life. Like the Indian Squaw, the wife bears the drudgery of family work. And yet, though his slave, she rules him as a queen. On this subject we will let Count Tolotcy speak :

"The Cossack looks on women as the tools of his prosperity (a girl only has the right to amuse herself); he makes his wife work for him from youth to old age, and looks on woman with the eastern demand of obedience and labor. In consequence of this view, the women, who are strongly developed, both physically and morally—although externally obedient, have everywhere in the East incomparably more influence and weight in home-life than in the West. Their separation from social life, and their habit of heavy manual labor, give them more weight and force in home affairs. The Cossack, who before outsiders considers it unbecoming to speak affectionately or unnecessarily with his wife, always feels her superiority when left face to face with her. His whole house, his whole property, his whole fortune, have been got by her means, and are kept up only by her labor and efforts. Although he is firmly assured that labor is shameful for a Cossack, and is suitable only for a Tartar workman or for a woman, he feels, in a confused way, that all that he enjoys, and calls his own, is the product of that labor, and that it is in the power of the woman—his mother or his wife, whom he considers his slave—to deprive him of all that he enjoys. Besides this, the constant masculine heavy work and labor put upon her have given an especially independent and masculine charac-



ter to the Cossack woman, and have developed in her in an astonishing way physical force, sound sense, decision, and firmness of character. The women for the most part, are stronger, more sensible, more developed, and finer looking than the men. The beauty of the Grebna Cossack woman is especially striking by the union of the purest type of the Circassian face with the broad and powerful frame of the northern woman. The Cossack women wear the Circassian dress—Tartar shirt, gown and drawers; but they tie up their heads in kerchiefs, in the Russian style. Elegance, neatness and beauty in their attire, and in the arrangement for their cottages, form a habit and a necessity of their life. In their relations to the men, women, and especially girls, enjoy complete freedom."

### A Wonderful Prayer.

PSALM XXXI. 5. "Into Thy hand I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth."

These words were in part repeated by our Lord in His expiring agony, and by Stephen in the supreme moment of his martyrdom.

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," is the prayer of Christ; "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," was the prayer of the first martyr.

The prayer in one or another of its forms is associated with some of the most solemn and impressive events of Christian biography and history. It has been the dying ejaculation of the most noble saints and martyrs of the church. It was uttered among the last words of Polycarp, of Basil, of Bernard, of Huss, of Luther, and Melancthon. It was the dying petition of Columbus and Silvio Pelico.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," prayed Knox.

"In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum," prayed Ridley.

"Entre tes mains, Seigneur, je recommande mon âme," prayed the Princess of Conti.

"O Lord, what does man come to?" said John of Barneveld, on his way to execution. "O God, my Heavenly

Father, receive my spirit," he prayed at the block.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," prayed Bishop Hooper.

Cranmer, putting his right hand that had signed the recantation into the flame, and saying, "This unworthy right hand," uttered the same prayer as did Latimer, Patrick Hamilton, and Rowland Taylor in the flames.

"O Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed my soul, O Lord God of truth," prayed the young Scottish martyr, Hugh McKail.

Margaret Wilson, bound to the stake at the low water mark in the Bay of Weyton, saw the advancing tide. It rose slowly until it reached her throat, when she prayed, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

Lord Harant, a Protestant martyr of Bohemia, prayed, kneeling by the block, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; in Thee have I always trusted; receive me my blessed Redeemer."

Lord Otto, another Bohemian martyr, prayed, "Almighty God, to Thee I commend my spirit; receive it for the sake of Christ, and admit it to the glory of Thy presence."

"Miserere mei, Deus," said Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, holding up his hands and looking up to heaven. He then said, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and made the sign to the executioner.

"Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," prayed Lady Jane Gray, at the block.

Perhaps no prayer of the Bible has such dark and tragic and at the same time triumphant associations as this. It has been the last testimony of the most confident faith, the last cry upon penitent lips, the last petition of beggars and kings, and in all lands and Christian times, the martyr's exclamation of victory.—*Hezekiah Butterworth in American Messenger.*

A parrot who was always plunged into cold water as a punishment for swearing, happened to see passing his cage one rainy day some dripping, drenched chickens, and called out, "You miserable little fools, you have been swearing, eh?"



## The Sunday-School Department.

Good Instructors; and how to secure them.

BY THE EDITOR.

A good instructor is one who possesses the knowledge of what is to be taught, and the capacity to impart this knowledge to the scholars. We cannot expect the average Sunday-school teacher to be a thorough biblical scholar, an adept in theological lore. But specific aptitude, certain intellectual qualifications are necessary. Not every pious person is fit to teach a Sunday-school class. Religious earnestness and zeal, a glib tongue, and a desire to do good are in themselves not sufficient.

This position requires a person of at least average intelligence. One who has sufficient intellectual grasp and vigor to study and understand the Sunday-school lessons, with the aid of such helps as may be within reach. A thirst for Bible knowledge and a conscientious determination to spare no efforts to master the lesson, is essential to the forming of an efficient instructor. Certain so-called modern improvements in Sunday-school teaching attempt to interest and please the scholars but do not foster Bible study. Chatauqua notions, blackboard performances, magic lanterns or so-called stereoscopic exhibitions, may have their uses. Our Sunday-school authorities speak and write so much how to teach the most entertainingly, as to lose sight of the Bible, the source of *what* we must teach. They remind one of a housewife spending her time in studying a book on cookery instead of going to market. It is questionable whether they do much toward cultivating a habit of Bible study. In Bible-schools, as in boarding-houses, there may be dishes pleasant to the taste which lack nourishing properties. We may have the artistic and decorative features so prominent in a Sunday-

school as to lose sight of its main design to nourish the soul on the word of God. Like the Hidalgo's feast in Longfellow's Spanish Student, of which the guests complained that it was all "table-cloth and no meat."

An efficient instructor, besides diligently equipping his mind with Bible study, must be able to *tell* what he knows: "be apt to teach." Many intelligent persons are dry and dull. Like a housewife unable to serve up the contents of her well-stored larder, so as to make her dishes palatable to her guests, so many a well-furnished mind fails to impress and instruct others. Addison could write the Spectator, yet Chesterfield says that in trying to impart oral instruction he was the most timorous and awkward man he ever saw. Many persons with a comparatively small stock of information can hold the unwearied attention of a class for an hour. And that not with empty talk about silly town-gossip, but impart edifying instruction on religious topics. This requires more than a glib tongue, the use of pointless phrases, a volubility of mere nothings.

An efficient teacher possesses unquestioned piety. No one destitute of religion can teach religion. Max Müller says: "To understand the ancients we must become ancients." To understand Christianity we must become Christians. And this implies much: A childlike, trustful faith; a heart burning with love for Christ and for souls; a soul that is in warm sympathy with the peculiar temptations and troubles of every scholar; which knows their parents, homes, associates and habits; one cultivating a spirit of prayer—praying for every scholar—and of accountability to God for each one. Such a teacher does nothing which the scholars may not safely imitate. They can point to his example with youthful pride. His own life illustrates the lessons he teaches.



No ball amusements, pleasure rides on Sunday, or social card-playing can be used to illustrate a Bible lesson. Sydney Smith's remarks about a model village curate, in some respects apply with equal force to an efficient teacher, however humble his or her station in life may be. "A curate is the poor working man of God—a learned man in a hovel, good and patient; a comforter and a teacher, showing that, in the midst of worldly misery he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor."

The piety and views of such a teacher are in vital accord with the spirit and teaching of his Church. There must be no clashing between the theology and cultus of the pulpit and the Sunday-school. "*Aus einem Guss*" (out of one and the same casting) both must be produced. The sons and daughters of the Church ought to be the first choice for teachers in the Sunday-school. Persons who have received their first and second birth in the fold; who have drank in her spiritual life at their mother's breast. Whose first lessons in religion have been received in her nurseries, fostered around her firesides, developed in her Sunday-school and catechizations. Whose whole past life has been interwoven with her refreshing festivals and acts of worship. We have heard of teachers in Reformed Sunday-schools who labored to gainsay to their scholars in the afternoon what their pastor had preached in the morning; of some who spoke lightly of infant baptism and of the rite of confirmation. In one or two cases of this kind almost every scholar either connected with another denomination or became estranged from all religion. Not all schools can select good teachers among the members of their own Church. Some selected from without make excellent teachers, and are in sympathy with the teachings of the Reformed Church. We are speaking of the rule, which like all others has its exceptions. The largest railroad corporations of the nation fill nearly all their higher positions with their former apprentices; with men whom they trained and tested through years of faithful service, and who are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the corporation, and accurately versed in the details of its manage-

ment. Scott, Wooten, Asa Packer and a host of others, were once the hard-working boys and day laborers in the offices and shops of their respective roads. Promotion is a leading characteristic in their organization. Might not our Sunday-schools learn a useful lesson from this rule?

How can Sunday-school teachers be trained? The educational methods for the training of Sunday-school teachers are still limited. We have Normal Schools for the education of common school teachers, but no schools wherein to prepare Sunday-school teachers for their important work. The Church complains of inefficient teachers for whose specific education she has made no provision. In the absence of anything better, could not every School have a Normal teachers' class, taught by the pastor or some other competent person? Select young people from fifteen years and upwards, of known piety and at least average talents for this class. Select a course of suitable lessons. These might be arranged according to different subjects: The duties, responsibilities and qualifications of a teacher; how to study a lesson, how to teach it, how to govern a class—and other topics bearing on this work might be selected. From this class the School might get teachers, at least measurably qualified. By attending the weekly teachers' Bible class these Normal scholars might derive a still further benefit.

Who is to select the teachers? All candidates for a position in the common schools are examined by the Superintendent, without whose recommendation they cannot be appointed. Candidates for ministerial ordination are examined by a committee of ministers, and must come approved by them before they can be ordained. Who has ever heard of a Sunday-school teacher having been examined by a properly authorized body before he was elected! A person may supply a vacant class for one or two Sundays. The scholars like him, and the Superintendent is glad to have the place permanently filled without any further inquiry. At a teachers' meeting some one has an associate whom no one else seems to know. She recommends her. Some are glad to get one more teacher. Others feel a delicacy to



object or to inquire further into the character and competency of the person proposed. In reality, is not the selection of Sunday-school teachers in most Churches determined in a random way? A position in which a number of young souls are impressed eternally for good or for evil is filled without even so much as an examination into the character and views of the applicant! Is this wise? A congregation and Sunday-school ought to appoint one or more persons of acknowledged fitness, whose duty it should be to examine every person who is to be voted for as a teacher. The pastor and the consistory might be this examining committee; or the pastor in connection with some persons appointed by the School. But by all means should the pastor be the head of such a committee. We are in favor of fencing this sacred office. Of raising the bars, so as to shield this blessed institution against inefficient and positively damaging teaching.

These views may to some seem behind the times; a slow way to get teachers. Slow it may be, but in the end more safe and sure than the prevailing method. Even a tortoise on the right track may outrun a racer on the wrong one. In sowing spiritual as in sowing natural seed, it is always best to make haste slowly—to see well that the seed be clear of weeds, and carefully sown, lest the whole crop be a failure.

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A NUT once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed he drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bedroom, but stepped on the nut, which in breaking cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled.

Who would say that all this was by mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside the nut, or the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands. —*Exchange*.

### Simple Faith.

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"God always hears when we scrape the bottom of a flour barrel." So said the child of a poor widow to his mother, one morning, after she had prayed as only the needy can, "Give us this day our daily bread." Beautiful faith of childhood! Why may it not be ours? God always hears the prayers of His children, and He knows when to answer. Our spiritual as well as temporal wants are known to Him, and every sincere cry for help enters His compassionate ear. When we feel entirely our dependence on Him; when our stock of pride and self-confidence is exhausted; when earthly friends and earthly comforts fail us, the humble cry of "O my Father," the oftenest brings the speedy answer, "Here, my child." God always hears when we have reached the depth of need, and cry to Him for help.—*Christian Statesman*.

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THE story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and confessed to the priest what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle-seed before the wind in a moment; but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

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THE GENEROUS LITTLE GIRL.—Little Jennie is a generous little body. The other day her grandfather gave her a cent to buy herself some candy. As she was going out she discovered a little beggar boy on the front steps. She stopped and looked at him and then at her cent. Finally, with the sweetest smile, she stepped up to the forlorn child, and, laying her hand on his shoulder, said, in a gentle tone: "Here, little boy, take this cent and go buy yourself a suit of clothes and some dinner."



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

FEBRUARY 2.

LESSON V.

1879.

*The Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. John iii. 1-8.*

## THE NEW BIRTH.

1. There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2. The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6. That which is born of the flesh, is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit.

7. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

## QUESTIONS.

What is the subject of this Lesson?

Verse 1. Who was Nicodemus? Where may we read more of him? Chaps. viii. 50, &c., and xix. 39, &c. Why is he called "a ruler of the Jews?" He was a member of the Great Council.

2. Why did he come to Jesus by night? From fear; or in order to meet Christ alone. What does *Rabbi* mean? Master. Why was he willing to accord that honor to Jesus?

3. How did Jesus answer him? Does it appear from Christ's words, that He claimed to be nothing more? Into what kingdom does He say, every man must be born, in order to understand Him or His kingdom? What did the phrase—"born again"—mean with the Jews? That a Gentile must become a new man, in order to be an Israelite. Did Nicodemus see how it could apply to a Jew, in order to become a Christian?

4. How did he show his inability to apply the saying to himself? By declaring the impossibility of a second *natural* death.

5. Did Christ re-affirm the truth about a new birth? What did He add to His former utterance, in verse 3? What sacrament embodies

water and the Spirit? In what transaction have we both shown? Matt. iii. 13-17.

6. What do we understand by the term, *Flesh*? What does the word *Spirit* mean here? These terms signify the *old* and *new* nature. Do children partake of the nature of their parents?

7. Should he then be astonished at the doctrine concerning the new birth, if mankind is ever to be redeemed?

8. Do we understand the mysteries of Nature? Do we nevertheless admit them as facts? How do we know of our natural birth? By our existence and the testimony of others. How do we know of our Spiritual birth? By our Christian life and the testimony of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 16; 1 John iv. 13; v. 10. What do we know of the wind? Do we know its *first* beginning, or its *last* destiny? Can we then hope to understand the mysteries of the Spirit?

Of how many worlds do we know? The natural and the spiritual. How do we enter them? By births. Must we be born into them *before* we can discern and enjoy them? 1 Cor. ii. 9-16. What is said of the children of God? Rom. viii. 17.

## CATECHISM.

V. *Lord's Day.*

THE SECOND PART,

OF MAN'S DELIVERANCE.

12. Since, then, by the righteous judgment of God, we deserve temporal and eternal punishment, is there no way by which we may escape that punishment, and be again received into favor?

God will have His justice satisfied: and herefore we must make this full satisfaction, either by ourselves or by another.

13. Can we ourselves then make this satisfaction?

By no means; but on the contrary we daily increase our debt.

14. Can there then be found anywhere one, who is a mere creature, able to satisfy for us?

None; for first, God will not punish any other creature for the sin which man hath committed; and further, no mere creature can sustain the burden of God's eternal wrath against sin, so as to deliver others from it.



NOTE.—Epiphany is the old Greek name for the Church Festival celebrated on the sixth of January—the twelfth day after Christmas—in commemoration of the appearance of the “Star of the East” to the wise men—or of the *manifestation* of Christ to the Gentiles. Some of the Church Fathers, Jerome and Chrysostom, date the Epiphany from our Saviour’s Baptism when a voice from heaven declared Him to be the Messiah of the world, in the words: “This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.” The full meaning of the word *Epiphany* is learned in 2 Tim. i. 10.

COMMENTS.—*Nicodemus*. He was a Pharisee, a member of the chief religious party amongst the Jews at the time of Christ. It embraced the earnest and best-minded Israelites, as well as many of the worst. *A ruler of the Jews*. He was a member of the Jewish Senate—Sanhedrim—a Council of some seventy. The king, high-priest, prophet, priest, teacher and believer were subject to this court. Besides the notice contained in this section, mention is made of Nicodemus in Chapters vii. 50 and xix. 39, in this Gospel. Legend and tradition tell us that he received baptism at the hands of Peter and John, after the Resurrection. The far-known *Gospel of Nicodemus* is ascribed to him. All beyond that which the divine word records of him is uncertain. From the spare notices afforded us, we may think well of the man. The germ of a genuine faith struggled upward and through the obstacles, which worldly considerations, circumstances of position, prejudices of party and regard for public opinion cast upon it. We may learn something of the conflict through which men of his order had to pass, from Chapters ix. 22 and xii. 42–3. The elements of integrity, sincerity, uprightness and obedience to the higher call of duty—these led him on to confession and victory.

VERSE 2.—*By night*. From verses 20–1, it has been inferred that he was governed by a motive of *fear*. He is sometimes styled a coward and hypocrite. It is well to remember, however, that his nightly visit might have been a matter of *prudence*, too. Then he might find Jesus alone and at leisure.

During the day we know Him to have been surrounded by the multitudes.—Let us always think the best of men.—*Rabbi*,—*Rahb*, *Rabbi*, *Rabban*—these were the three titles of dignity, which the Jews conferred upon their learned men. They differ in degree and mean *great*, *greater*, *greatest*. In the course of time the bearers became proud of such honors, and held themselves as infallible authorities and unerring guides in all matters of morals and religion. As Jesus claims to be the sole Master over men’s spirits, He forbade His disciples to use titles in any haughty sense. Matth. xxiii. 7–8. In the ordinary and harmless sense He could not have intended to declare against their use, or we are obliged to abandon the endearing name of *Father*. Matth. xxiii. 9. He forbids merely whatever jeopardizes His own honor, or our humility. *A Teacher come from God*. He acknowledges Jesus to be a Rabbi (Master or Teacher). The Pharisees had not accorded Him this position. Chapter vii. 15. He thought differently—and some with him, if we emphasize the “*we*.” The sign of His mission as a divine teacher were his Miracles. Of old, a prophet or teacher had been judged by his works. Deut. xiii. 1; xviii. 22. Yet not any or every order of wonders was such a proof, since false prophets did wonders likewise. Ex. vii. 22. The *kind* of miracles had to be noted—*these miracles that Thou doest*.

VERSE 3. The answer of Jesus seems not to the point at first view. Nicodemus claimed to discern the divinity of His works, and is ready to accept Him as a heavenly Teacher. Jesus would be known as far more than that. But to understand Him in a true light, as the Christ, it is necessary to stand inside of His kingdom—not without, in the vestibule, as it were. To be so translated, He solemnly assures His inquirer, it is necessary to be *born again*. This was a phrase familiar to every Jew, especially to a Rabbi. They applied it to every Gentile, that entered the Covenant and became a Jew. It signified in a most forcible way, the radical change, or *orienting*, of such a person. It was a strong figure by which to illustrate a fundamental fact. And that Nicodemus fully understood its entire



compass and depth, *as applied to a Gentile*, his own answer plainly shows. Having gauged the mystery fully, his difficulty was to know, how such a phrase could have any *application to a matured Israelite*. That a veritable new birth into the Jewish covenant was necessary, in order that a Gentile might see and realize its mysteries, Nicodemus knew; but that such a radical change should be required from an aged Israelite, in order to discern the person and kingdom of Christ—*this* astounds him.

VERSE 4.—Nicodemus does not intend to make an absurdity out of our Lord's requirement. He does not pretend to understand the Lord in a literal way, as is sometimes said. He was too earnest and too wise for quibbling. He meant, rather, to express his utter inability to see, how the phrase "*born again*" could be realized after its full import, by him, a matured spiritual being. It seemed to him as utterly impossible to make such an out-and-out new beginning in the spiritual life and world, as for an old man to start anew in the natural life, which certainly was not possible!

VERSE 5. Our Lord 1) reaffirms the absolute necessity of just such a radical renewal, as the phrase—"born again"—implied, in the case of every man, Jew or Gentile, infant or adult. And 2) the spiritual birth is explained as taking place *of water and the Spirit*. As the Spirit moving on the waters (Gen. 1: 1-2) produced the first creation, the birth of a world; as the "new heavens and new earth" are spoken of in connection with the waters of the river of life and the Spirit (Rev. xxii.) the birth of the glorified world, so is the new creature contemplated as the product of water and the Spirit. Tit. iii. 5; 1 John v. 6. The sacrament of Holy Baptism is usually understood to be meant, by the formula—*water and the spirit*.

VERSE 6.—*Flesh, Spirit*. The former term means our old, fallen, human nature, which we inherit from the first Adam. The latter word signifies the new, divine life which we derive by the Holy Spirit through Christ, the second Adam. The law, that like produces like, is here declared in plain words. Were it even possible then, as Nicodemus suggests in v. 4, to

enter a second time upon our natural life, by means of another natural birth, the result would still be the same—a fallen nature. Even a hundred such natural births would not alter the result. A spiritual Father and Motherhood is necessary to a spiritual offspring. Compare Isaiah ix. 6, concerning "the everlasting Father," with 1 John iii. 1, 9-10; v. 4, 11-13.

VERSE 7.—In view now of this unalterable law, that like produces like, our Lord chides Nicodemus for wondering at the necessity of such a new birth from a higher source than human parentage, in case mankind is ever to be redeemed.

VERSE 8.—*Wind, Spirit*—Our natural birth is to us a mystery. The laws of nature are to us incomprehensible, as far as our lower life is concerned. We accept the fact of our first birth, on the testimony of others and the circumstance of our actual existence. We know that we were born because we *are*. Our spiritual birth is, of course, likewise a mystery, a marvel, notwithstanding the fact, that the means—Water and the Spirit—be revealed to us from above. We know the glorious truth of our spiritual birth from the testimony of God, and our actual Christian life. Rom. viii. 16; 1 John iv. 13; v. 10. We can tell the existence of the wind, its directions, sound, effects, upon us and our surroundings. But can we tell the primary source of its secret rising, or the ultimate bed of its setting? Neither may we know the secret ways of the Spirit of God.

REMARKS. There is a natural world and a spiritual world, the kingdom of God. Man is capable of *two* births. By virtue of his *natural* birth, he enters the natural world. By virtue of his *spiritual* birth he enters the realm of the Spirit of God. In order to discern and enjoy this world, we must first be born into it. In order to see and enjoy the kingdom of God we must first be born into it, as well. 1 Cor. ii. 9-16. Those who can, within the household of the Everlasting Father, look aloft and see God and Heaven, are children of God and heirs of salvation. Rom. viii. 17.



FEBRUARY 9.

LESSON VI.

1879.

*Septuagesima Sunday. John iv. 1-10.*

## THE LIVING WATER.

1. When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John,

2. (Though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples),

3. He left Judea, and departed again into Galilee.

4. And he must needs go through Samaria.

5. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

6. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour.

7. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.

8. (For his disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat).

9. Then said the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

10. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

## QUESTIONS.

What does the Greek word *Septuagesima* mean? Seventy. Why has this Lord's Day the name? Because it falls about seventy days before Easter.

Verse 1. What had the Pharisees heard? Which John is meant here? The Baptist.

2. Why did our Lord not baptize? It was more becoming to baptize converts in His own name. Who did this duty? Did the Apostles, as a rule, baptize after Pentecost? 1 Cor. i. 14-15. Did they confirm by the laying on of hands? Acts viii. 14-17.

3. Why did Jesus flee into Galilee at this time? To avoid persecution and death before the time. Luke xiii. 31-33.

4. Where did Samaria lay? Between Judea and Galilee.

5. To what city did He come? What had its old name been? *Shechem*. What is its present name? *Neapolis*. Near what mountain was it? *Gerizim*—40 miles from Jerusalem. (See Gen. xii. 6-8; xxxiii. 19; Is. xxviii. 1-8).

6. How far from the place was the well? An hour's walk. What time for us was the sixth hour? Twelve o'clock.

7. Did women draw and carry water in the East? Gen. xxiv. 11; Ex. ii. 16.

8. Had *all* the disciples left Jesus, do you think? How was this circumstance then known subsequently? The remaining disciples may have related it; Jesus might have reported it; or the citizens. See v. 43.

9. How did the woman know Jesus to be a Jew? From His dress, or speech. Mark xiv. 70. Who were the Samaritans? See 2 Kings, xvii.; Ezra iv. 2-10; Neh. xiii. 28. They were a people who had a mixed religion—partly Jewish and partly Gentile. Why had the Jews no dealings with them? Because of their heathen origin and impure faith.

10. What does Christ's thirst show? That He was very man. What did Christ mean by "the gift of God?" Himself. John iii. 16; 2 Cor. ix. 15. What is the difference between *living* and *stagnant* (dead) water? The former is in fountains and springs; the latter in pools, ponds and cisterns. What are some of the properties of the former? It purifies, quenches, quickens, vivifies. What is the living water, in the spiritual sense? The Life and Grace of Christ. How is it conveyed to us? By the means of Grace.

## CATECHISM.

## VI. Lord's Day.

15. What sort of a mediator and deliverer, then, must we seek for?

For one who is very man, and perfectly righteous; and yet more powerful than all creatures; that is, one who is also very God.

16. Why must He be very man, and also perfectly righteous?

Because the justice of God requires that the same human nature, which hath sinned, should likewise make satisfaction for sin: and one, who is himself a sinner, cannot satisfy for others.

17. Why must He in one person be also very God?

That He might, by the power of His Godhead, sustain, in His human nature, the burden of

God's wrath; and might obtain for and restore to us, righteousness and life.

18. Who then is that mediator, who is in one person both very God, and a real righteous man?

Our Lord Jesus Christ; "who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

19. Whence knowest thou this?

From the holy Gospel, which God Himself revealed first in Paradise: and afterwards published by the Patriarchs and Prophets, and was pleased to represent it by the shadows of sacrifices, and the other ceremonies of the law: and lastly has accomplished it by His only begotten Son.



NOTE.—*Septuagesima* is a Greek word and means *seventy*. This Lord's Day is so called because it falls about seventy days before Easter. It is also known as the *Third Sunday before Lent* (Quadragesima Sunday) *forty* days before the fasting season.

COMMENTS.—VERSE 1. John the Baptist had likely been cast into prison about this time. (Matth. iv. 12.) The Pharisees intended to open a direct persecution against our Lord now, since His influence irritated them still more, because "*Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John.*"

VERSE 2.—It was not becoming for our Lord to baptize any one in His own name and person. He left this act to His disciples. Even the Apostles did not themselves baptize, after Pentecost, as a rule, but left this duty to their assistants. 1 Cor. i. 14–15. They performed the laying on of hands, and imparted the Holy Ghost. Acts viii. 14–17. From this early division of acts, certain Churches ask their Deacons to baptize whilst Bishops confirm.

VERSE 3.—Jesus avoided persecution unto death at this stage of His life and mission, because His time had not yet come. Hence he left Judea. Luke xiii. 31–33.

VERSE 4.—*Samaria*. This is the central district in the Holy Land, lying between Galilee, north, and Judea, south. It was a three days journey.

VERSE 5.—*Sychar*. This was anciently called *Shechem*, and is now known as Neapolis. It lay at the foot of Mount Gerizim, in which the Samaritan Temple was built, about forty miles from Jerusalem. Here Abraham halted on his way from Haran to Canaan. Here Jehovah appeared to him and promised the land to his seed. Here he built an altar to the Lord. Gen. xii. 6–8. Jacob had purchased the adjoining field from the children of Hamor, the father of Shechem. Gen. xxxiii. 19. *Sychar* means drunkenness, a crime with which Isaiah charged the Ephraimites, who dwelt there. Is. xxviii. 1–8.

VERSE 6.—*Jacob's Well*. Not one hour's walk from the city was this famous well, dug in a solid rock, three yards wide and seventy-five feet deep. Here our Lord sat at mid-day, 12 o'clock, and spoke the beautiful words

contained in this chapter, in which He compares Himself to the fountain of Eternal Life.

VERSE 7.—Drawing and carrying water was woman's work among the Jews. Gen. xxiv. 11; Ex. ii. 16. It is said, that the young men went to the wells, where maidens were wont to come, to select their wives.

Dr. Schaff says, in his late work, "*Through Bible Lands*," "there is no reasonable doubt as to the identity of this well. Jews, Mohammedans and Christians are all agreed. The tradition is supported by the landscape, which is a living illustration of the narrative of John. The well is a natural resting-place on the high-road from Jerusalem to Galilee, over which Christ traveled, in the grain-field which Jacob bought, and which was then, as now, whitening to the harvest, (v. 35,) near Joseph's tomb and the town of Shechem, and in full view of Mount Gerizim, to which the woman pointed as the true place of worship." V. 20.

*Give me to drink*. Here is a strong proof of our Lord's real human nature. That He thirsted shows that He was very man.

VERSE 8.—This was natural, as it was noon. It is not necessary to believe that all the disciples had left Him. Perhaps one or more remained to hear the discourse with the woman. Though Christ may have reported the conversation subsequently. And the citizens themselves may have related the circumstance, too, since our Lord and His disciples tarried there some time. V. 43.

VERSE 9.—The inhabitants of Judea were differently dressed from those in Samaria. Their languages differed too. Mark xiv. 70. In both ways the woman knew Christ to be a Jew.

SAMARITANS. The origin of this people must be learned from earlier records. See 2 Kings xvii. Shalmaneser carried away Israel, that is, the remnant of the Ten Tribes, into Assyria. Tribes from other nations were placed in the cities of Samaria, by King Esarhaddon (Ezra iv. 2, 10) 677 before Christ. These strange people were, of course, idolaters. God's displeasure was kindled, and they were plagued with wild beasts of prey. The king of Assyria sent them a captive priest of Israel, after



they made known to him their misery and its cause. This priest taught them how to fear and worship God. But they established a *mixed* system of religion for themselves, partly Jewish and partly Gentile. In this way the Samaritan religion came to be. After the kingdom of Judah returned from their captivity, and commenced to rebuild the Temple in Jerusalem, the Samaritans wished to join in the work; but the Jews would not suffer them, because of their heathen origin. Then the Jews and the Samaritans became open enemies. About 409 years before Christ, a certain priest of Judah, *Manasseh*, was expelled from Jerusalem, by *Nehe-mia*, for an unlawful marriage. Neh. xiii. 28. He obtained permission from the Persian king *Darius Nothus* to build a temple on Mount Gerizim. See 1 Kings xvi. 24-33; xviii. 20, etc. They held to the Five Books of Moses and reject the rest of the Old Testament. From all this we may learn the reason of the animosity which existed between the Jews and the Samaritans.

VERSE 10.—*The gift of God.* Jesus Christ is this gift of God. See John iii. 16; 2 Cor. ix. 15. *Living water.* The water in ponds, pools and cisterns may be styled *stagnant, dead*. That in springs and fountains is *living* water. To the latter kind He compares His Life and Spirit. As it *quenches* thirst, *quickens* the body, *purifies* from defilement, and renders *fruitful*, so is the life of Jesus a purifying, satisfying, quickening and vivifying element in us, springing up into Eternal Life. ii. 14.

REMARK. As a reservoir to a large city supplies, through its various channels, homesteads and hearts with water, so does Christ convey His life and grace to all hearts and people, by the means of grace. Let us pray with the woman, v. 15.

SOMEWHERE in the far East there was a high mountain, upon the summit of which was deposited a treasure of great value and virtue. It was to be won by him who could reach the top of the mountain without looking back. But the moment the pilgrim turned to look behind he was turned into stone. The pathway from the base to the sum-

mit was lined with beauties, birds, music and pleasures, and the hundreds of cold, stony statues standing on the way showed how many had succumbed to temptation. And so it is with young men. How many, starting forth with noble ambitions and expectations of glory, ever pass the temptations placed in the path to greatness?

THE Bible is the young man's own book. It denounces vice without feeding a dangerous curiosity. It dignifies virtue, not as a means of getting on, but as success and happiness now; and, best of all, it gives the young man the one exclusive way in which vice is vanquished and virtue attained. It lifts up Christ. It invites to the cross. It offers the new heart and the right spirit. It penetrates the disguises of elegant sin, and exposes the sophistry of cultivated iniquity. It flashes its revealing rays upon the opening abyss to which the tempter leads. It unmasks the voluptuous angel of light, and shows the malicious fiend. Into the scale against the "pleasures of sin for a season," it throws the "peace of God," and the "pleasures for evermore." — *Dr. John Hall.*

DANGEROUS DISREGARD.—A Hindoo woman applied to a Christian missionary for baptism and reception to his church. That she might fully understand what she was at, and that her faith might be put to a reasonable test, the missionary pointed out to her the consequences of the step she was about to take. He set before her the loss of caste, the anger of her husband, and the probable poverty and suffering in store for her. She heard him through, and then replied: "I know all this. I thought it all over before I came, but I am ready for it all. What I may bear for Christ, is nothing to what He bore for me."

A WOMAN forgot to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told her little niece to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunt?" asked the child.



FEBRUARY 16.

LESSON VII.

1879.

*Sexagesima Sunday. John iv. 46-54.*

## THE HEALING OF THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

46. So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum.

47. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death.

48. Then said Jesus unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.

49. The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die.

50. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word

that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.

51. And as he was now going down, his servants met him, and told him, saying, Thy son liveth.

52. Then inquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him.

53. So the father knew that *it was* at the same hour, in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house.

54. This is again the second miracle that Jesus did, when he was come out of Judea into Galilee.

## QUESTIONS.

What does Sexagesima mean? Sixty. Why is such a name given to this Lord's Day? It falls about sixty days before Easter.

Does John pretend to relate *all* Christ's miracles? See xx. 30, and xxi. 25. By what thought was he governed in his selection? To prove Christ's divine nature. xxi. 31.

Verse 46. Why is this Cana always distinguished by the phrase of *Galilee*? There were two Canas. Josh. xix. 28; xvi. 8, and xvii. 9. Had Christ done any miracle here before? ii. 1-11. Of what other miracles was this the *first*, likewise? Of healing at a distance. Matt. viii. 5-13; xv. 21-28. Why is this man called a nobleman? Belonged to King Herod's Court. What name has been given him? *Chuza*. Luke viii. 3; or *Manaen*. Acts xiii. 1. How far was Cana from Capernaum? A day's journey.

47. What brought this man to Jesus? Does affliction have this effect with men?

48. What is the difference between "signs" and "wonders?" Signs were proofs of His character as the Messiah; wonders were His works. Is it a sound faith that wants to *see*? Rom. x. 17. Had this man *some* faith? Or he would not have come to Christ. Had he enough

faith? Then he would not have insisted on His coming down.

49. Did the father cease to pray? Why did Christ delay? To discipline his faith.

50. Did Christ go down with him? What else did He do? Did the father believe and obey?

51. Who met him on his home-way? What did they say? Had not Christ spoken these very words? How do you account for this coincidence? We cannot tell.

52. What did the father inquire after? What hour did both Christ's word and the cure occur in? Seven o'clock. Was it a *gradual* cure? The fever left him wholly.

53. What occurred in this house now? Had not the father believed on Him before? As a wonder-worker; now as the Messiah.

54. Was this Christ's *second* miracle, or only the second on His way out of Judea into Galilee? The latter. What points may we reflect on now? 1. How Christ's healing at a distance is another proof of His divinity. 2. That intercessory prayers and acts of parents avail to their children. 3. That a cross brings a crown often. 4. That Jesus is the Healer of our diseases. 5. That we must come to Him. Matt. xi. 28-29.

## CATECHISM.

## VII. Lord's Day.

20. Are all men, then, as they perished in Adam, saved by Christ?

No, only those who are ingrafted into Him, and receive all His benefits by a true faith.

21. What is true faith?

True faith is not only a certain knowledge, whereby I hold for truth all that God has revealed to us in His word, but also an assured confidence, which the Holy Ghost works by the gospel in my heart; that not only to others,

but to me also, remission of sin, everlasting righteousness, and salvation, are freely given by God, merely of grace, only for the sake of Christ's merits.

22. What is then necessary for a Christian to believe?

All things promised us in the gospel, which the articles of our Catholic, undoubted Christian faith, briefly teach us.



NOTE. The Sunday before Lent is known as Sexagesima Lord's Day, being about the *sixtieth* day before Easter.

COMMENTS.—St. John selected his miracles from a vast store-house of wonders, recorded and unrecorded. See xx. 30 and xxi. 25. His aim seems to have been to establish our Lord's divine nature, against the rising doubts and denials of it already appearing in the early age of the church, xx. 31.

VERSE 46.—*Cana of Galilee*. This was a small town in the tribe of Asher (Josh. xix. 28), on the road from Nazareth to Capernaum, by the sea of Tiberias. There was another Cana in the tribe of Ephraim, in Samaria, Josh. xvi. 8 and xvii. 9. Hence this place is always so distinguished—*of Galilee*. Christ performed His first miracle here. ii. 1–11. Here He now performed the first of a series of wonders, *at a distance*, or without being immediately present at the scene. Matt. viii. 5–13; xv. 21–8. *A certain nobleman*. He is so called because he was an officer in King Herod's (Antipas) household and court, whom the masses held as a king. Some suppose this nobleman to have been *Chuza*, mentioned in Luke viii. 3. Others think him to have been *Manaen* spoken of in Acts xiii. 1. He lived a day's journey from Cana.

VERSE 47.—But for the sickness of his son, this man might never have come to Christ. He came expressly to entreat Him to heal him. It was a case of outward pressure that drove him, rather than an inward longing of soul. It resulted in a double cure, however.

VERSE 48.—*Signs and Wonders*. The Jews continually called for "signs," or proofs of His character as the Messiah, and were ever eager for "wonders" or miracles of His hands. They would ever see with the natural eye. This was a proof of a very low order of faith. True "faith cometh by hearing." Rom. x. 17. The beginning of a belief had been made in the father's heart, or he would not have come to Christ; but it was but a small beginning, else he would have not thought it necessary for Christ to "come down," in order to heal the child. Aside of the Samaritans, this nobleman was not so very noble after all—v. 41. We need not, however, take our Lord's reply as a rebuke to the father's request,

so much as a declaration against the infirmity of our nature. Perverse man would see in order to believe. Even the poet Tennyson declares—in spite of the Gospel sayings to the contrary—

"— things seen are mightier than  
Things heard!"

Miracles serve more to prove the character and mission of Christ, than to convert the hearts of men.

VERSE 49.—A greater fervor and more earnest supplication possessed the father now. Love for his child, whose life hung in the balance, lashed his soul nearer to Christ. Our Lord tried the poor man's faith, in order to strengthen it, and thus secure a sufficient foundation, as it were, to rest His miracle working lever upon. Without faith our Lord's hands were bound. Just by *not* "going down," He increased the father's faith.

VERSE 50.—*Go thy way*. In this saying, now, lay His faith-giving power for the father. *Thy son liveth*. This was the healing declaration to the child. He spake and it was instantaneously done. A threefold wonder this: 1. It set the nobleman's heart in right fellowship with the Lord, as a believer; 2. It set the father as a proper medium between the Lord and the sick son; 3. It restored the child. The first miracle was effected in the father's heart. He now proceeds leisurely homeward, reaching his house only on the following day. "He that believeth shall not make haste."—Is. xxviii. 16. The result had necessarily to follow.

VERSE 51.—*Thy son liveth*. The word of power which Christ uttered at Cana seems to have reached all the way to Capernaum, since it echoes back, as it were, in its original form, from the servants running towards their master, without knowing what had transpired at Cana, between Christ and the nobleman, but noting the sudden change and perfect restoration of the child, they hasten to recall him.

VERSE 52.—*The hour when he began to mend*. At most the father had merely hoped for a gradual mending—a change for the better. But the servants tell him that the "fever left him"—entirely forsook the patient, leaving him well. The hour was given him exactly.—7 o'clock.



VERSE 53.—The coincidence between the speaking of the words—*thy son liveth*—and the flight of the fever—*this* aided his faith to ascend to a nobler grade. *And he believed, and his whole house.* Another miracle follows—the conversion of the entire household. Before the father believed in Jesus as a wonder-worker. Now He stands before him and his as the Messiah.

VERSE 54.—John would tell us here, that this is not Christ's second miracle, perhaps—but that it is the second which He performed on his way out of Judea into Galilee.

REFLECTIONS.—1. Christ heals at a distance. This is another striking proof of His divinity—a point which St. John is ever careful to establish.

2. The value of intercessory prayers and acts, on the part of parents, in behalf of their children—this shines brilliantly out. Is this not an argument for the validity of the acts of Christian sponsors?

3. How a cross may bring a crown, the affliction and benediction in this house tell aloud.

4. Jesus, the Healer of our Diseases, is taught us in golden letters. Is. liii.

5. An approach to Christ is necessary, in order to be saved. Matt. xi. 28–9.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.—In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed-time, and sing their national songs till they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and singing the first stanza, they will listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they strengthen and tighten the links that bind those humble dwellers by the sea.

## We're Coming, Precious Jesus.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY S. R. F.

Yes, we're coming, precious Jesus!  
Drawn by Thy tender word,  
And we would, Thee only loving,  
Be Thine forever, Lord!

CHORUS:

Yes, we're coming, precious Jesus!  
Drawn by Thy tender word.

Yes, we're coming, precious Jesus!  
With Thee to yonder throng,  
Who, e'en now before Thee walking,  
Praise Thee in endless song.

CHO.

Yes, we're coming, precious Jesus!  
With Thee to yonder throng.

Yes, we're coming, precious Jesus!  
Thy glory we behold,  
In our Father's house awaiting  
The young as well as old.

CHO.

Yes, we're coming, precious Jesus!  
Thy glory we behold.

Yes, we're coming, precious Jesus!  
The children crown Thee King,  
And with angel hosts uniting,  
Thine endless praises sing.

CHO.

Yes, we're coming, precious Jesus!  
The children crown Thee King.

## A "Brother of Girls."

When speaking of a man who is chivalric toward women, we call him "a thorough gentleman"—school-girls pronounce him splendid. But an old Arab, a donkey driver of Cairo, once gave a much finer illustration of the feeling toward women which should characterize a gentleman.

An English lady asked him if Abdel-Kadir, the Arab general taken prisoner by the French in Algiers, was coming to Cairo. He replied that he did not know, and then asked if the chief was not "*A kuhl benat*" (a brother of girls).

"I do not know if he has sisters," prosaically answered the lady.

"The Arabs, O lady," said the old donkey driver, "call that man 'a brother of girls' to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as sisters, and strength and courage to fight for their protection."

Our English phrase, "a thorough gentleman," or even "splendid," seems almost unmeaning beside "a brother of girls."



FEBRUARY 23.

LESSON VIII.

1879.

## Quinquagesima Sunday. John v. 1-9.

## THE HEALING OF THE IMPOTENT MAN.

1. After this there was a feast of the Jews: and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.

2. Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market, a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches.

3. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

4. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole, of whatsoever disease he had.

5. And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

6. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had now been a long time *in that case*, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

7. The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.

8. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.

9. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the sabbath.

## QUESTIONS.

Why is this Lord's Day so called? It is the fiftieth day (nearly so) before Lent.

What is the subject of this Lesson? On what day was he healed? ver. 10. Is the Son of man Lord of the Sabbath, too? Matt. xii. 8. Is this another proof of His divinity?

Verse 1. Do we certainly know what Feast this was? No.

2. What do you understand by the sheep-market? The gate to the fold. What were sheep needed for at the Temple? For sacrifices. See also Neh. iii. 1; xii. 39. What does *Bethesda* mean? House of mercy. Why was it so called? ver. 3.

3. How many classes of sick are here mentioned? What was "the moving of the water?" Like the bubbling in a spring.

4. What does the term Angel mean? Human or Divine Messenger. Which was it here? Not known. Was the water possessed of any medicinal qualities? Was there nothing miraculous? There was.

5. What ailed this man? How long had he suffered?

6. What did Jesus ask him? Why such a question? For the man's sake?

7. What does "Sir," mean here? Yes, sir. What reason does he give for delaying his cure? Was this a full confession of his own helplessness?

8. What did Jesus say? How many commands are here chained together?

9. Did the man obey? What was *standing* a sign of? Bearing his bed (*mattress*)? Walking? What has this man been made a symbol of? Of Israel, 38 years in the wilderness. What has the pool been made a symbol of? Of the limited old covenant. Who then would be the true Bethesda? Zech. xiii. 1.

Have we an infirmity? What three things ought we to know? See answer to the first question in the Catechism.

## CATECHISM.

## VIII. Lord's Day.

23. What are these articles?

I. I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth:

II. And in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, our Lord.

III. Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary:

IV. Suffered under Pontius Pilate: was crucified, dead, and buried: He descended into hell:

V. The third day He arose from the dead:

VI. He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty:

VII. From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

VIII. I believe in the Holy Ghost:

IX. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints:

X. The forgiveness of sins:

XI. The resurrection of the body:

XII. And the life everlasting. Amen.

24. How are these articles divided?

Into three parts: the first is of God the Father, and our creation; the second of God the Son, and our redemption; the third of God the Holy Ghost, and our sanctification.

25. Since there is but one divine essence, why speakest thou of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?

Because God hath so revealed Himself in His word, that these three distinct persons are the only true and eternal God.



NOTE. *Quinquagesima* Sunday means the fiftieth (or nearly so) day before Easter. It is sometimes called Shrove Sunday, from *shrive*, which means *confession*. Shrove-Tuesday is the day before *Ash-Wednesday*, the beginning of Lent.

COMMENTS.—The cure of the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, on the Sabbath, is another proof of our Lord's divinity. "The Son of man is the Lord of the Sabbath." Matth. xii. 8. By virtue of His authority, which he transferred to His Apostles and the Church, the Christian Lord's Day emerged from the ashes of the Jewish Sabbath, the *first* instead of the *last* day of the week.

VERSE 1. *A feast*. We know not, to a certainty, which of the great annual Feasts is here meant. The Passover, the Tabernacles, Pentecost, and Passion, all have been defended. Our Lord attended all, as a loyal member of the Jewish Church.

VERSE 2. *Sheep-Market*. See Neh. iii. 1; xiii. 39. This was likely at the gate through which the sheep used for sacrifices were bought. *Bethesda*, the house of mercy: It got its name, doubtless from the cures which were performed on the poor, who gathered under the porticoes built around this bathing place. The water seems to have been possessed of medicinal qualities, more especially under God's benediction.

VERSE 3. Three classes of impotent persons are here indicated: *blind*, *lame*, *consumptive*. *Moving of the water*. There may have occurred a periodical bubbling in the spring, which is so described.

VERSE 4. *Angel*. The term may mean a human messenger, as well as a divine visitor. It is difficult to say which character is here meant. In case a heavenly messenger is designed, it is not likely that he was visible to the people. During the first excitement of the pool, the medical virtues of the water were very efficient; but presently the forces seem to have been spent.

VERSE 5. *A certain man*. His name and age are not given us. Neither are we told what his disease was. For 38 years he had been afflicted, a chronic case, verily. Of course he did not lay here constantly. His friends bore him to and fro.

VERSE 6. *Wilt thou be made whole?* Christ did not ask this question for His own information. It was doubtless addressed to the man, in order to awaken interest, hope and confidence in a spirit that had lain through long and weary years, without so much as any one concerning himself in his behalf. He had become *muth-loss* — melancholy. Our Lord's kindly word must have been as an electric spark of love darting through his heart. For once the poor man's hope revived.

VERSE 7. *Sir, I have no man etc.* Yes, Sir, he means to say. But then he confesses his own inability, as well as the indifference of his fellows, to be let down into the healing pool. He felt and confessed how great his misery was. How sad! to be so near the health-giving bath, and yet, unable to enjoy it. And for so long a time!

VERSE 8. *Rise!* Like a mid-day sun blazing suddenly at mid-night, came the health-giving word of the Lord. We must suppose more faith to have been at hand than is apparent from the narrative. But whether as a spark or live coal, the word of the Lord kindled it into a blaze. Three commands are chained together here, to *rise*, to *bear his bed*, (mattress), to *walk*.

VERSE 9. No sooner said, than done! By a harmonious co-operation of Christ and the cripple, the results challenged by the command of Jesus were instantaneously realized. After lying prostrate for 38 years, he *stood*. The relieved body bore its own weight again. *He bore his bed*, an additional proof of regained strength. *He walked*, a sign of complete restoration.

Like the sick child, in the former lesson, the impotent man was instantaneously and wholly healed. And so, too, does Christ even yet say to every penitent and believing heart, *I will, be thou clean!* The only thing this poor man had to do, was to believe and obey.

REMARK.—The pool of Bethesda has been made the symbol of a beautiful truth. Many will have it to be typical of Christ, the true Bethesda.—"The fountain opened to the house of David, and to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness." Zech. xiii. 1.

The impotent man is said, by some, to represent Israel of old under punish-



ment, for precisely 38 years, in the wilderness. Another sees in the pool with its scanty virtue to heal but one at a time, the limited Old Dispensation, as compared with the Gospel of Christ which dispenses Grace, "Enough for you; enough for me; enough for every one—and to spare."

It is enough for us to know, that Christ is able to heal us all. Let us know 1) How great our sin and misery are; 2) How we may be delivered from them; and 3) How we shall express our gratitude to God for such deliverance.

---

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.—Such was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I could not tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind, as long as I live, not to do anything that I would be ashamed to tell mother."

Noble resolve, and one which will make any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

---

"AIM at specialty in business," said a successful merchant to a young man. "Most people succeed, not by doing many things as well as others, but some one thing better than others."

The remark is suggestive and true. Success comes through a reputation for superiority in some one thing. An expert diamond-setter will receive better payment than an artisan skilled in many branches of the trade; and the same principle is true in business, mechanics, and all the arts. Learn many things, but make all acquirements contribute to one thing. There is a special line of success in every calling, and every life has a special work to do.

"You receive a fortune," said one to

a great English author, "for a piece of work that it hardly takes you a dozen days to do."

"Yes," replied the writer; "but it has cost a dozen years of special training to be able to do this work in a dozen days; and I receive a fortune because no one else has this special training, and can do the work so perfectly."—*Youth's Companion*.

---

EVEN Seneca complains that the ancients had compelled him to borrow from them what they would have taken from him had he been lucky enough to have preceded them. "Every one of my writings," says Goethe, in the same candid spirit, "has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things: the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn, generally without having the least suspicion of it, to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience: often have they sowed the harvest that I have reaped. My work is that of an aggregation of human beings, taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe." "When I was a young man," says Goldsmith, "being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions; but I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false." Strictly speaking, we may be original without being new: our thoughts may be our own, and yet commonplace.

---

It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful; angular, not round. It is where long white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled along the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, as in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones their lustre. The more the diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect His people.—*Dr. Guthrie*.



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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1879

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN entered upon its XXXth volume, on the first of January 1879. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

MARCH, 1879.

No. 3.

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”  
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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

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# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

MARCH, 1879.

NO. 3.

## Editorial Notes.

Many of our readers are familiar with the first stanza of Gray's Elegy written in a country church-yard:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Few, however, may be aware that since the founding of Boston the town has rung the curfew bell every evening at nine o'clock. For hundreds of years has this custom been kept up. On January 1, it ceased by a town ordinance. The word curfew, comes, from the French "couvre feu," and means, put out your fires. When the curfew bell rang at 9 o'clock in England, it reminded the people that they were to cover or put out their fires. That is the time for Christian people to quit work, close their places of business, say their prayers, and go to bed. An exchange says: "It is only a few years since the nine o'clock bell was the signal all over New England for the closing of all places of business. To this day an uneasiness seems to creep over audiences, etc., at this magic hour, such as is supposed to attack and disperse ghosts at cock-crow." A large part of the fashionable and pleasure-seeking world would seem to need the curfew bell, to remind them that decent people ought to be at home and in their bed. Revelry, robbery, and riotous living are done when good people are asleep. Places of amusement and sin are open till the "small hours" of morning. Young people who walk the streets at midnight show that they are not after anything good. Around the cheerful glowing coals of the home-fireside the heart is warmed by the purest love. Nine o'clock is a seasonable hour. Be sure that your children are all at home by that time.

"Do you make a reduction for the clergy?" recently asked a young lady in a store in Richmond, Va. "Always; are you a clergyman's wife?" "O no! I am not married," replied the blushing lady. "Then perhaps a clergyman's daughter?" he continued. "No!" As the salesman looked at her with surprise, she said: "I am engaged to be married to a student of theology." She got her goods at the usual reduction. That was certainly very frank and very funny.

AMERICAN Statesmen of the old school were noted for their simple temperate habits and their refined manners. It is well known how that Morris, the Continental treasurer, Alexander Hamilton and many others spent their talents, time and private fortune for their country's good. Many of them, although men of varied learning and cultivated taste, spent their days of leisure as plain farmers. A friend of Thomas Jefferson proposed to him a plan whereby he might make money. What would have been a tempting offer to more modern statesmen of the Credit Mobilier type, had no charms for him. He wrote in reply:

PHILADELPHIA, March 18, 1793.

DEAR SIR: I received your kind favor of the 26th ult., and thank you for its contents as sincerely as if I could engage in what they propose. When I first entered on the stage of public life (now twenty-four years ago) I came to a resolution never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of my fortune, nor to wear any other character than that of farmer. I have never departed from it in a single instance, and I have in multiplied instances found myself happy in being able to decide and act as a public servant, clear of all interest, in the multifarious questions that have arisen wherein I have seen others embarrassed and biased by having got themselves in a more inter-



ested situation. Thus I have thought myself richer in contentment than I should have been with any increase of fortune. Certainly I should have been much wealthier had I remained in that private condition which renders it lawful, and even laudable, to use proper efforts to better it. However, my public career is now closing, and I will go through on the principle on which I have hitherto acted. But I feel myself under obligations to repeat my thanks for this mark of your attention and friendship.

The descendants of such men are not always cared for as they should be. A year ago a newspaper reported the following: "Last summer, Shadwell, Jefferson's old home, which has been occupied by his grand and great-grandchildren, was sold because the heirs were too poor to keep it any longer in the family. Miss Sarah Randolph, a great-granddaughter, has taught a school there ever since the war. She is a highly educated lady, and has compiled a most interesting volume entitled, "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson." The publishers of the work reaped great profit, while Miss Randolph received only two hundred dollars. Mrs. Meichleham, a grand-daughter, was for months in Washington during General Grant's administration, begging for employment for her daughter, to prevent actual starvation. A kind lady, who knew the family and their sufferings, went in company with Miss Meichleham to General Grant and asked him if the descendants of Thomas Jefferson were to be allowed to starve in the National Capital while there were offices given to those who had no claim upon the gratitude of the nation. General Grant wrote a letter to Delano, Secretary of the Interior. The ladies went to the Department, presented the letter, and Miss Meichleham was, in a few days, assigned to duty. She still holds the office, and recently a friend bequeathed a small sum of money to their use. With this they have bought a small, cheap house, where they live. They have pictures and relics which belonged to their illustrious ancestor, and are better off with their nine hundred dollars a year than they have been for a long series of years.

And while those who were among the most honored of the realm are suffering privations, their places are filled by a

class totally destitute of nobleness of purpose or pride in doing right.

"Have you met Dr. Barth?" asked Dr. William Hoffman, court preacher of Berlin, of me one day. I had presented my card and the good man gave me a warm-hearted German welcome on the Zweite Etage (second floor) of a plain building, in a certain street of the German metropolis. I had seen and heard Barth at the Basler Missions-Fest, a tall, well-built man, with a sad face and a dark skin, past sixty years of age. He wore a velvet skull cap, as many other elderly European men do, during religious services in the church. He was then one of the few great leaders in European practical benevolence; wrote, gave and prayed much for Christ's dear cause. Wrote many books on practical subjects, in which he interpreted great themes impressively for the common people. He was without family, and gave himself wholly to the Lord.

Dr. Hoffman continued: "I have been worried about Barth. It is reported that he is becoming sad and despondent. He must be unwell." In this strain he spoke for awhile of the friend of his youth, with the tenderness and affection of a natural brother. At that time the good man who thus spoke to me was preaching a course of sermons on the signs of Christ's second coming, which were soon thereafter published in a volume entitled: "Ruf Zum Herrn." A number of these I heard and was greatly impressed by them. Evidently Dr. Hoffman's mind was sad too. Both men had passed into the evening of their days and took less cheerful views of life than in their earlier years. Besides, the religious condition of the Fatherland was discouraging; the religious destitutions of Christian lands were great, and those of other lands much greater. Both have since entered into rest, and their works do follow them. Barth departed first and Hoffman followed a few years later.

A very good life of Barth has been published, which we advise our German reading friends to read. Still better would it be if some capable person would translate it into English. His life is a marvel of abundant self-sacrificing, tell-



ing work. Like many other good men, he made his native place illustrious; for the town of Calw is noted throughout the Christian world as the home of Dr. Barth, and the centre of popular Christian and missionary literature.

This biographer says that Barth's mother spent much time on her knees with her children in prayer. By this means she was enabled to train them up piously. Barth says; "I grew up amid much song, like a young robin. My father was a great friend of singing, and played on different instruments. My mother had an excellent voice. We had much singing in our home, but sang only Christian hymns." In his useful life Barth became a noted hymn writer. His beautiful hymns are sung in numerous homes, and have become the bearers of incessant praise to the throne of God.

THE highest court of the nation has outlawed polygamy. Henceforth every Mormon having more than one wife is liable to prosecution as a bigamist, and punishable with a fine of \$500, or imprisonment for a period of five years. There is great lamentation in Utah. If a Mormon Mogul has ten wives, and is allowed to keep only one, what will become of the nine? It is high time that this iniquitous system is broken up. No nation can advance in true civilization which disregards the sacredness of the marriage relation. This distinguishes the civilized from the barbarian. Without this a people "may hunt in packs and fight in hordes," and herd together like brutes, but they have no civilization. For this reason St. Paul compares it to the mystical union between Christ and His Church.

How can girls and boys be kept at home in the evening? The homes of some wealthy parents are as bare and bleak as a barn. The children feel restless and discontented amid such surroundings. We do not blame them for it. They seek outside places and company more agreeable. Hang a few good pictures on the wall. If you cannot afford to buy paintings buy good chromos. A good chromo is better than a poor painting. Buy them good books. Take

one or more magazines and a few newspapers. Help to replenish your Sunday-school library; from this each of your children can get the use of a good book every week. Stay at home in the evenings. Help, by your cheerful presence, to make your home circle pleasant and attractive to your children.

Very pleasant evening groups, formed of congenial young people, can furnish refreshing and agreeable social entertainment. Among ten or twenty young persons there are most likely some good readers or some good performers in vocal or instrumental music. How delightfully such circles can spend an occasional evening, interspersed with innocent plays. Possibly the older people of the family will contribute their part to the feast. The New York *Observer* says:

"When Canning was Prime Minister of England, at his table or of one of his friends, a large company was entertained, and while they were in the drawing room, after dinner, an aged beggar was allowed to enter, who leaned on his cane, and hat in hand, repeated in faltering accents the sad appeal—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to  
your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest  
span,  
Oh! give relief and Heaven will bless your  
store."

Every purse was out in a moment, and the old hat was loaded with gold, when the rags were dropped and the beggar, unmasked, proved to be the host himself, who had thus amused his guests by this clever piece of acting.

One old man in our party repeated the same appeal, but instead of going around with the hat, he dropped his disguise, and, in another and youthful attire, he recited a tale that was quite as mirthful as the beggar's appeal had been pathetic."

It is bad philosophy and poor morality to ignore the fondness of the young for something that *diverts*: simply pleases and entertains. The home ought to furnish it, and when young people meet socially to pass a few hours in the evening, they must entertain one another. It is right and wise. And it is far bet-



ter for their morals, health and happiness, that they should find what pleases them in the domestic or social circle rather than to be tempted to find it abroad.

The want is great of some to pass an evening cheerily and socially; and this is felt far more by young people whose resources are few and small, than by the better educated. Readings, recitations, and music may be so blended with conversation as to make the hours seem but moments, leaving only pleasant recollections.

VERY few people live to be one hundred years old. On January 6, Mrs. Anna Sophia Fizone, a member of the Race Street Reformed Church, Philadelphia, died in the 103d year of her age. She was born in that city in 1776, and had never been out of the city any great distance. When over one hundred years old she loved to repeat the hymns, prayers and truths she had committed to memory in her youth. The Lord's prayer and the apostles' creed she repeated in English and German. Certain German hymns she devoutly repeated in prayer. To the end of her very long life the committed treasures of her early years were a source of increasing comfort. We can not insist too much on a faithful memorizing of Scripture, hymns and prayers in early life. An exchange says:

"Daniel Webster once told a good story in a speech and was asked where he got it. "I have had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never had a chance to use it till to-day," said he.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the "rule of three," or to commit a verse of the Bible or catechism. The answer is this: Some time you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place, but it will be just in place some time; then if you don't have it you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when a bear met him. "Twenty-five years ago my teacher made me study surveying," said a man who had lately lost his property, "and now I am glad of it. It is just in place. I can

get a good situation and high salary." The Bible and Catechism are better than that. They will be in place as long as we live."

### Jerusha.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

Hannah, you know how hard I've worked and  
slaved—yes, all my life,  
But it's harder work than all the rest to live  
with Jacob's wife!  
For all she speaks so very low, and looks so  
mild and meek,  
I *knew* we couldn't git along—I saw it that first  
week.  
Of course I've tried—I hope I know what  
Christian dooty means—  
But wouldn't it vex a saint to hear her sniff at  
pork and beans?  
Openin' the parlor windows too, and pullin' up  
the shades,  
Although I've told her every day how fast that  
carpet fades,  
And lightin' up the house at nights—it makes  
me mad to see  
How Jacob humors all her whims—a savin' man  
like he.  
She brings in common stones and moss, and  
talks of "Nater's beauties,"  
She'd show more sense, it seems to me, jes  
tendin' to her dooties!  
You know my chany vases, Hannah? well, *that*  
was worst of all;  
I've kept 'em in the closet there, for fear they'd  
git a fall,  
*She* took 'em out and filled 'em with her ferns  
and leaves one day,  
But when *I* dusted up the room I flung the  
things away!  
So Jacob took her part, of course, and bought  
another pair—  
Well! if he wants to be a fool I'm sure I needn't  
care.  
He even takes two magazines to please her,  
though for me  
He grugged to buy a paper, but she's his *wife*,  
you see,  
And *sisters* (Hannah, I've found it so) are no-  
thin' more than slaves,  
Jest fit to work and pinch and save, then drop  
into their graves!  
I'll go to Uncle John's instead—I hinted it last  
night—  
Hannah, she's too provokin'—would you think  
she'd laugh outright?  
And Jacob? well, of course, he said, "Jerushy,  
don't you go,  
This is your rightful home,"—but law! they'll  
both be glad, I know.  
And now I'm packin' up because I'd ruther go  
at once,  
Although two cows is comin' in, and that hired  
girl such a dunce.  
Of course 'twill be a trial, for it's more than  
twenty year



Sence I've kept house for Jacob, and found my pleasure here.  
 But trials is our earthly lot, as Parson Deane would say,  
 And proper Christian fortitood can bear us on our way.  
 Wonder who'll make the butter now? I thought I should have cried  
 When Brindle moo-ed at me last night, in spite of all my pride.  
 But Jacob's wife was lookin' on—I wouldn't let *her* see  
 Sech foolishness, or let her know what partin' means to me.  
 "Why don't I stay?" no, Hannah, no, I've ben the head too long  
 To see another in my place—I *must go*, right or wrong.  
 This furniture is jest as good as 'twas when mother died,  
 I've took sech pride in keepin' it—perhaps 'twas sinful pride,—  
 But now—you'll find a change, I guess, before this time next year,  
 You'll see how things will go to waste—well, well! *I* shan't be here.  
 Who'll patch and darn as I have done? not Jacob's wife, I know,  
 She'll read him bits of rhymin' stuff—and let his buttons go,  
 She'll talk in her new-fangled way of "woman's proper spear,"  
 And he, poor soul! won't never see the dust upon his cheer.  
 I trained up Jacob, as you know, to be so very neat,  
 And always scolded if he seemed too tired to wipe his feet.  
 I followed him with brush and broom and duster, all the day,  
 To make his home a cheerful place—and *now* what does he say?  
 That "cleanliness is plague enough to make a good man swear!"  
 He won't have too much cleanliness, no more, nor too much care.  
 So good-by, Hannah, won't you write, and tell me what's amiss?  
 'Twould be a sort of comfort too, since things have come to *this*.  
 I'd like to know how Jacob does, and even Jacob's wife,  
 For somehow, leavin' them, it seems I'm leavin' half my life! —*Christian Intel.*

### Glorified Childhood.

BY PROF. J. H. DUBBS, D.D.

The following address was delivered at Reading, Pa., on January 29th, at the anniversary of the Sunday-school Teachers' Association of the Reformed Churches of the city. It was received with great acceptance, and, at the urgent request of the pastors, the author has kindly furnished it for publication in the GUARDIAN.

Matt. xviii. 2, 3.—"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of

them. And said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

It has often been said that Christianity is glorified manhood. No doubt the saying is true. There is nothing weak, sickly, or sentimental about it. It is the full consecration of the noblest and strongest power of humanity to the highest service.

From another point of view, Christianity is even in a higher sense *Glorified Childhood*. Is not the child the father of the man? Manhood is the strengthening and development of childhood; the infantile, the childish things pass away, while its permanent elements remain and grow constantly more beautiful, until, at last, they reach their true ideal in the harmonious completeness of a Christian life.

It is from this point of view that our Saviour would have us contemplate that kingdom which He came to establish. He would have His disciples strive to be not as the great and mighty of the earth, but as little children. Our faith, though grand and glorious, is at the same time so simple that it begets in us a like simplicity.

"Except ye become as little children."—There is something sweet and homelike in this beautiful text. It takes us back to the days of childhood, when life was pure and fresh—"when we sported in the sunshine like the lambs within the fold." O, beautiful days of childhood! who would not, if it were possible, occasionally cast aside the cares of mature life? who would not throw down the implements of daily toil, and return for a while to its bright, sunny days? If we could but sometimes bid good-bye to the study or the work-shop, to be children once more, rambling over green hillsides and playing by the side of sunny brooks! And, alas! says many an aged man, Would that I could again have the pure, innocent conscience of a child; that I could live over my life again, and thus avoid the sins whose recollection embitters my later years!

How strange it is that many of those who mourn over the departed days of childhood should fail to remember that there is a way by which we can regain, if not the innocence of childhood, that which is far better—a glorified child-



hood which is as far superior to the innocence of early youth as the sun of mid-day is brighter than the early dawn. "Except ye be converted and become as little children." Here the course is indicated which we must take in order to attain to that glorified childhood which commends itself to the special favor of our Father in Heaven.

In addressing you this evening, I do not propose to attempt to define your duties and responsibilities as Sunday-school teachers. There are thousands of ways by which the Lord calls you to high and holy activity. There are occasions innumerable on which you are advised as to the best manner of teaching the little ones that are committed to your care. Let us, this evening, reverse the position of teacher and scholar; let us seek to learn our lessons from the Child Teacher whom Christ places in our midst, while He exclaims: "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

There are many respects in which childhood reveals the fundamental tendencies of a Christian spirit. We remark

I. That the Christian life is glorified childhood in its faith.

Would you know what faith is?—behold its exercise in childhood! The child knows nothing about the temporal circumstances of his parents. He can form no conception of the heavy responsibilities which weigh you down—which cause you to toss upon your bed all night, and give you in the morning a haggard look of care. For all he knows you may not have the means of purchasing a single loaf of bread, and yet he trusts you. He believes that when the time comes you will supply all his wants. There is no hesitation, no doubt or uncertainty in his faith: he judges you by the past, he takes your word for the future, and all the persuasion in the world could not induce him to lose faith in you so long as you continue to act the part of a faithful parent.

The faith of childhood is nowhere more perfectly illustrated than in the Sunday-school. The little one comes to you for instruction, and without hesitation he believes all you say. If you

teach him the pure truth of the word of God, it becomes the substance of his daily thought, and it will become his constant support in all the trials of life.

In such childlike trust and confidence we have the most complete type of the faith of the Christian. We have a heavenly Father who has taken care of us from our earliest childhood. There never was a time when He did not deck our board with choice viands. He never suffered a cold blast to blow without having first provided us with comfortable garments. We know that He has in His hands all the treasures of the universe, and that it is with Him an easy thing to provide for all our recurring wants. And beyond all this, we have His expressed promise in words that have been proven true a thousand times, that He will give us an inheritance grand and glorious beyond all that we hope or think.

Surely the Christian may trust as implicitly as a child, with this great advantage: that while the child believes without light, the faith of the Christian is intelligent. He can behold and reflect upon the wonderful manifestations of Divine Providence. He sees the fount that slakes his thirst; he feels the everlasting arms of love around him and beneath him; he can read and dwell upon the glorious promises which the Lord has given him; and what is best of all, he enjoys the constant communion of his Lord and Saviour. The scoffs and jeers of an infidel world cannot affect him. He is safe in the protection of his heavenly Father. The attacks of the skeptic are as nothing to him, for the word of God has authenticated itself to his soul by higher processes than those of reason. With such faith he can as confidently rely upon his Lord as a child trusts its parent's affection, and may safely go to sleep, whether at the end of the day or at the end of his life, in the assured confidence that when he awakes it will be to be the recipient of his Saviour's love and bounty.

II. The Christian life is glorified childhood in its love.

There is no emotion of which the human heart is susceptible which has been so greatly misunderstood as Christian love. We are apt to confound it with the unreasoning affection which the



world calls love, and therefore fail to perceive how, in the language of St. Paul, it is the greatest of the Christian graces.

Perhaps, if we more generally contemplated the pure, unadulterated love of childhood as the type of Christian love, we would be better able to appreciate its sweet, unearthly beauty.

The child loves its parents with complete devotion. There is no hypocrisy about it; no anticipation of any possible temporal advantages that are to be gained thereby. It is the pure outgushing of a grateful heart. Nor does a child limit its affections to those of its own household. His Sunday-school teacher receives a full share of his affections, and I need not say that one of the chief delights of the Sunday-school work flows from the warm affection of little children. The love of a Christian child is as free as the sunshine and the dew; it cheers and blesses all with whom it comes in contact,—driving the frown from the furrowed brow of care, and causing the sternest features to relax into a gentle smile. Well may we say with the poet, “A child in the house is a well-spring of joy.”

The love of childhood is but a type of a more glorious affection. We acknowledge God as the Father, and love Him with all the powers of our soul, and this affection is manifested by striving to lead others also to Him. Genuine Christianity is therefore free from selfishness. We have learned to recognize all mankind as our brethren, and we long to be instrumental in conferring upon them those blessings which we ourselves enjoy. All are joint heirs with us of the same glorious inheritance, and we are anxious that all should come forward to receive their portion. “There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, but all are one in Christ Jesus.”

Such love is limitless. Though it begins in our household it spreads further and further like ripples on a placid lake, ever widening until it reaches the shores of eternity. A follower of Jesus thus comes to mean a friend of man. “A Christian is a philanthropist by profession and generous by force of grace; wide as the reign of sorrow is the stretch of his love, and where he cannot help he pities.”

“Such love is eternal,  
The heart is his throne,  
And he has all seasons  
Of life for his own.”

III. The Christian life is glorified childhood in its humility.

It has been said that while the glory of heathenism is strength, the distinctive virtue of Christianity is humility. It is a gem that is hidden in an unpretentious casket, and for this reason is likely to pass unrecognized or to be lost by those who possess it. The possession of talents or of advantages exceeding those of our neighbors ought indeed to deepen our humility. We ought to feel the sense of our responsibility as custodians of such priceless treasures. But there are few persons with whom the contrary is not the case. With the consciousness of mental ability or of temporal advantages ambition is developed, and men grasp at everything which may possibly minister to their personal vanity. It was the appearance of this serpent in the Eden of our Saviour's communion with His disciples that induced Him to employ the language contained in our text. When He first received them into His company they were humble enough. They felt that they were sinful men, and not worthy that the Lord should dwell with them. But after a while they became to a certain extent familiarized with the wonderful manifestations of Divine power and began to long for prominent positions in the kingdom which he had come to establish. Why should they not be princes, surrounded by all the trappings of temporal glory? At last they ventured to inquire of the Saviour who was to be the greatest in His kingdom, and Jesus instead of reasoning with them took a little child and set him in the midst of them, and said, “Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.”

There must be different ranks and stations in the church as in the world. There can be no dead uniformity. Even though these distinctions were not formally recognized, even though our



Saviour had not appointed officers and office bearers, talents, energy, or devotion would soon give some men a commanding influence while others would remain in merited obscurity. So it must be in the Sunday School—there must be those who lead as well as those who follow. But the spirit of Christianity inculcates the necessity of growing more humble as honors and dignities increase; of seeking with childlike humility to perform the duties to which we are called. “Therefore,” said the Saviour, “whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister.”

We notice

IV. That Christianity is glorified childhood with regard to its growth and development.

Childhood is a state which is constantly looking forward to something beyond itself. However charming it may be in its freshness and innocence it has its true meaning as a state of preparation for that which is higher. Childhood arrested in its growth is not a beautiful sight—a dwarf however well formed makes but a sorry appearance compared with sturdy manhood. Hence we delight to see childhood expanding into maturity, and we feel that it has only reached its true completion when it is itself no more—when the full-grown man with a sound mind in a sound body steps into the arena of life’s real and earnest.

In much the same way the Christian life is no state of completeness—we are not brought to the full stature of men and women in Christ in a moment—there must be a course of growth and development. “First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear.” A germ of the new life is implanted in the soul by His own appointed means, but it is only a germ. It needs the dews and sunshine of His grace—it needs constant and careful cultivation to bring it to perfection. And at its best it is but preparatory to the higher state in which it will find its full completion. Here on earth we are all of us at school—undergoing constant discipline—at death we will graduate into a higher state of which at present we know but little. But we may rest assured that every thing we now learn, whether by mental effort or by bitter

experience, is intended to prepare us for the real object of our existence. Everywhere the Scriptures teach us that the visible and material is not the substantial—that in the world to come will be found the beginning of man’s true career. Here we are children, in a state of tutelage of which we cannot comprehend the true import. There, thank God! we will be men and women—saints made perfect in the true sense which God designed at our creation.

It is because we have this glorious end in view, that we observe

V. That Christianity is glorified childhood in the hopes which it fosters.

The hopes of childhood and youth are boundless. At that season a bright and brilliant prospect opens before us, and we are constantly building air-castles in which we hope to dwell. Alas! we little know with what difficulties we will be called to grapple; and how at last we will be glad to accept of a cottage in lieu of a palace, and having food and raiment therewith to be content.

If we could conceive of the boundless hopes of childhood based on the certain assurance of obtaining what we hope for, and tempered by mature nature—surely such bright anticipations would sweeten all of life’s bitter waters of Marah.

Yet brighter than these are the Christian’s hopes of the world to come, and their character may best be learned from the Child Teacher. With all the ardor of childhood conjoined with the wisdom of mature years, he looks forward to the complete revelation of his father’s goodness. He knows on whom he has believed, and therefore like a child “he believes without suspicion, loves without distinction, hopes without limitation, and together with this the Spirit of grace gives to our faith light, to our love wisdom, and to our hope an everlasting foundation.” The Lord has concealed these things from the wise and prudent and has revealed them unto babes. As teachers called to the high and holy work of leading the young, do not I pray you, neglect to learn the lessons which the little ones can teach. Let us follow them in their faith—let us cherish love such as theirs in our inmost heart. Whatever may



be the degree of our attainments let us be as humble as children. Let us follow them in Christian growth and development, and from them let us learn to live that life of hope which will end in glorious fruition. All our life long let us not be ashamed to be accounted babes in Christ, to be taken up into His bosom, and thus to be safely borne until we reach that better land :

“Where the anthems of pleasure unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.”

### Lent Work.

We are not to be so much concerned about the history and literature of Lent, as about the practical use to be made of it. It matters not where or when it begun, what classes of professed Christians observe or discard it, or how some people abuse it to the building up of an unspiritual self-righteousness by bodily abstinences and the like. That is not the matter that most concerns us. What we need to consider is, our own profit, and the furthering of our own souls in salvation.

We believe and feel that there ought to be some special season of the year, when the ordinary humdrum even of religious habit and life should be stirred into and roused up to something of fresh and renewed concern for these souls of ours, which we are carrying to the bar of God and an unchanging eternity. We do not find it good for our bodily health to drag along year in and year out, and the whole year through, without some occurring changes of scene, and some doing up afresh here and there in our affairs. Things wear out. The tendency is to drag down. We, ourselves, drag down. And, altogether, every body feels it well and necessary to have some vacation to the endless plodding round of duties, lessons, books and routine of cares. All the counsels of wisdom and common sense teach people this. But what is necessary, useful, and demanded by our nature in the sphere of ordinary life, is just as needful in the sphere of religious life and duty. And the old Church appointment and observance of Lent, is adapted to serve

this want. It is not a thing merely for the almanac, but for the soul. Even those who take pains to cast disrespect upon it, feel themselves, not only justified, but strongly driven, by some important worth and necessity, in appointing weeks of prayer, protracted meetings, seasons of special devotions, particular times for the stirring up and exercise of more spiritual earnestness. If they have a right to fix times of this sort, and to be respected in the matter, much more has the Church a right to lay stress upon the very ancient appointment of Lent, and to be respected in her observance of it. For in the one case it is the particularism of self-will, with no solid underlying ideas; and in the latter case it is the voice of the Church for ages, and founded on the profoundest adjustments of the great facts and lessons on which our redemption rests.

We say, then, that Lent ought to be observed and utilized by our clergy and people, not in the way of mere ceremony and form, but by way of a thorough spiritual house-cleaning, and a general righting up of things in relation to the soul and God, which meanwhile have run down and left many a dirty corner here, and many an accumulation of rubbish and unsavoriness there.

Ministers should observe Lent by more earnest addresses to the consciences of their people and themselves. They need to review how they have been fulfilling their office during the year, and bring forward again with new emphasis the great doctrine of repentance, and the bringing forth of fruits meet for repentance, both for themselves and their people. To this the Church by this season calls them; and they neglect themselves and their commission if they pay no heed to it, and make no moves to a freshening up of religious life and earnestness.

Church-members need to observe Lent. Every earnest and conscientious man must acknowledge that he is not yet up to the mark for which he is called. He ought to be up to that mark. And the work of the season for him is to be looking at his short-comings, and to set himself with renewed earnestness to repair these defects. His attention to religious services and duties



ought to be increased, not to be demitted again when Lent is over, not in the way of atonement for past delinquencies, not with the thought of paying off arrearages for the past idleness or indifference, but that he may get firm and real hold of the saving grace of God, and retain that hold with more firmness, and peaceful assurance of his salvation. There is lost ground to be recovered, and there is new ground to be gained and retained. Every one should feel this all the time, but especially in the Lenten time.

One of our exchanges remarks that "the minimum observance of Lent for most persons would be an attendance on all the Sunday services. That ought to be the practice the whole year round; but if any have fallen out of that practice, here is Lent work for them, to form the habit of going to Church at all the regular services on Sunday. If they will do it for six weeks, perhaps they will do it for the rest of the year." It is at least a move in the right direction, and if accompanied with a true heart it will not fail to be blessed.

Some may not find it convenient to be punctual at the Church's services, particularly not those during the week. But Lent is the time above all for doing inconvenient things. We do not urge self-mortifications as meritorious in God's sight, but some are necessary to put us in the way of salvation. And if people are not willing to put themselves to some inconvenience for Christ and their souls' sake during such a season, they are not likely to do it at any other season, and thus they cripple and alienate themselves from the only means of grace.

But there should be much more than attendance upon the public services of the Church. That is only a part of the matter, and a very inferior part, if it goes no further. The neglected Bible needs to be hunted up again, its leaves turned over, and its contents looked at afresh. The closet for meditation, and prayer, self-searching, and renewed consecration to the good Father in heaven, so long unvisited, is to be resorted to again. The soul, the while so absorbed and distracted with its worldly cares and anxieties as to have almost forgotten itself and eternity, is to be recovered to

thoughtfulness, and to a new start for the everlasting kingdom. And if any are still outside of the Church, unmarked by the Christian badge, neglecting their duty, as their baptism, or never found with Christ's confessing people at His sacramental board, here is undone work for the doing of which Lent loudly calls. The pastors are busy in administering special instruction with a view to the bringing forward of souls to the confession of their Lord, and opportunities should be embraced, and every step taken to be Christians in form and in truth.

This may serve to give some idea of the Lent work, and of the use and office of the season upon which we have just entered. God bless it to the eternal good of many souls!—*Dr. Seiss in the Lutheran.*

### Confirmation Hymn.

*From the German of the late Rev. Dr. H. Bibig-haus.*

Feel we not the holiest rapture!  
Gladness beams from ev'ry feature.  
Jesus us receives to-day.  
Gently calls He: "Come poor sinner!  
Be God's child, though a beginner,  
And forsake the sinner's way."

Faithful Saviour! We believing,  
Come to Thee, Thy grace receiving;  
Sacred be the tie begun!  
Never shall the word be broken,  
Which with awe shall here be spoken;  
Thus we vow with heart and tongue.

Yea, should strength our limbs be leaving,  
We'll be found to Thee still cleaving,  
Ever, ever true to Thee.  
Earth and heaven shall be witness,  
We to Thee ourselves, with fitness  
Dedicate on bended knee.

Heal us now, since Thee we're trusting!  
Hence be world and fleshly lusting;  
Hence be ev'ry vanity.  
Jesus must be in us living;  
We in time to Him all giving,  
Also in eternity.

Us from Jesus' love shall sever,  
Neither pomp, nor glory, ever;  
Nor shall pain, nor death, nor grave.  
And our faith to strengthen further,  
We beseech Thee, gracious Giver,  
E'er vouchsafe Thy power to save.

*S. R. F.*



## An Artist's Studio at the top of a Windmill.

BY THE EDITOR.

The greatest artists of Europe come from its two extremes—from Italy and the countries on the northern ocean. Thorwalsden was from Denmark, and his father was a native from Iceland, and Rembrandt, Rubens, and others were from the flat, unpicturesque Netherlands. And what a long list of great artists has sunny Italy produced!

The Rhine has a grand beginning but a very sluggish ending. Through many marshes and winding canals it creeps out of Europe into the ocean. One of these outlets washes the streets of the ancient city of Leyden, noted for its University, and for the great minds it has nurtured. One of its gates rests in the stream. Aside of a narrow street leading to this gate formerly stood one of the lofty wooden windmills, so numerous in the Netherlands. For a pedestal it had a mass of stone masonry which lifted it above the town wall. There Harmen Gerritz carried on the milling business during the first half of the seventeenth century—for nearly fifty years. As his mill was on the bank of the Rhine, he came to be called Gerritz Van Ryn (Gerritz of the Rhine). He and his wife Cornelia were humble but industrious people, whose family would soon have been forgotten, had not their son made it illustrious. On the 15th of June, 1606, he was born, and soon thereafter he was baptized. The child was named Rembrandt. In later years he wrote his name, Rembrandt Harmens Von Ryn Van Leyden.

After attending schools suited to his age, Rembrandt showed signs of talent. His father sent him to the so-called College to study Latin. Meanwhile the boy seized upon every scrap of blank paper within reach and covered it with sketches of himself, his friends, and of objects around him. Especially did he delight to sketch himself in all manner of gay, grave and ludicrous postures. A writer in the *Daheim*, to whom we are indebted for some of the material of this sketch, says: "At this time the youth had a face almost homely.

Small, keen, sparkling eyes, deep set under bushy eye-brows; dark red tidy hair, which hung in bushy natural locks around his head; a large flat nose, high prominent cheek bones, and a copper complexion:" This uncomely face, irradiated by a noble soul, gave Rembrandt material for all manner of artistic studies. No artist has counterfeited himself so often as he. His portrait is known in more than fifty of the most varied forms. Now we have him as a plain farmer with a broad-brimmed hat; then as a gay cavalier with ruffle-shirt and a fancy hat and feather; then as the chief of a robber band with glittering saber; then with uncovered head his hair in picturesque disorder, he stands at hard work before his easel.

In his portraits he depicts almost every imaginable feeling and passion in his face. With every different dress the face receives a corresponding impression, of levity, lust, rage, robbery and sarcasm. But with all these changes, it remains the face of Rembrandt still. Thus this boy genius of Leyden found all the subjects for his active mind and pencil at home. Indeed all his life long he preferred these plain, common subjects, which nature gave him around his hearth, to those of fame and nobler birth. Many of his best portraits are of himself, his father, mother, wife, son, maid-servants, etc.

When his father discovered the bent of Rembrandt's mind, he placed him under the instruction of eminent artists in Leyden and Amsterdam. Ere long he outran them in his studies. At the age of twenty he returned home. In a lofty little room near the top of his father's mill, he fitted up a small studio. Its only window was a small ventilator. Some of his biographers think that from this defective light of his first studio he learned his marvellous unequalled art of coloring and contrasts.

He was from a boy partial to life among the lowly. In the lower walks of society he felt the most at home. In his times of leisure he sought company in circles where the formalities of fashionable etiquette would not embarrass him. His pencil prefers Jews and beggars to the high-toned people of rank.

In a little hovel, aside of Harmen



Gerritz's windmill there lived a shoemaker. And across the way a poor widow, who earned her scanty bread by washing for the soldiers in the garrison. The shoemaker had a little daughter, Trien, five years younger than Rembrandt. The widow had a son, John, of the same age as the painter. He was serving as an apprentice with a cabinet-maker. Both had been playmates of Rembrandt. And now, as they grew older, the gossips would have it that the friendship of the painter and of Trien was fast ripening into love. What did she think about it? Possibly she fancied the surmises of the gossips to be true, and dreamed pleasantly about coming bliss. Rembrandt had no intentions of this sort. Artists are proverbially susceptible of the tender passion. Rembrandt as he grew up retained the same child-like attachment to Trien that he had as a boy. Only this, and nothing more. To him the prettiest young lady furnished an excellent subject for his easel, but for his heart? He says nothing about that.

The quiet life of these three neighbor children lasted through several years. John Stevens, the widow's son, watched Rembrandt's progress in his self-taught art. Making chairs and tables seemed a vulgar business aside of painting. The apprentice lost interest in his craft. His master, seeing this, sent him off. What next? He buckled on his knapsack to seek work elsewhere; not as a *Wanderbursche* (journeyman traveller) for he had not served out his time. Meanwhile an old Jew opened the eyes of the artist. Sharp, cunning Jew as he was, he had befriended Rembrandt from a boy. As a dealer in old clothes and antiquarian wares, he had repeatedly loaned the three playmates some of his odd garments, with which they performed their juvenile dramas in different costumes. As a mark of gratitude the artist would give the Jew some of the many sketches which his busy hand drew. He thought they were of no value to any one—only as keepsakes, perhaps. The Jew knew better, and soon found eager buyers for his presents. Lovers of art paid high prices for his works, and dealers made money on them, before Rembrandt knew anything about their value. At length the

Jew frankly opened his eyes. He urged him to take one of his paintings to a dealer in the Hague. What was his surprise when he gladly paid him one hundred guilders for it.

In 1640, at twenty-four years of age, he removed to Amsterdam. His fame had preceded him. He was soon burdened with more orders than he could fill. His studio was filled with students, each of whom paid him one hundred guilders a year. When he could no longer paint all the pictures ordered, he simply made sketches and left his students to fill them up and finish them. One of the noted sights of Amsterdam to this day is Rembrandt's house, in the Breestrasse. It is a quaint-looking structure, well preserved, and still bears the appearance of the home of a well-to-do burgher. On June 10, 1634, he led his bride into this home. She was the daughter of the *Burgermeister* of Leewarden, the capital of Friesland. After the birth of her first child she died. Thereafter he married the handsome daughter of a Dutch farmer. Surely a man with such a fame, and living in such a style, would no longer refuse to mingle with aristocratic circles. On this subject he was immovable. His inherent aversion to the pomp and empty parade of so-called fashionable life perhaps led him to an extreme in this respect.

He refused to see any callers during his working hours, and gave strict orders to his servants not to disturb him. One day a servant entered with the request of a young lady caller, who insisted on seeing Rembrandt. With perceptible ill-humor he laid aside his pencil, and ordered him to lead her into his studio. The moment his eye caught her face his heart and features relaxed and softened into a most sincere greeting of welcome. It was Trien, the playmate of his boyhood. The face he had so often sketched, painted and caricatured had greatly changed. But although the little girl had grown into a stately lady, there was no mistaking the shoemaker's daughter beneath the mature form of advancing years.

She stood before him abashed and trembling. For he was now so great a man whom all the world praised, and she was still only poor Trien. And



this only helped the more to soften his heart in kindly sympathy towards her. He sat aside of her on the sofa, laughed and chatted in his old familiar style, about the playmates around the old windmill, so that she was soon put at her ease.

Since Rembrandt had left Leyden his former associates had lost sight of him. Now and then he would send money for the support of his old parents. They heard that he had become a great man, had married a great lady, and lived in a large house in Amsterdam. Beyond this, little but vague rumors were known by people outside of the family. How the marriage of Rembrandt affected the dream of Trien's youth—if such she had, we are not told. At all events she behaved like a good sensible girl. Several years before, John Stevens, the widow's son, had returned. He asked for her hand, and they twain were made one flesh. He began business in Leyden. They had a cozy home, enlivened by the chirping of a few children, and had enough to live. But John felt ill at ease with his coarse, common cabinet making. He tried his hand at all manner of carving, sketching and ornamental work. But the people had no taste for these, and demanded only the coarse work in common use. He is dissatisfied with his craft. Trien thinks there lurks a bit of the artist in John, which gives him a distaste for common pursuits. His intercourse with her great friend in his boyhood seems to have unfitted him for the duties of ordinary life. For some time past his earnings have not supported them. Gradually they have run into debt; and now their little home has been sold for them, and they know not where to go nor what to do. They have three children, and no prospect to provide for them. In her trouble her wearied heart had turned to the friend and playmate of her childhood, and resolved to tell him her trouble. They had heard that he had become a great and noted man, perhaps he might help them by word or deed. As Trien told her sad story with the frank and artless simplicity of a child, her eyes now and then dropped, and blushes played over her face.

Rembrandt laughed outright as he exclaimed: "Certainly, Trien. You

have acted wisely. It is but just that since I have helped to bring about this trouble, I should help to cure it. John is not at his right place. Artists such as he must live in large cities, where there are lovers of art with plenty of money. You must at once come to Amsterdam. Then I can find work enough for him. After you have been refreshed and rested, I want you to return home, and bring your husband and children at once to this city. I will pay the expenses."

In a short time the family had found a home near Rembrandt's studio. He soon saw that John Stevens was more than a common mechanic. He was a skilful carver, and found more work in carving borders to his master's paintings than he could attend to. In selling pictures Rembrandt charged extra for these borders, and Trien's family soon had enough and to spare.

At this time Rembrandt had a wealthy Flemish neighbor. He was a purse-proud patron of art, whom the artist could not bear. Having lived in Paris he put on all manner of Parisian airs, turned his name into French, and tried his utmost to pass as a gentleman of high birth and rare culture. To do this he must hang his walls with paintings, and mingle with great artists. Although Rembrandt disliked and shunned him, his neighbor intruded on his precious time, and often at the most unseasonable hours. For a long while he had vainly offered the most extravagant prices for one of the great man's paintings. Those that he selected had been sold; those that he ordered could not be furnished, as the painter had taken orders for years in advance. But chiefly because he would have nothing to do with the man. The neighbor, however, was undaunted. Rembrandt could scarcely endure this unwelcome patron any longer. When he heard his footsteps on the stairway, he could hardly refrain from giving vent to his vexation. More than once he felt like kicking him down the stairs. He could not conceal his desperation. Gruff and snappish words would be unheeded. The patron would not take the hint, paid extravagant prices for the few trifling articles he bought, and seemed proud to have the name of being a patron of the great Rembrandt.



Rembrandt stood sponsor for Trien's fourth child. Soon thereafter the neighbor made a great feast. The painter was one of the unwilling guests. In sullen silence he sat, as his custom was, at one end of the guest-chamber, while the large company were making merry. As the host stood boastfully among a group before a painting, Rembrandt was struck with the effect which the combined light coming through a window and an open door, produced upon him. Quickly, with a few master strokes, he sketched the burly figure and blank inexpressive face of the despised man. Some of the guests watched him with suspense. The proud host was greatly tickled with the compliment.

Rembrandt had the seat of honor at the table, aside of the host. Again he was entreated to furnish him with one of his rare works. He had implored him so long for it, had asked him to fix his own price. This time the painter consented: "I have orders for years in advance," he said, "but to please you I will do it. I have lately decided to paint the portrait of a great friend of art. As I am personally greatly indebted to this man, I had intended the painting for myself. However, as you press me so much, and I feel desirous to show my gratitude for your liberal offer, I will sell it to you. In two weeks I hope to deliver it."

"I take you at your word, Master," exclaimed the host. "Close the bargain. Be a man of your word."

"Certainly," said Rembrandt, with a sarcastic smile. "But, sir, I must inform you that the portrait will cost three thousand guilders."

"I take this whole company to witness," exclaimed the host, joyfully, "that I obligate myself to pay three thousand guilders cash for the portrait."

Not a few of the guests saw from the peculiar twinkling of Rembrandt's eyes that he was playing a trick upon his unbidden patron. As the guests left they were all invited to another feast two weeks later, for the inspection of his newly-bought portrait, which he fondly expected would be of his own great self.

The painter at once went to the home of his friend John Stevens. "John," said he, "you must do me the

favor to lay your tools aside. Put on your best suit of clothes, with your Spanish ruffles and round-crowned hat. I wish to paint your portrait."

The humble carver had often served as a model for his master, and quickly put on his Sunday suit. Meanwhile Rembrandt improvised an easel, and in less than an hour the portrait was sketched on the canvas. In a few days it was handed to John. "Now carve me one of your very best borders for your own portrait," said the Master, chuckling.

The day for the appointed festive meeting arrived. All the invited guests were present. The portrait, hung on a frame, was covered with a cloth. The host could scarcely contain himself for joy at the expected unveiling of his own proud self by the renowned artist. At length as Rembrandt drew the cloth aside a general exclamation of "Ah!" came from all lips. It was a master-piece. All praised it, even the pompous patron felt it his duty to join in the universal admiration. Although not his own portrait, it was a proud day that brought one of Rembrandt's works into his home. "But pray, dear Master," he at length blurted out, "what artist does this portrait represent? He is your friend, and you are much indebted to him, and yet scarcely one of us know him. It seems to me we all ought to know the man so dear to you, as we are so fortunate to be in daily intercourse with you."

"The portrait," replied Rembrandt with a roguish smile, "represents my border-maker, John Stevens. He is a dear friend of my youth. To him I am in a large measure indebted that my paintings are so well received. The friends of art are almost as eager to have his finely carved borders as my paintings for which he carves them. I believe that I owe much to him for the high prices which they bring. Behold, my friends, the masterly border around his own portrait his skillful hand has carved. Should we not be thankful for such co-workers?" The company laughed heartily, and the host put on as good a face as he could. Rembrandt offered to take the portrait off his hands again. "By no means," he exclaimed. "Whoever be the subject, I feel myself



fortunate in having at length such a finished portrait from your master hand."

A few days later Rembrandt visited his little god-child, and presented it with the three thousand guilders received for the portrait of John Stevens.

It cannot be denied that Rembrandt was a man of coarser mould than many of his profession. Instead of bodying forth the beautiful, he seems to prefer coarse subjects. He held that "The imitation of vulgar nature was preferable to the cultivation of ideal beauty." One of his critics says: "The female forms of Rembrandt are prodigies of deformity; his males are the crippled produce of shuffling industry and sedentary toil; yet he was a genius of the first class in whatever relates to form."

In his tastes and habits he never rose above the level of his lowly birth. Instead of seeking recreation in polite society, whose doors were freely opened to him, he spent his leisure at the ale house. With occasional streaks of generosity, he had the reputation of being avaricious. Despite his vast income he died comparatively poor. His paintings are now highly prized. The Catalogues of Art specify six hundred and forty of these, which are variously valued at from \$500 to \$20,000 a piece. The Marquis of Landsdowne owns the celebrated "Rembrandt's Mill," in which he immortalizes his father's wind-mill aside the town wall of Leyden, at whose top he had his first studio.

### Waiting for the Ague.

Once upon an evening bleary,  
While I sat me dreaming dreary,  
In the sunshine thinking o'er  
Things that passed in days of yore;  
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,  
Gently came in something creeping,  
Creeping upward from the floor,  
" 'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,  
"From the regions 'neath the floor;  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember  
It was in that wet September,  
When the earth and every member  
Of creation that it bore,  
Had for weeks and months been soaking  
In the meanest, most provoking  
Foggy rain that, without joking,  
We had ever seen before;

So I knew it must be very  
Cold and damp beneath the floor,—  
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me, nearly napping,  
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,  
And a feeling quite delighted  
With a breeze from 'neath the floor,  
Till I felt me growing colder,  
And the stretching waxing bolder,  
And myself now feeling older,  
Older than I felt before,—  
Feeling that my joints were stiffer  
Than they were in days of yore,—  
Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back the creeping  
Soon gave place to rushing leaping,  
As if countless frozen demons  
Had concluded to explore  
All the cavities—the varmints—  
'Twixt me and my nether garments,  
Through my boots into the floor;  
Then I found myself a-shaking,  
Gently shaking more and more,—  
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the Ague, and it shook me  
Into heavy clothes, and took me  
Shaking to the kitchen, every  
Place where there was warmth in store,  
Shaking till the china rattled,  
Shaking till my molars rattled;  
Shaking, and with all my warming,  
Feeling colder than before;  
Shaking till it had exhausted  
All its powers to shake me more,—  
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,  
When it came with all the horror  
That it had the face to borrow,  
Shaking, shaking as before;  
And from that day in September,—  
Day which I shall long remember,—  
It has made diurnal visits,  
Shaking, shaking, oh! so sore!  
Shaking off my boots, and shaking  
Me to bed, if nothing more,  
Fully this, if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting  
Round my cottage see me sitting  
Moodily within the sunshine  
Just inside my silent door;  
Waiting for the Ague, seeming  
Like a man forever dreaming,  
And the sunlight on me streaming,  
Sheds no shadows on the floor,  
For I am too thin and shallow  
To make shadows on the floor,  
Nary shadow, anymore!

THE fountain of mercy rises in the  
Godhead, flows in the channel of the  
atonement, and is open for the most un-  
worthy; none can change its course, dry  
up its streams, or have a right to impose  
any condition: the poorer the wretch,  
the more welcome here.



## The Sunday-School Department.

PASSING through a certain Sunday-school recently, I noticed a class of smart looking little boys without a teacher. "Boys, where is your teacher to-day?" I asked.

"He is sick, sir," was their reply. "Won't you please teach us?" three or four asked imploringly at once.

"Certainly, but the time is nearly up—only seven minutes left," and with that I took a seat among them. How the eyes of those seven boys sparkled. Quickly they opened their lesson leaves. Among about two dozen questions they promptly answered every one correctly. Those at the other end of the seat bent over towards me, and tried their utmost to catch every word spoken. Not a word did any one speak but what pertained to the lesson, and to me. I praised them for their good conduct and their bright attention to the lesson. As I arose they all said: "Thank you Mr. B. for teaching us."

Fifteen minutes before that I passed a little class of grown young ladies. Whilst their good teacher earnestly taught some of the lessons, several at the opposite end of the seat kept up an incessant talking, regardless of the feelings of the teacher. How rude the young ladies, how polite and pious the little boys. What causes the difference? The boys have parents who do their utmost to teach them good manners and Christian behavior at home. The ladies have such parents, too, and yet how unladylike their conduct! How disheartening to their teacher!

Have you a teacher's meeting in your congregation? If not, ask your pastor or superintendent to start one. If you have one, be sure to attend it. Attend it for your own sake in order that you may become well prepared to interest and instruct your class; for the sake of

others, that your example and influence may constrain them to attend. Sunday School scholars, even when little boys and girls, are bright in some things. Even if they are themselves inattentive, they see at a glance whether the teacher knows anything about the lesson. How often do parents tell the pastor: Our children like their teacher but he does not explain the lessons. I have always found that those classes are the fullest, and the most regularly attended whose teachers come with the lesson well prepared. The needed preparation is not always easily made. All have not the requisite books, or having them can not get all the light out of them they wish. In a good teacher's Bible class, the pastor and the several teachers bring the results of their studies for the benefit of all, the difficulties and discouragements of teachers and of their classes are talked and prayed over, and helps are furnished there found nowhere else. Claus Harms, in his Pastoral Theology tells of an unprepared Catechist who was struck dumb before his class by the unexpected presence of Prof. Müller. If unprepared, like some Sunday School teachers, he needed not the presence of a Professor to strike him dumb.

WHY are teachers Bible Classes often so poorly attended? I know of Sunday Schools with from 30 to 40 teachers, whose Bible Classes do not average an attendance of fifteen teachers. Very often those who are most in need of help do not come to get it. As a consequence the time given to the lesson on Sunday is a burden to them. Instead of filling half an hour with interesting instruction, they hurry over it in ten minutes. What are Sunday Schools worth without correct Bible teaching? The foundation of Christian life and character is the word of God. Without



this a Sunday School is simply a sort of young peoples club, which meets every Sunday for amusement and pleasure. Encourage your Bible class. Attend it. Study your lesson, and pray God to help you.

WHO ever knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother? Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor and weary wife. but the big boy who is a lover of his mother at a middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in a sere-leaved Autumn as he did in the daisied Spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother.

A CRYING baby is usually voted an insufferable nuisance. At least in all public places. Especially is it considered an intrusion in a listening audience. And in Church and Sunday-school scarcely less than in lecture hall or theatre. Really there seems to be no welcome place for the crying baby save in mother's bosom at home. No place but one! We know of one place. It is in a certain large mission school, where "parents and children's meetings" are a regular monthly feature. In one of these not long ago a fretful babe interrupted the speaker by its crying. The worried mother tried in vain to hush it. And yet she did not wish to lose the whole evenings pleasure by leaving. The good Superintendent came at once to her relief. He said that "he wished it to be distinctly understood that the baby wasn't disturbing them one bit. He knew how it was—that many of them were unable to come unless they brought their babies with them, and he had often told them to do so. We don't care, he said, how many you bring, or how much noise they make—we are always glad to see you, babies and all." If all the mothers and children in the neighborhood do not flock to that mission, it will not be because the Superintendent has forgotten the Master's "Suffer them to come."—*Exchange*.

## Why Children do not Attend Church.

The principal fault lies with parents themselves. There is too little home discipline of any sort nowadays. A child who does not want to go to church is permitted to stay at home without any good reason. He "does not want to go," he "does not see the use," he "will not go." And so parents allow their children to do as they please. Not, indeed, in reference to the public school are they permitted to choose for themselves. To that they must go, whether they wish to or not. And so they go on. Parents are not afraid to prejudice their children in regard to the secular studies, but when the attendance at preaching is the question there is no parental authority; or, at least, there is the largest degree of laxity. Now, I assert that parents are responsible for the absence of the children from the pews on Sunday morning. Let a man resolve that his family shall be at church, and they will be there. My father, an active worker in the church, always took his children with him. They never thought of neglecting any one of the church services with which they were connected.

It is not merely authority that is needed at home, but an appeal to the child's conscience. Let a boy express disinclination to attend service; show him that he owes all that he has to his heavenly Father, show him the propriety of keeping up the public recognition of God; show him the divine commands which call us to the house of God. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the boy will see the duty in a clear light, and his conscience will take him to the sanctuary.

ONCE, when a visitor used profane language in the presence of Abraham Lincoln, he rose and said: "I thought Senator C—— had sent me a gentleman. I was mistaken. There is the door, and I wish you good-night." Dr. Nehemiah Adams once said to a guide, as they were going up the White Mountains, putting his hand on his shoulder, and in his own inimitable way: "It is no mark of a gentleman to swear." No oath was ever after heard to escape from his lips.



### A Word of Introduction.

The Brethren LEVAN, TITZEL, and KEIFFER have laid down their pens as commentators on our Sunday-school Lessons. For this I am sorry. We stood well together since good Dr. Beck went nearer to God—each one of us assuming and bearing his quarterly burden readily, and with no hope of reward save from Him who always blesses those that give the little ones to drink. Farewell, my faithful yoke-fellows; and do you never forget me whom you have left behind in bonds.

And to the great and small of the Sunday-school I will heartily say—All hail! My very loneliness under so great a load, the year round, too, drives me close to Christ, the Shepherd of lambs and sheep—first of all; but it prompts me likewise to ask for your friendship, sympathy and prayers. Only then is my labor a pleasure. Let us love one another, therefore, not in word or tongue solely, but in truth and in deed also. Do not stand aloof, nor hide your faces from me, nor view me with a critic's eye, I beg of you. Do but remember what my peculiar task is. Can you name it, I wonder? The *educated and learned* teacher does not need my poor service. They have their outside libraries, their commentaries and dictionaries and encyclopædias, as well as their inside store of mental discipline and general information. I have rather need of their advice and counsel. They are, therefore, indebted to me, and as such I shall hold them towards me.

Nor do I write for the *wholly ignorant and heartless figure-heads* of the Sunday-school classes—if such there be, alas! They will never see my work, or seeing it, will not perceive. But I am asked *to aid the average teacher*. This is much, but this is all that I am to do. I may not, then, encumber the lessons with an array of authorities and names; nor swell words of explanations on matter that needs no explanation; nor quote references in full; nor gather a large heap of spiritual food, which, as a rule, must be served, eaten and digested in one-half hour. I am obliged to take my bearings continually, to reckon my latitude and longitude in every recurring task, to calculate the zone over

which my work lies—in a word, to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water for a class of workers in God's kingdom, who toil under difficulties, who labor under a want of proper tools, or teach without having the means of instructing themselves. How many good and true-hearted Sunday-school teachers enjoy the boon of a library, or Bible-class? Three-fourths of them? No. One-half of them? No. One-tenth of them? If you will try to decide the question for yourselves, then you will know exactly for whom my work is mainly designed. I mean and intend to prepare NOTES. These will be *brief, simple, suggestive*, as far as I am able to make them such. The truth lies hidden in the field of God's holy word—I neither need nor can *create* it. As well expect me to make honey or bread. My task is simply *to serve up in convenient cups and platters*.

In all matter of doubts, I dare say “perhaps.” This is better than to rise above what is written, or to be self-opinionated. Where “mysteries” occur, I will adopt the course of St. Peter and speak of them as “Things hard to be understood,” rather than attempt to go through a needle's eye. Where a variety of meanings is possible, I shall content myself with giving the best approved results. If, in this way, I shall succeed, by laboring and praying, to assist the humble and pious teacher to discharge his duty more satisfactorily to himself and more efficiently towards his wards, I shall be most happy. One of the best recommendations in our Lord's teachings is, that the *common people* heard Him gladly.

Though laboring for years through the humble columns of the *Hausfreund*, to set and attain my ideal of Sunday-school comments, I do not think I have reached the mark. And now, that the pages of the GUARDIAN and the wider columns of the *Messenger* are thrown open to me, besides, I feel all the more like weeping over my weakness. My field is the Sunday-school world—the children world—of the Reformed Churches, as it were. Next to God's ever needed benediction, I invite the counsel and co-operation, the good will, the God-speed, and the earnest prayers of the pastors, teachers and children.

C. Z. WEISER.



# SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

MARCH 2.

LESSON IX.

1879.

*First Sunday in Lent. John vi. 5-14.*

THE SUBJECT—THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE.

5. ¶ When Jesus then lifted up *his* eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?

6. (And this he said to prove him: for he himself knew what he would do.)

7. Philip answered him, Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little.

8. One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him,

9. There is a lad here, which hath five barley-loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?

10. And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. (Now there was much grass in the place.) So

the men sat down in number about five thousand.

11. And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down, and likewise of the fishes, as much as they would.

12. When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

13. Therefore they gathered *them* together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley-loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.

14. Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world.

## QUESTIONS.

What is the subject of our Lesson to-day? Where may we read similar narratives of this miracle? Why did our Lord withdraw with His disciples into the wilderness? Matt. xiv. 1; Mark vi. 31.

Verse 5. What question concerned our Lord and His disciples principally? Whom did He ask? Why Philip? Perhaps he was the commissary for the disciples.

6. Why did He wish to prove Philip more particularly? John i. 45.

7. In what way did Philip think a supply possible? Why does he speak of a particular sum? Perhaps this was the amount at hand.

8. Had Philip consulted with Andrew, do you think, since he now speaks? John i. 40; xii. 22.

9. What was the business of this lad? Did he think this supply sufficient? May he have

thought of Christ working a miracle on this scanty stock?

10. Why did Jesus order a classification of the multitude? How were they placed? How many were they? Does this number include women and children?

11. What did Jesus do then? What did the disciples do?

12. Were they all well supplied? What was to be done with the fragments? Why was such special care to be taken of the fragments?

13. To what may the twelve baskets have had reference? To the Twelve Apostles.

14. Of what Prophet did they at once now think? Deut. xviii. 15.

Did Christ *create* bread and fishes here? Did He *increase* the original supply? Did He prevent it from *growing* less? What Prophet did a similar wonder? 1 Kings xvii. 8-16. Did Jesus repeat this miracle? What does this miracle represent Christ to be?

## CATECHISM.

IX. *Lord's Day.*

OF GOD THE FATHER.

26. What believest thou when thou sayest, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth?"

That the eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, (who of nothing made heaven and earth, with all that is in them, who likewise upholds and governs the same by His eternal counsel and providence), is for the sake of Christ His

Son, my God and my Father, on whom I rely so entirely, that I have no doubt but He will provide me with all things necessary for soul and body; and further, that He will make whatever evils He sends upon me in this valley of tears turn out to my advantage; for He is able to do it, being Almighty God, and willing, being a faithful Father.



COMMENTS.—Let the parallel narratives be read: Matth. xiv. 15–21; Mark vi. 35–44; Luke ix. 12–17. Our Lord withdrew to the desert, or uninhabited, wild region, for two reasons 1. As John the Baptist had been slain, (Matth. xiv. 13,) He would have fallen next, had He not fled. His time to die had not yet come. 2. He and His disciples needed recreation and rest. (Mark vi. 31.). But as the great Feast of the Passover was at hand, which drew many Jews towards Jerusalem, great crowds followed Him in His retreat. Knowing Himself to be the magnet, He was willing to forego the needed retirement, and received them kindly. (Luke ix. 11; John vi. 4.).

VERSE 5. A question naturally arose concerning the bread supply in this remote place apart from Bethsaida. It was likely first mooted by the disciples, according to the first three Evangelists; and subsequently again by our Lord Himself. Philip may have been a commissary for Him and His followers. If so, our Lord's direct address seems quite in place, since He would be most concerned.

6. The question was "to prove" Philip's faith in his Master. He had declared to Nathanael (John i. 45) that Jesus was He of whom Moses and the prophets had written, and had now an opportunity to stand by his affirmation. Moses had given the people bread from heaven in the wilderness, and the prophets did wonders (2 Kings iv. 42–44.). Did Philip believe Jesus to be their equal? Alas! his faith did not abide the test. He showed a slowness in apprehending Christ here, as on another occasion (John xiv. 8.).

7. He thinks only of a natural means of supplying provision. "*Two hundred pennyworth*." This may have been the amount in the common treasury—about twenty-five dollars. It may have been a hasty estimate of the needed fund, to furnish the multitude with but a little.

8. Suffering them to think over it until evening (Matth. xiv. 15), they suggested their dismissal. He replies that there is no occasion for it, since their wants might be supplied. They confess their inability (Luke ix. 12, 13.). Andrew was of Philip's birth-

place, and stood as mediator and counsellor to him, as it were (John i. 40; xii. 22.). Likely the troubled Philip consulted with Andrew.

9. This lad was an humble sutler, who followed the caravan to earn a living. Perhaps, as Andrew had been the oldest disciple, he may have faintly hoped this meagre stock of provision to be sufficient as a ground-work for the Lord to raise a miraculous supply upon. Barley-bread was the food of the poor man. *Fishes* is taken for anything that is eaten with bread—salt, olives, butter, flesh. If the Lord's Supper is prefigured in this feast, we prefer to recognize under this term *fishes* something *slain*. Only by dying did Christ become the head of heaven. (John xii. 24.)

10. "Man's necessity is God's opportunity." Now the Lord sets a table in the wilderness (Ps. lxxviii. 19.). The multitude is placed in rows and groups (Mark vi. 40) as in garden-plots. Thus no one was overlooked or passed by. With order and economy in a family, God will always set a table for His children, in the hardest times even.

11. The Lord confers the benediction, in which lay the miracle-power. The Father and the Son ever work in harmony. As the Master of the feast this was an appropriate and pleasing act. The disciples were the waiters with such aids as they may have appointed.

12. All were abundantly supplied—ten thousand or twenty thousand, at least. The wife, mother, and child were represented in the husband and father. There was a loaf for every one-thousand men. Waste was not to be tolerated. Doubtless, nothing was to be lost, in order to prove that the fragments all gathered and adjusted would constitute precisely the five original loaves and two fishes. He fed the multitude with *five loaves and two fishes*—with no more and no less. The miracle lay in their not growing less, and not in their increase or multiplication. To make more than the five loaves and two fishes, is to change the wonder vastly. See 1 Kings xvii. 8–16.

13. The twelve baskets or wallets may have some reference to the twelve tribes, each of which was represented



in Christ's kingdom, by the Twelve—each of whom again carried his bag

14. Such a Prophet had been foretold (Deuter. xviii. 15.), and now they said He has come.

The Bread of Heaven is plainly taught in this Lesson; or, if we choose, the Lord's Supper.

1. It was a feast of love. 2. It was a universal feast. 3. It was an inexhaustible feast.

Again our Lord repeated His wonder-work (Matth. xv. 32-39); Mark viii. 1-9). In the former miraculous feast we see the abundant provision for the Jews—God's chosen people. In the latter, this full supply for the entire race is shown.

### Turning Point in the Life of Aaron Burr.

Of the eminent men in American history, no one has come to the close of life under a darker cloud of reprobation from God and man than Aaron Burr. He was the son of parents eminent for piety. His father was the venerable president of a Christian college. His mother was the daughter of Rev. President Edwards, a most godly man, and herself also a woman renowned for her rare Christian culture. The family extended far back in a luminous pathway of Christian faith and prayer. What an accumulation of holy forces was concentrated upon Aaron Burr's boyhood and early manhood! They surrounded him in no hard, repellent forms, but in the genial graces and beautiful adornments of educated Christian society. The piety of his father was lighted up by a mirthful humor. No happier men ever lived than the clergy of that age. The best education of the times too was his. Thus directed, so far as home and inheritance and circumstance could do it, thus directed toward heaven he entered on his active manhood.

When approaching his twentieth year, he became interested in the salvation of his soul. The Spirit of God then clearly set before him the great alternative, and pressed his decision on the side of virtue and religion. He retired for some weeks to a rural town in Connecticut, for the sake of settling once for all the question of his religious character. Nobody

knows what was the history of those critical weeks: through what conflicts he passed; how near he may have approached to the God of his fathers; nor what fatal influence turned him back. But he came home resolved, as he said, "never again to trouble himself about his soul's salvation."

To all appearance he kept that resolution to the last. The die was cast, as he meant it should be, "once for all." It is not known that he was ever again seriously disturbed by religious convictions. He entered on what promised to be a brilliant public career without God and without hope. He passed through it a godless man. He ended it, disappointed in his ambitions, and soured against all the world. He died in obscurity, abandoned by old friends for years before, unsaluted by them as they passed him in the street, with the guilt of murder on his soul and the brand of Cain on his brow. So far as man can know, he went speechless into eternity, with a seared conscience and a hardened heart. God suffered him, as he generally does such men, to die as he had lived.

His was a representative history—representative of those who *break the line* of ancestral piety, and force their way to an irreligious life and death, in defiance of God's protective plans for their salvation. It is an appalling question—do not angels pause and "lean on their harps" to catch the answer?—"Who are the Aaron Burrs now living in Christian families?" — *Sunday School Times*.

"DID you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death?"

This question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years. After reflecting a while he replied:

"Not one. I have seen many men become rich as by magic, and win golden opinions; when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury, murder, and suicide are common crimes with those who make haste to be rich, regardless of the means."



MARCH 9.

LESSON X.

1879.

*Second Sunday in Lent. John ix. 1-7.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE OPENING OF THE BLIND MAN'S EYES.

1. And as *Jesus* passed by, he saw a man which was blind from *his* birth.

2. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?

3. *Jesus* answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.

4. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.

5. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.

6. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay,

7. And said unto him, Go wash in the pool of *Siloam*, which is by interpretation, *Sent*.) He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

## QUESTIONS.

Of what miracle does this Lesson teach? Let the teacher relate the history of the cure to the Class.

Verse 1. On what day did *Jesus* meet the blind man? Where did He meet him? Since when had he been blind? Where did the poor usually beg? (*Acts* iii. 2—verse 8). In what respect are we all born blind.

2. What question did His disciples ask *Jesus*? Can parents so sin as to entail its consequences on their children? Did they seem to think that some men's punishments might out-run their sins? (*1 Tim.* v. 24).

3. Does *Jesus* deny the sinful nature of these parents and their sons? What would He not have them believe? How is God's glory manifested through this man's affliction? By Christ's overmastering of the evil and bringing him to Spiritual sight. *Vs.* 35-8.

4. What was Christ's day? What does He compare to the night? What was His work? To work out a plan of redemption.

5. To what does Christ compare Himself? To

the Sun. Are day and night contrasted through *Jesus* and the blind man?

6. What did *Jesus* then do? Why do you suppose He did so?

7. Whither did He send him then? Did he obey? Does his obedience show confidence and faith in *Jesus*? Was some such credence necessary to a cure? How does his obedience compare with *Naaman's*? *2 Kings* v. 10. What does *Siloam* mean? Where was this fountain? Under the walls of Jerusalem. Why was it so named? The pious Jews regarded it as *sent* or given of God for the benefit of the City. Did he return blind? In what brief and striking way does he tell his story? *V.* 11. Did another cure occur to him? Spiritual sight. What may all those diseases from birth typify? Original Sin. What do their cures teach us? Redemption from the power of sin through *Jesus Christ*. Are we related to this blind man in any way? Will we also have our spiritual eye opened by our Lord?

## CATECHISM.

X. *Lord's Day.*

27. What dost thou mean by the providence of God?

The Almighty and everywhere present power of God; whereby, as it were by His hand, He upholds and governs heaven, earth, and all creatures: so that herbs and grass, rain and drought, fruitful and barren years, meat and drink, health and sickness, riches and poverty, yea all things come not by chance, but by His fatherly hand.

28. What advantage is it to us to know that God has created, and by His providence doth still uphold all things?

That we may be patient in adversity; thankful in prosperity; and that in all things which may hereafter befall us, we place our firm trust in our faithful God and Father, that nothing shall separate us from His love; since all creatures are so in His hand, that without His will they cannot so much as move?

1. O very God of very God,  
And very Light of Light,  
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,  
That so it might be bright;

2. Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,  
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;  
Cold is the night, and oh! we long  
That Thou, our Sun, would'st rise.

3. And even now, though dull and grey,  
The east is bright'ning fast,  
And kindling to the perfect day,  
That never shall be past.

4. Oh, guide us till our path is done,  
And we have reached the shore  
Where Thou, our Everlasting Sun,  
Art shining evermore.



COMMENTS. We have in this chapter an account of a man who was born blind, 1-5. Christ opens his eyes, 6, 7. The man is questioned by his neighbors, 8-12. He is brought to the Pharisees, who question him again, 13-17. They question likewise his parents, 18-23. They once more question the man, who, vindicating the conduct and character of Christ, is excommunicated by them, 24-34. Jesus hears of his fate, finds him, and reveals Himself to him as the Christ—thus opening the eye of his spirit, 35-8.

VERSE 1. It was on the Jewish Sabbath (v. 4); likely in the morning. We must think of Jerusalem, of the Temple, and a gate-way, where the poor, miserable and blind sat and begged, (Acts iii. 2); and (v. 8.) This man born blind is a type of ourselves who are all by nature and from birth with the eye of Faith closed. The bestowing of the grace of faith is truly like the opening of the inner eye to the marvellous light of God. To open the eye of the spirit is more than the opening of the natural eye. (John xiv. 12).

2. The connection between sin and punishment the disciples assume as a settled truth. That parents' sins are entailed upon children is also a fact declared by daily experience and the divine record (Ex. xx. 5.) They seem to think that this man's affliction had anticipated his sin, perhaps, according to the saying of the apostle (1 Tim. v. 24).

3. The sinfulness of parents and offspring is not denied by our Lord. They were sinners—father, mother, and son. Merely the direct visitation of a specific sin would He have them to dismiss. None of their sins were the direct cause of his blindness. "It is not a lesson of wrath," He would say, "but much rather an instance in which God may manifest His glorious attribute of mercy." Sin and its consequences are of the devil and man's disobedience. According to the plan of redemption, however, the wrath of demon and man shall be turned to His praise (Ps. lxxvi. 10.) This man was brought to spiritual sight, through his affliction.

— 4. Through the advent and works of Christ, the works of darkness and night were all sooner to be turned to day and

glory. He only speaks here of the works which He is to perform during His stay on earth. This He calls His day. Hence He was diligently employed during His working day, though He knew that His very diligence would only hasten on the night of His death. But six months more remained until His crucifixion—His night. His work was to establish a plan of redemption.

5. He compares Himself to the natural sun, whose province it is to dispense light. Very striking is the contrast between Christ, the Light, and the blind man—a child of night.

6. His preliminary acts are to us mysterious. Doubtless He would create hope and confidence in the poor man's soul thereby. Out of clay and slime God created man in the beginning, and here again He shows a creative hand, as it were. The touch and the salve would tend towards arresting His attention, the exciting of hope and faith, it may be. Some feeble co-operation we must admit as necessary, unless we conceive of the man as mere clay in the potter's hand. These acts were, then, intended to nurse a faith into life and activity.

7. A still further discipline and nursing is afforded Him by the mission on which He was sent, or led by some one. There was a germ of faith on hand, which showed itself active through His obedience.

*Siloam.* This was a fountain under the walls of Jerusalem. Because of its blessing to the city, the waters of which were conveyed to all homes and quarters, the pious Jews regarded it as God's gift. It was also made a type of Christ. The man knew of the sayings of this famous pool and went full of hope thither. How different was his conduct from Naaman. (2 Kings, v. 10-15.) Without any debate, he goes on his errand. But he went still more gladly away. Cæsar once said, "*I went, I saw, I conquered!*" This poor beggar is abreast with Cæsar when he says, "*I went! I washed! I saw!*" (v. 11.)

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God can make you happy in the world, with the world, or without the world; but never expect that any thing, or any one, can make you happy but the Lord.



MARCH 16.

LESSON XI.

1879.

*Third Sunday in Lent. John x. 1-10.*

THE SUBJECT.—CHRIST, THE DOOR.

1. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6. This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

7. Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

8. All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

9. I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

10. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

## QUESTIONS.

What kind of a discourse did Christ speak in this Lesson? Parable. What is a parable or allegory? A figurative form of speech. Why did He speak the parable of the Sheepfold then? To teach that the Pharisees were false teachers, as compared with Himself. What two characters does He compare? The true and false teacher.

Verse 1. Why does our Lord frequently use the terms, *Verily, verily*? What is meant by the sheepfold? Who is the *door* of the Kingdom? Verses 7 and 9. Who are the sheep? Why are believers so called? Why are false teachers called thieves and robbers? How does a thief differ from a robber? They rob God, Christ and the soul. What is it to climb up some other way? To approach God out of Christ.

2. By what door do the sheep enter this fold? Had the Jewish teachers entered by Him? Could they then be true guides?

3. Who is the porter? The Spirit of God. Had the false teachers and shepherds heard His voice? Could they then expect Him to open other hearts to their teaching? Whence ought they to have led them? To Christ.

4. What is meant by *putting forth* the sheep?

The exercise of their shepherd office. How did shepherds move their flocks? By going before. How could these guides of souls have gone before them? By their example.

5. Did the flocks of the East know their master's voice? Did the earnest souls in Zion know and obey their leaders' voices?

6. Whom did Christ mean by false shepherds? Chap. ix. 40-1.

7. Who is the true door?

8. What does He call such as claimed to be more or as much as He is?

9. Is Christ of any service to us, unless we come to God by Him? Out of what are Christians led? Into what? What is meant by pasture? From what is he saved?

10. How does Christ compare His work with every false or hireling shepherd? Life and Death. Who described these shepherds before? Ezek. xxxiv. What does *abundantly* mean here? *Eternally*.

What should be the object of all Christian teaching? To bring men to Christ. How can we best secure success to our efforts? By ourselves knowing Christ. What would Christ call a false teacher? Vers. 1, 8, 10.

## CATECHISM.

## XI. Lord's Day.

## OF GOD THE SON.

29. Why is the Son of God called Jesus, that is, a Saviour?

Because He saveth us, and delivereth us from our sins; and likewise, because we ought not to seek, neither can find salvation in any other.

30. Do such then believe in Jesus the only Saviour, who seek their salvation and happiness of saints, of themselves, or anywhere else?

They do not; for though they boast of Him in words, yet in deeds they deny Jesus, the only deliverer and Saviour: for one of these two things must be true, that either Jesus is not a complete Saviour, or that they, who by a true faith receive this Saviour, must find all things in Him necessary to their salvation.



COMMENTS. Our Lord speaks the parable of the sheep-fold, (vs. 1-6), and proclaims Himself the door of it (vs. 7-10.) He had just received the poor man, to whom He had given sight (chap. ix.) into close communion with Himself, whilst the Pharisees had cast him out. By thus banishing him, they believed him to belong no longer to the society of God's children, yet Jesus had admitted him into right-fellowship with God, through himself, the only right door. The common people were consequently in doubt, not knowing whom to believe and follow,—Christ, whose miracles were so grand, or the Pharisees and Scribes, who sat in Moses' seat. They needed light, therefore. Hence our Lord declares, that inasmuch as they had not acknowledged Him as the only way to God, they could not themselves belong to the true spiritual fold, and much less be the shepherds of the flock, however loud their pretensions. What they might and ought to have been as well as what they really proved to be—both these parts are brought out plainly in the parable by the contrast which He draws between the *true and false* shepherd.

VERSE 1. *Verily, verily.* How often does Christ open a discourse or saying in this way. Twice it recurs in the lesson. He would arrest and fix attention by it. *Sheep-fold*: This is God's kingdom—the Church. Twice He assures us now that He is that *door*, (vs. 7-9.) No one can come to God, unless through Him. (John xiv. 6.) Believers are compared to *sheep*, who, because of their docile and obedient dispositions, are willing to enter by the Gospel-way. Revelation, the Law and the Prophets, the Gospel and its ordinances—these are the walls around about Zion. By nature all men stood without. Through Christ we may enter within the family of God. *Thief, Robber*: the one takes by cunning and stealth; the other, by violence. All attempts to approach God, except through Christ, are pronounced unlawful and wicked. They rob God of His due honors, Christ of His proper glory, and the soul of salvation. Let it be done stealthily," "through nature, up to nature's God, or defiantly, by building a tower—it is all done in a selfish spirit, and so proves itself a kin to the motive

of the thief or robber. A refusing to believe and obey the Prophets and Moses, as did the Pharisees, or refusing to believe and obey the Gospel, is to imagine *some other way* open, over which man can ascend to God. (John 2: 13-18.)

2. As a shepherd of souls is first and foremost of the sheep too, he that has not found the door, as a member of the fold, will surely not prove a knowing shepherd either. As they did not know Him and yet were within the fold—and shepherds also—what were they but "thieves" and "robbers?" It is a question whether the Christian fold may not have just such characters within itself. To play the religious character and perform devotions for selfish ends is bordering on simony and sacrilege—in the Sunday-school, in the Church, in Society.

3. *The porter*: This is a name and office assigned to the Spirit of God, who pervaded the Law, animated all the Prophecies and Psalms, and filled the ancient Church. Had they been true Israelites, and not merely of Israel, they could not but have heard that voice; had their own hearts opened to the truth of the Messiah, and been enabled to instruct and prepare the flock for His advent among them. A true Shepherd of Israel would have led the flock out of themselves, out of earthly expectations and unbelief, by the truth and unction of His work, even as the earthly tenders knew and controlled their sheep, even by name.

4-5. *Putteth forth His own sheep*: By their ministry and example among and before the flock, they might have led them nearer to the kingdom that was about to be established in their midst. But being nominal and selfish shepherds, the earnest souls, such as Simeon and Anna, had long since ceased to heed their command or follow their example. Indeed they fled away, as from the voice of a stranger.

6. As it was a parable or allegory, they did not understand the application. That the Pharisees and spiritual guides were meant by "*them*," however, we may see in verses 40-1, in chapter ix.

7. With emphasis now He proclaims Himself to be the *door*, gate or way to God, for all the lost sheep.



8. *All that ever came before me, etc.* The term *before* must not be taken in its usual sense. It does not here signify a going before in the order of time. The great Prophets and John the Baptist were glorious forerunners of Christ. But all that ever came in His name, claiming His place and prerogatives; all that ever pretended to be the mediator between God and man, before His advent, were "thieves and robbers." The same may be said of all that may follow Him. No other name or Gospel can be proclaimed without robbing both God and man. Nor will earnest souls heed them hereafter, as little as those were honored in former days. Only their like were carried away.

9. Through Him as the *door* can men enter into communion with God and thus be *saved* from the surrounding powers of evil. *In and out* is taken to mean Christian liberty by some. Let us believe it to signify a going *into* Truth and Life, and by consequence, *out* of the region of sin, evil and death. (John viii. 32-36.) *Pasture* signifies Grace—the bread of angels and food of souls.

10. The selfish guides of the old covenant, and Christ the true and good Shepherd are here strikingly contrasted. For the character of the former, read Ezek. xxxiv. 2, etc. For the latter, see verse 11. The former wrought death; Christ is life and salvation. *Abundantly* may mean *eternally*.

*Practical thoughts:* There is a kingdom of God at hand. Christ is the entrance and way to God for men. The object of all Christian teaching is to win souls for God through Christ. The success of all such teaching depends upon our own personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. Faith and godliness challenge God's Spirit upon all our efforts. See Col. iv. 3; 2 Cor. ii. 12; 1 Cor. xvi. 9; Rev. iii. 8; in reference to the opening of the doors of those hearts to whom we are called to minister in the Lord.

### Our One Life.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,  
And sin is here.  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours,  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we,—  
One, only one;—  
How sacred should this one life ever be—  
That narrow span;—  
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,  
No vacant dream,  
No fable of the things that never were,  
But only seem.  
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,  
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,  
No idle tale;  
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,  
On summer gale.  
They are the true realities of earth,  
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below—how brief, and poor and sad!  
One heavy sigh.  
O life above—how long, how fair, how glad,  
An endless joy.  
Oh, to be done with daily dying here;  
Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!

O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth;  
How dull your hue;  
O day of Christ—how bright! O sky and earth;  
Made fair and new!  
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;  
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

—Horatius Bonar

### Thy Way, not Mine.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best,  
Winding or straight, it matters not,  
It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot:  
I would not if I might;  
Choose thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is thine: so let the way  
That leads to it be thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem;  
Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health,  
Choose thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

—Horatius Bonar.



MARCH 23.

LESSON XII.

1879.

*Fourth Sunday in Lent. John xi. 33-44.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

33. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled,

34. And said, Where have ye laid him? They say unto him, Lord, come and see.

35. Jesus wept.

36. Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him!

37. And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?

38. Jesus therefore again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

39. Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been *dead* four days.

40. Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?

41. Then they took away the stone *from the place* where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up *his* eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me:

42. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by, I said *it*, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.

43. And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

44. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.

## QUESTIONS.

Where is *Bethany*? What do you know of it? How many dead did Christ raise, as far as we know? Who were they? What may *these three* cases teach us? The different stages of *spiritual* death. Can you relate the history of this miracle down to the beginning of the lesson?

Verse 33. What do we generally see around a tomb? Is this *weeping* a sign of the truth of the narrative? What troubled Jesus? The sight of sin's final wages.

34. Why did he ask where the tomb was? Being like unto us, He chose to *not* know many things. Who told Him where it was? The sisters likely.

35. For what is this verse remarkable? The shortest in the English New Testament. Why did Jesus weep? Because of the effects of sin in the race, and the sacrifice and time required to redeem us.

36. Was this an expression of sympathy for Jesus?

37. What did they mean by this question? To have the people to question the reality of that cure.

38. Did this malice again stir the soul of

Jesus afresh? How do you conceive of this grave? It was a cavern.

39. Why had others to remove the stone? To be witnesses of his actual burial there? How long had Lazarus been buried? When did they usually bury their dead in the East? John, xix, 42.

40. Did Martha's faith waver? Was it necessary for faith to be at hand, in order to perform a miracle? Did this mild reproof likely nurse her faith?

41-2. Why did Jesus look up? To show that His power came from God. Did they accuse Him of being in league with Satan? For whose sake does He tell us that He so speaks?

43. Does Jesus seem to have applied more spiritual force in raising Lazarus than He exhibited in the other two raisings? How do you account for the difference?

44. Did Jesus find a response to His call? Where do we find Lazarus next? John xii, 1-8.

What is Lazarus a symbol of? Of mankind under the power of death. Is this resurrection then a proof and pledge of the general resurrection? What is the *best* proof of our resurrection? 1 Cor. xv, 12-20.

## CATECHISM.

XII. *Lord's Day.*

31. Why is He called CHRIST, that is, anointed?

Because He is ordained of God the Father, and anointed with the Holy Ghost, to be our chief Prophet and teacher; who has fully revealed to us the secret counsel and will of God concerning our redemption, and to be our only High Priest, who, by the one sacrifice of His body, has redeemed us, and makes continual intercession with the Father for us; and also to be our eternal King, who governs us by His word and Spirit, and who defends and pre-

serves us in the enjoyment of that salvation He has purchased for us.

32. But why art thou called a Christian?

Because I am a member of Christ by faith, and thus am partaker of His anointing, that so I may confess His name, and present myself a living sacrifice of thankfulness to Him; and also, that with a free and good conscience I may fight against sin and Satan in this life, and afterwards reign with Him eternally, over all creatures.



COMMENTS.—Here we are at *Bethany*, a village at the foot of Mt. Olivet, about two miles from Jerusalem, (Mark xi. 1; Luke xix. 29), where the happy family of Lazarus, Mary and Martha lived, and entertained Jesus frequently; where He showed Himself to be truly *man*, by His sweet friendship and tears; where He showed Himself to be truly *God*, by raising His friend out of the tomb; and where He ascended to heaven, (Luke xxiv. 50.)—This was Christ's last and greatest miracle.

We read of *three* dead raised—representing, perhaps, three different stages of *spiritual* death. The *first* had just died—Jairus' daughter (Matth. ix. 18, 19, xxiii. 6; Mark v. 22–24, xxxv. 43; Luke viii. 41, 42, xlix. 56.) This fresh corpse tells of the beginning of sin. The *second* is being carried to the grave—the widow's son (Luke vii. 11–16). This is a type of habitual sin. The *third* (Lazarus) is buried and corrupting. He is a symbol of the hardened sinner. A child, a youth, and a man were raised—but no veteran, or *aged* person. Is there then a stage of death, beyond which there is no resurrection? If so, there is a “dead line” indeed to be shunned.

It is necessary for the teacher to relate the foregoing portion of the chapter—the sickness of Lazarus, the sisters' message to Jesus, our Lord's delay, and discourse to His disciples, His arrival at Bethany four days after his burial, the meeting of Jesus and the sisters, and their distress, His conduct and words at the grave.

VERSE 33. *Weeping*. This is a very natural scene. We see it every day in the grave-yard. It is no fiction, then. *Groaned—troubled*. Doubtless, He was so powerfully affected in His holy nature, because of the effect of sin in the human race. Lazarus was for Him a picture of mankind.

34. *Where, &c.*? Jesus, as man, acted like His brethren, in knowing and not knowing, many things. Martha and Mary answered His question.

35. The shortest verse in the English Testament. Why did He weep. Surely not because of pity or compassion for His friend; nor from sympathy with the sisters. He must have known that all ground for such tears would presently

be removed. He wept because of the effects of sin upon mankind; and because of the yet long reign of death, ere the plan of redemption could effectually neutralize the Fall.

36. These were noble-hearted souls, who yet had no thought of His power. They knew Him here as one in straits who challenged their pity, rather.

37. If these were enemies to Christ, their remark can readily be fathomed. They intended to cast a doubt over the *reality* of the cure of the man born blind. They wished to move the people to a *disbelief* in that miracle. They meant to say: “If He really did that work, why did He not prevent the death of this man—His friend? But since He is too weak for this, He, of course, was not equal to curing that blind man.”

38. It was this exhibition of malice in their hearts that excited afresh His tender soul. *A cave*. The grave of Lazarus is still pointed out to travellers—a wretched cavern, like a cellar, about twenty-five steps deep.

39. The men who removed the flagstone from the mouth of the cave were thus themselves witnesses of the fact, that Lazarus lay therein dead, not simply entranced. Martha, the sister, was not likely to exaggerate the condition of her brother's corpse. *Four days*. They usually buried their dead on the day of their death. John xix. 42.

40. It was always necessary that faith should be at hand in some mind, in order to a miraculous work. This mild reprimand nursed the flickering credence in poor Martha's soul.

41–2. It was in harmony and fellowship with God that Jesus always worked, and not by the power of the Devil, as the wicked Jews had charged against Him. *Because of the people*. That they might see that He and the Father were one.

43. How easily He raised the little daughter of Jairus—as a mother wakens her babe. More effort was already required for the raising of the widow's son. But here is a harder task, if we may so speak. Groans, tears, and a loud cry were necessary to draw a living man out of a mass of corruption.

44. But He was the Prince of Life. Death gave forth its prey. *Bound*. His hands and feet were wrapped



(swathed) not *together* but *separately*. The great work was done. What remained, others could easily perform. No wonder that we read of a banquet when we next meet with this household. John xii. 1-8. Tradition makes Lazarus to have been much younger than his sisters—about thirty years old, at the time of his death—and that he lived thirty years longer. Some say that he became Bishop of Marseilles, he is said to have asked Jesus, after arising out of the grave and region of the dead, whether he must die again. And learning that it must needs be so, he never smiled any more.

Spinoza, a great philosopher, said that if he could believe the resurrection of Lazarus, he would cast aside his whole system and accept the whole of Christianity.

In the death of *Lazarus* we have a picture of mankind under the power of sin and death. *Lazarus* means the *for-saken one*. Jesus, the Saviour, in raising him and placing him at the banqueting table, without any odor of death and the grave, illustrate in a mould, as it were, mankind delivered and raised to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb in heaven. With other moral truths this great transaction may teach us, a *proof* and *pledge* of the general resurrection.

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### Joys of Authorship.

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A fondness of our employment, whatever that employment may be, will carry us successfully through all its drudgery. Michael Angelo's devotion to his work brought pleasure to him in the eight months spent in the marble-country of Carrara, selecting and preparing blocks for his statues.

This love of our work keeps us up in spite of discouragements and difficulties, and when weariness has given us a temporary distaste for it, we soon return to our favorite employment with renewed effort.

Johnson says: "I keep myself digging at my work till I like it; then I work till the glow comes."

"Poetry," says Coleridge, "has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my affliction, it has mul-

tiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

The poet Proctor, writing to a literary friend, remarked: "But what have I to do with politics, or you? Our 'pleasant object and serene employ, are books, books!'"

When Andersen was invited by Thorwaldsen to attend the opera, he replied: "Not to night. I have something in my head that I must write." The pleasure found in his own study exceeded the pleasure of the place of public amusement.

When Dr. Goodell had completed his Armeno-Turkish translation of the Scriptures he wrote: "To me this work has been, next to preaching the gospel, the most delightful employment. The land through which I have passed has not been a wilderness to me,—a land of drought and barrenness,—but it has been a country of fertile vales, and hills of the richest mines, abounding with such beautiful prospects and refreshing shade and cooling fountains that I have often stopped to enjoy the scenery, to listen to the sweet songsters of the grove, 'to drink of the brook in the way,' and thus 'to go on from strength to strength.' My feelings have gone along with those of the sacred writers to such a degree that often when alone in my study I have been reading a page perhaps for the seventh time, I have had to stop in order to wipe away the fast flowing tears, or to offer up such prayers and praises as the subject called forth."

Throughout a long period of Hawthorne's life it is said that "he had no incitement to literary effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit, nothing but the pleasure itself of composition—an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, but which, in the long run, will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart, or the numbness out of his fingers." —*Rev. Robert H. Williams in New York Observer.*

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You must very shortly die and leave all; in a little time it will not matter what you have passed through, but it will matter how you have acted while passing through.



MARCH 30.

LESSON XIII.

1879.

*Fifth Sunday in Lent. John xii. 1-8.*

THE SUBJECT.—MARY ANOINTS JESUS.

1. Then Jesus, six days before the passover, came to Bethany, where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead.

2. There they made him a supper: and Martha served: but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him.

3. Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus; and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.

4. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him.

5. Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?

6. This he said, not that he cared for the poor: but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.

7. Then said Jesus, let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this.

8. For the poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always.

## QUESTIONS,

In what village are we again? What happy family do we once more meet here? Are the surroundings similar to those of the last lesson? Can you tell some of the differences?

Verse 1. How long before the Passover was this feast held? Why was the supper likely made?

2. Where did we leave Lazarus on last Lord's Day? Where do we meet him now? How is Martha engaged? Was that characteristic of her? Luke 10, 42.

3. What did Mary bring? What is spikenard? A vegetable of very pleasant odor. Was it usual to anoint the head only? Yes. How did Mary do? What did she mean by wiping His feet with her hair? Profound humility.

4-5. Who spoke against her act? Which Judas? What does *Iscariot* mean? The bag-bearer. How much is *three hundred pence*? From \$25 to \$50. Was this Bethany family rich, do you think? What did Judas suggest?

6. Why did he say so? Is it likely that he

would have pilfered it? What does John call him?

7. How did Jesus reply? Had she not made this offering out of gratitude and love for her Lord? Why then did Jesus so interpret it? He put a new meaning into it. How soon was He buried after this anointing? Three days. Did Mary perhaps have some dark presentiment of His death? It may be.

8. Was this then the proper time to do this act? Could she at any time have done so to her Lord? Can the poor be helped at all times? Was not Jesus one of the poor? (Math. viii. 20; 2 Cor. viii. 9,) Is that charity for the poor, which is taken from the Lord? Is not Jesus the Mediator between man and man, as well as between God and man? Which pursued the plan most agreeable to Christ—Judas or Mary? Does the odor of her act still fill the house?

What may we learn from this offering of Mary to the Lord? That it results in a benediction. Will He also ennoble and turn it to His glory? As He did for her. What precept do we read? 1 Cor. x. 31.

## CATECHISM.

## XIII. Lord's Day.

33. Why is Christ called the only begotten Son of God, since we are also the children of God?

Because Christ alone is the eternal and natural Son of God; but we are children adopted of God, by grace, for His sake.

34. Wherefore callest thou Him our Lord?

Because He has redeemed us, both soul and body, from all our sins, not with gold or silver, but with His precious blood, and hath delivered us from all the power of the devil, and thus hath made us His own property.

1. I will love Thee,—all my treasure!  
I will love Thee—all my strength!  
I will love Thee—without measure,  
And will love Thee right at length.  
Oh, I will love Thee, Light divine,  
Till I die and find Thee mine!

2. I will praise Thee, Sun of glory!  
For Thy beams have gladness brought.  
I will praise Thee,—will adore Thee,  
For the light I vainly sought:  
Will praise Thee that Thy words so blest  
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.

3. In Thy footsteps now uphold me,  
That I stumble not nor stray;  
When the narrow way is told me,  
Never let me ling'ring stay,  
But come, my weary soul to cheer,  
Shine, eternal Sunbeam, here.

4. Be my heart more warmly glowing,  
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;  
And its love, its ardor showing,  
Let my spirit onward tread;  
Still near to Thee, and nearer still,  
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.



COMMENTS. Here we are in Bethany again, to meet the principal actors in the former lesson—the household so friendly to the Lord. The surrounding circumstances are very different though. Before, it was a funeral ending in a joyful resurrection; now, it is a banquet, which will lead to a dying, and then to a resurrection again. Then Jesus conferred the great boon, here He receives it, as an exhibition of gratitude from the devoted family, as well as an anointing for His burial. He that had but lately robbed the grave of its victory, now prepares to enter it Himself—but only to secure a lasting conquest over it for His followers.

VERSE 1. It may have been about two months after the resurrection of Lazarus that this supper was had. It was on our Sunday, reckoning the day of the passover (Friday) as the last of the six. Otherwise it may have occurred on the evening of the Jewish Sabbath.

Where Lazarus was, etc. Why is this specification appended? To memorize the Lord's glory, and to afford us an explanation for the supper.

2. Think of *Lazarus*—he who a short time back was lying reeking in corruption—even he is at the table! *Martha* is ever the practical house-keeper. (Luke x. 42)

3. Mary, the usually contemplative sister, who sat at the feet of Jesus, (Luke x. 39,) and was the last to become prominent in the narrative of her brother's raising, becomes the principal and central figure now. *Pound of ointment of spikenard*. This is an Indian plant. It puts forth several "spikes," or ears, even with the earth, from which its name. Its taste is bitter, and its odor agreeable. *Very costly* can be read *very pure*, likewise. Its probable value we learn further on. It was bottled likely, and sealed, like the "atty of roses imported from the east." *Anointed the feet*. The head was usually thus honored; hence we are to take this as an extraordinary exhibition of devotion.

*Wiped his feet with her hair*. This was likewise an unusual act of humility, the servant-maid generally wiping with a towel. Pounds were either Roman or Greek—the former being again as much as the latter.

4-5. *Judas Iscariot*. His covetous disposition showed itself here. He was fond of money for its own sake. Poor man! It cloyed him at last (Matth. xxvii. 3-5.) John is careful that he shall not be confounded with any other Judas. He is generally known as *Iscariot*, from *scortia*, the apron or bag. Sometimes his father's name is given, or both. In three lists of the twelve, there is added the fact that he was the betrayer. He is thus condemned to fame—or infamy. *Three hundred pence*. This might be £10 sterling, which runs from \$25.00 to \$30.00. This leads us to estimate the family among the well-to-do. *Poor*. The most miserly are apt to *talk* most of the unfortunate and indigent, whilst they do the least. Had he had his eye open then might he have seen in our Lord the poorest of the poor for our sake, (Matt. viii. 20; 2 Cor. viii. 9.)

6. Here the motive of the objector comes to the surface. *Thief*. It is held that it should read, *and stole what was put therein*. *Bag*. This was a purse, coffer, or satchel. As our Lord and His disciples lived on charity, all the donations were thus treasured. Judas was the steward of the company.

7. Our Lord chides Judas, and took this opportunity to tell them once more, by way of an enigma, as it were, that He was now shortly to die. It was in His eye, embalming or preparation thereto, with spices. Persons of distinction were wrapped in aromatics. Whether Mary did a conscious or unconscious act in this direction, it is certain that Jesus so interpreted it. With her the act had a reflexive meaning; to this our Lord added a prospective one.

8. If the suggestion of Judas had been acted on, let the reader ask himself whether he can think of any person *more worthy* of having it applied to? He thinks if it had been sold for the anointing of some noble character the *proceeds* would have been greater to the poor. But the questions confront us here: 1. Who is that nobler and more worthy one? 2. And who are the poor, if He was not of this class? The rich and the poor being represented by our Lord; the application was very proper in both views. But one opportunity was afforded, too, to anoint Him for



His burial, whist alms-giving never ceases with His followers.

It is evident that the eye of Judas was as blind to the character of the Anointed One, as his heart was shut to the poor, notwithstanding his mouth-charity. Whoever would give to the poor at *Christ's expense*, has still no charity, "though he bestow all his goods to feed them, and though he give his body to be burned; and it profiteth him nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 3). One thing is certain, that whilst Judas goes out in darkness, this touching service of Mary has rendered her immortal. *The odor still fills the house.* If "he that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord," (Prov. xix. 17,) how do we deprive them, by giving directly to the Lord? It was the very spirit of antichrist which prompted the thought of Judas. Our Lord gave it as a special mark of His Messianic character, that the *poor* have the Gospel preached to them. In every stage of the Christian Church the example of Mary is followed, by giving first to the Lord, in order that the poor may be fed. Jesus is not only the mediator between God and man, but likewise between man and his brother. As our prayers are offered to God through Christ, and then answers obtained through Him, even so must our alms be sent on their mission *through Him*. Surely Mary had more of a foreboding presentiment, not only of Christ's death, than any of the disciples, but also of His will and way of doing alms.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. Mary performed an act of pious devotion to our Lord, out of gratitude and love for Him. Her love manifested itself in a sacrificing act. Jesus gave her His benediction, and ennobled her act at the same time, as an anointing to His burial. Hence all that we do for Christ in thought, word and deed, will not only result in our benefit, but to His glory likewise. There is a beautiful motto: ALL FOR JESUS. (1 Cor. x. 31.)

### Honor Thy Mother.

It was a cold, dark night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A

distinguished lecturer was to speak, and, notwithstanding the storm, the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear them.

William Annesly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother:

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they brested the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said:

"I am very proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who, in his helpless infancy, watched over him. —*Christian at Work.*

The papers report that the boy who caught the sport of wild adventures from the Oliver Optics' Sunday School books, has lately returned from a two years cruise, perfectly disgusted with the dreary, friendless, poverty-stricken privations of such adventures, and inexpressibly glad to get home to his kind mother again. He is not likely to try it a second time, for he pronounces Oliver Optics a great humbug.

A LITTLE girl saw an old drunken man lying on a door-step, the perspiration pouring off his face and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and then looked up pitifully to the rest and made this remark: "Oh, don't hurt him! He is somebody's grandpa." Was not that the better way?—*Exchange.*



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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1879

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN entered upon its XXXth volume, on the first of January 1879. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be mainly devoted, as heretofore, to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

In addition to its usual variety of reading matter, THE GUARDIAN will hereafter appropriate at least ten pages of each number to the interests of the Sunday-School cause. It will aim to serve as an efficient helper of Sunday School Teachers, and thus meet a want which has long been felt in the Reformed Church.

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ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

APRIL, 1879

No. 4.

—  
“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”  
—

THE  
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE  
*SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE AND THE SOCIAL, LITERARY,  
AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS*

OF  
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—  
Rev. B. Bausman, D. D., Editor.  
—

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.



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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,

907 Arch Street Philadelphia



# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

APRIL, 1879.

NO. 4.

## Editorial Notes.

SOME of our readers may have seen the cathedral of Antwerp. If so, they will remember the two great paintings of Rubens on its walls. One represents the elevation of the Cross. While lying on the earth, our Saviour is nailed on it. After all the nails have been driven through His body, the unfeeling Roman soldiers raise the cross on which He has been nailed. One end of it slips into a hole in the earth. The form of Christ is that of a living man—but oh! such a sorrow-stricken man! The blood streams from His hands and feet. The body, with all its weight, hangs drooping on the nails; the weight tearing the nail-holes apart. The face and form are alive in all this torture. The eyes are open; the features are not rigid and fixed, but aglow with life. “The countenance has an expression of suffering, yet not of mere physical pain; the agony is more than human. As the eyes are turned upward, there is more than mortal majesty in the look—there is divinity as well as humanity. It is the dying God.”

The other painting represents the Descent from the Cross. The struggle is over, the conflict is past, the battle is won. It is finished. The body of the departed Christ is a corpse. Yet to one of proper insight it looks different from an ordinary dead body. Wherein different you can hardly tell. The sad, wan face, pale and bloodless, has been composed into an expression of unearthly peace. The limbs hang motionless, as the body sinks into the arms of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. Rubens was a favorite of fortune. During the years of his prime he worked hard and enjoyed life. To what extent he had given his heart to the world's Redeemer, we cannot tell. But he has put a

power into these two paintings, which gives you the feeling of an awe-inspiring Presence. For two hundred and fifty years, people of all nations have stood before them with reverence and awe. They hold you spell-bound, and their story haunts you with pious thoughts through life. Two such paintings, in their positive informing and hallowing power, are worth ship-loads of such works as crowd the most of our art galleries. These wonderful forms and postures of our Saviour, living and dead, are the products of the highest art. The longer you look at the Cross, the more you see in the thorn-crowned Sufferer. Hard must be the heart that can remain unmoved before this scene of Calvary on canvas.

“See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown!”

“Shall I crucify your King?” asked Pilate of the Jews, who clamored for the blood of Christ.

“We have no king but Cæsar,” was the answer. Their Cæsar was then Tiberius, an aged, bad, bold man. Conscience-stricken and gloomy, he was vainly seeking relief and healing from the ulcerous disease which his vile habits had entailed upon him, on the sunny isle of Capræ, in the bay of Naples. There he sought to hide his blotched features, “his poisonous suspicions, his sick infamies and his desperate revenge.” Pilate has not the courage to risk the displeasure of the man who gave him his office. “If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend.” Some of Cæsar's spies maybe were in this crowd. Contrary to his better convictions, he delivered Christ unto them, that He might be crucified. Thus cowardly fear and self-interest sacrifice duty and principle.



"His blood be upon us and upon our children," cried the crucifiers of Christ. And upon them the punishment of the immediate guilt of His ignominious death was visited. Before the crucifixion had fully ended, Judas killed himself. The following year, Caiaphas the High Priest, was put out of office. Herod died in exile and infamy. Soon after, Pilate was thrown out of the governorship on the charge of not being "Cæsar's friend;" an offence whose remotest suspicion he tried to avoid by delivering Christ to be crucified. Wearied and worn out by misfortune, he, too, killed himself while exiled from his country, without a friend to shield his memory from merited infamy. A generation later, the house of Annas was destroyed by an infuriated mob, and his son was dragged through the streets of Jerusalem, and scourged and beaten to the place of his murder. Many of those who cried for the blood of Christ or witnessed His crucifixion—and thousands of their children—also shared in and witnessed the long horrors of that siege of Jerusalem, which stands unparalleled in history for its unutterable fearfulness. Renan says: "It seems as though the whole race had appointed a rendezvous for extermination." They had forced the Romans to crucify their Christ, and the Romans in turn crucified them in myriads outside of the walls of Jerusalem, till room was wanting and wood failed for the crosses. Thus the crucifixion of Christ came upon them and their children. Unbelieving minds may see in all this "the mere unmeaning chances of history; but there is in history nothing unmeaning to one who regards it as the voice of God speaking among the destinies of men." Since then, Jerusalem has been a desolation and a ruin, and Judea has been under Gentile rule.

MANY of the scholars studying the Sunday-school Lessons of the GUARDIAN are catechumens passing through a course of preparation for confirmation. They need the counsel and prayers of their teachers. Speak frankly and freely to them on the subject. Some point may be dark to their minds; some weakness may threaten to turn them away from their solemn duty. At such times

Satan uses his wiles to mislead them. Almost every class of catechumens which I have prepared for confirmation has been violently assailed in this way by the evil one. As the minds of the members seemed the most seriously impressed, and the approach of their public profession constrained them to spend much time in meditation and prayer, some mischief-makers and scandal-hunters would strive to hinder them in their pious purpose. Sometimes with bitter and open boldness, at others, in a cowardly, assassin-like style, would this be done. Stand by your catechumens. Encourage them to confide to you their difficulties, and help them in their pious endeavors.

HUNDREDS of the Bible-class scholars in our Sunday-schools are confirmed members of the Church. Their teacher is a sort of a lay pastor to them. Every teacher of such a class ought to try and take every scholar along to the Easter communion. Speak to each one weeks before on the subject. Ask them if they intend to commune; if not, why not? If derelict in duty in the past, rebuke, reprove, exhort in gentleness and love. No teacher can feel easy and clear in partaking of this holy Sacrament, while one of the confirmed scholars of the class is absent.

"A LITTLE garden separated our house, in the days of my early childhood, from our nearest neighbor. A walk reached from door to door, so that the families had easy intercourse without going into the street. A middle-aged woman, of the working-class,—and we were all of that class in that region,—was there as a temporary nurse, and of a summer Sunday afternoon she stepped across into our house, and said:

"Have you got something good to read, Sunday; about folks *that have been hung*, or that kind?"—*N. Y. Observer*.

That must have been fifty or sixty years ago. For the venerable editor of the *Observer*, who wrote this, must be approaching a serene old age. In that day *hanging* literature was less abundant than now. A state at most could furnish but five or ten hangings a year. Now there are single counties which have that many. The old nurse could



get an abundance of her "good" Sunday reading, "or that kind," now, in the daily papers, without borrowing special pamphlets detailing the horrors of crime. Some people must season their meals with mustard, pepper and other sharp material. The sharper the seasoning, the better they relish the dish. The craving for such extras is a symptom of weak and weakening digestive powers. Much like this is the mental craving which many persons have for highly-seasoned reading. Highly-wrought, improbable stories; tales of hair-breadth escapes, of inhuman cruelties, of darkest crimes and direst calamities, "about folks that have been hung, or that kind," are eagerly seized upon. All ordinary, sound reading, even the matchless pages of God's word, are tame and tasteless to such palates. They may not always confine themselves to reading "about folks that have been hung," but to "that kind."

IN less than a year our country has lost its two chief patriarchs in literature. First, Bryant fell asleep at the age of 85, and more recently, Richard Henry Dana, at the age of 91. Both were life-long friends; both the foremost poets of the country; both men of great purity and of an unblemished life. Both were sincere Christians, and died in the triumphs of faith within one year. Of Mr. Dana, it is said: "As a man, he exemplified the religion which he professed. As an author, he was content to say his say when he had anything to say, and then relinquish the ear of the public to others, to whom 'appreciation' was more indispensable than it was to him. He was too unsensational to be popular with an evil and effeminate generation; *but no man, no woman, and no child was ever started wrong by anything he wrote or said.*" What a blessing is the life of a public man of whom this can truly be written!

IN the days of Matthias Claudius, the genial founder of the Wandsbecker Bote, as in our day, there were people who considered themselves too intelligent to believe in a God. This superior, self-exalted learning is a sore affliction. Claudius says: "Philosophers say, 'whether there be a God, and what He

is, philosophy alone can tell us. Without it you can have no accurate thought of God.' Now no one can justly accuse me of being a philosopher. And yet I never walk through the woods without wondering as to who makes the trees grow; and then a voice from afar softly whispers to me something about an UNKNOWN ONE; and I bet that I then think of God with a mingled feeling of joy and reverence."

THE mother of Claudius was a quiet, meek and truly pious woman. When he was nine years of age, she presented him with a Bible, and wrote the following on the fly-leaf of the good book: "Let the word of God be your most precious treasure; for this can make you wise unto salvation. Whatever you may be doing, always consider your latter end, and then you shall do no wrong. If you do this you will be sure to reach the end of your faith,—the salvation of your soul. May God, in mercy, grant you this, Amen." This Bible and the good mother's counsel and prayerful wish were a life-long blessing to Matthias Claudius.

### Sayings of A Modern Philosopher.

BY THE EDITOR.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is a noted American philosopher. For almost half a century he has been one of the leading minds in New England. He lives in a simple style and a plain home. His roomy house in the town of Concord, looks like the abode of a thrifty farmer. Out-houses, wood-piles and shaded grounds give it the appearance of a plain country home. The town is associated with our revolutionary history, and has been made famous as the former home of a group of men of genius, of which Emerson was chief. Whilst admiring and appreciating his mental powers we cannot commend his religious creed. Like many other men of genius, however, it is said that in his old age he shows an increasing faith in the world's Redeemer. He is the son of a Unitarian minister. Indeed for eight generations there had always been a minister in the family of his ancestors, either on the paternal or



maternal side. In his early life he too entered the Unitarian ministry, but soon withdrew from it on account of disagreeing with its views on the Lord's Supper. Since then he has been a public lecturer, and published a number of volumes on different subjects. He is now seventy-five years old, and shows the weakness of age. He spends the evening of his days away from the noise and restless push of the busy world, at his quiet home, where he rests from his career of "plain living and high thinking."

Emerson is a man of vast and thorough knowledge. His style is the perfection of terseness and condensation. His reader must be well-booked to understand and appreciate him. He assumes that he is speaking to persons at home in history, philosophy and poetry. He utters the most truth in the fewest words, of any writer we know of, outside of the Bible. He uses short, simple, Saxon words, and his sentences are boiled down to the shortest possible dimensions. Each is often complete in itself, like separate drops of water; and beautifully complete too when blended together.

With occasional flashes of heresy his works abound with gems of thought. We know of no work that gives such a graphic picture of certain phases of English life as his little book on "English Traits."

The following we have culled and arranged from its pages :

"The English House of Lords was founded by 20,000 thieves. The English nation has a tough, acrid, animal humor which centuries of churching and civilizing have not been able to sweeten.

Alfieri says : The crimes of Italy were the proof of the superiority of the stock. The English uncultured are a brutal nation. Dear to the English heart is a fair stand-up fight.

The French say the English women have two left hands. But in all the ages the English are a handsome race.

The English combine courage and tenderness. When dying of a mortal wound Lord Nelson turned to his favorite subordinate and said : 'Kiss me Hardy,' then fell asleep. Sir John Franklin never turned his back on danger, yet was so tender that he would not brush away a musquito.

The English are a hardy race. They are fond of manly exercise ; they box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from pole to pole. They often eat and drink in the open air, putting a bar of solid sleep between day and day. They walk and ride as fast as they can, their head bent forward as if urged on some pressing affair. The French say, that Englishmen in the streets always walk straight before them like mad dogs. Men and women walk with infatuation. Hunting is the fine art of every Englishman. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever lived. They impose heavy fines on those who meddle with their game. William, the Conqueror, loved the tall deer as if he were their father. An English provost says, that it is safer to shoot a man than a hare.

The Saxons are the hands of mankind. What signifies a pedigree of one hundred links against a cotton-spinner with steam in his mill.

The dogs of the old Britons were so fierce, that if their teeth were once set you must cut their heads off to part them. The owner was like his dog. The English are for fair play and an open field—a rough tug without trick or dodging till both come to pieces. They pound each other to poultice, then shake hands and continue friends for life.

In France, 'fraternity,' 'equality,' and 'indivisible unity' are names for assassination. In England life and personal rights are safe. If a man here had as many enemies as hair on his head, no harm would happen him.

Here a manufacturer sits down to dinner in a suit of clothes which was wool on a sheep's back at sunrise. The English allow no want nor waste. The Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt. He wears a sensible coat buttoned to the chin, of rough but solid, lasting texture; plain substantial hats, shoes and coats, and has diffused the taste for these through Europe.

In trade the Englishman believes that nobody breaks who ought not to break. In war he looks to his means, and believes that 'the gods are on the side of the strongest;' which Bonaparte translates : Providence always favors the heaviest battalions.

The Englishman is peaceably mind-



ing his business, and earning his day's wages. But if you offer to lay hand on his day's wages, on his cow, or on his right in common, he will fight to the judgment.

Steam is almost an Englishman. I do not know but they will send him to Parliament next to make laws. In Britain the value of the houses is equal to the value of the soil. Artificial aids of all kinds are cheaper than the natural resources. No man can afford to walk when the parliamentary train carries him for a penny a mile. Gas-burners are cheaper than daylight in numberless floors in the cities. All the houses in London buy their water.

Their social system is artificial. Their law is a net-work of fiction. Their social classes are made by statute. Purity in Parliament is secured by the purchase of seats. The pauper lives better than the free laborer; the thief better than the pauper.

Their system of education is factitious. The Universities galvanize dead languages into a semblance of life. Their Church is artificial. The manners and customs of society are artificial—made up men with made up manners;—and thus the whole is Birminghamized, and we have a nation whose existence is a work of art, a cold, barren, almost arctic isle, being made the most fruitful, luxurious, and imperial land in the whole earth. Here man is made as a Birmingham button. The rapid doubling of the population dates from Watts' steam engine.

The Englishman shows his brawny strength, even in the ordering of eggs and muffins for breakfast. He speaks with all his body. His elocution is stomachic, as the American's is labial. He is very petulant and precise at inns, and on the roads; loud and pungent in his impatient complaints when his toast and his chop do not suit him. His burly strength is seen in his manners, his respiration and the inarticulate noises he makes in clearing his throat.

Here each man walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates, and in every manner acts in his own fashion, without reference to the bystanders, only careful not to interfere with them. Everybody in this *polished* country only consults his own convenience. The Englishman

walks in a pouring rain, swinging his closed umbrella like a walking-stick; wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands on his head, and no remark is made. Every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable. It is almost an affront to look a man in the face without being introduced. He does not give his hand. He does not let you meet his eye. Introductions are sacraments. He withholds his name. At the hotels he is hardly willing to whisper it to the clerk at the book-office.

The Englishman spares no expense on his house. Without, it is all planted; within, it is wainscoted, carved, curtained, hung with pictures, and filled with good furniture. He is very fond of silver plate. The poorest have some spoon or sauce-pan, the gift of a god-mother, saved out of better times.

England, under favorable conditions of ease and culture, produces the finest women in the world. And as the men are affectionate and true-hearted, the women inspire and refine them. Nothing can be more delicate without being fantastical, nothing more firm and based on nature and sentiment, than the courtship and mutual carriage of the sexes. A song of 1596 says, "The wife of every Englishman is counted blest." He is greatly attached to home, and carries his home habits with him to the ends of the earth. If he visits Mount Etna, he will carry his tea-kettle with him to the top.

The Middle Ages still lurk in the streets of London. They repeated the ceremonies of the eleventh century in the coronation of the present Queen. Their leases run for a hundred and a thousand years. Wordsworth says of the small freeholders of Westmoreland: "Many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land which they tilled had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of the same name and blood." The ship-carpenters in the public yards, my lord's gardener and porter, have been there for more than a hundred years—grandfather, father and son. A favorite phrase of their law is, "A custom whereof the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary." They keep their old customs, costumes and pomp, their wig and mace, sceptre and crown.



The family hour for dinner in London is six. If any company is expected, one or two hours later. The guests are expected to arrive within half-an-hour of the time fixed; and nothing but death or mutilation is permitted to detain them. The company sit one or two hours before the ladies leave the table. The gentlemen remain over their wine an hour longer, and rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room and take coffee. The dress dinner generates a talent of table-talk, which reaches great perfection; the stories are so good, that one is sure they must have been often told before to have got such happy turns.

The ruling passion of Englishmen in these days is a terror of humbug. In the same proportion they value honesty, stoutness, and adherence to your own. They like a man committed to his objects. They hate the French as frivolous; they hate the Irish as aimless; they hate the Germans as professors.

The habit of brag runs through all classes of society. The world would not be wide enough for two English nations. An Englishman has too good an opinion of himself to imitate anybody. Even a deformity in him he considers becoming.

St. George, the patron saint of England, was an impostor.

The Englishman idolizes wealth. His last term of insult is "beggar." The wealth of London determines prices over the world. Some English private fortunes exceed a million of dollars a year. A hundred thousand palaces adorn the island. Nelson said: "The want of fortune is a crime I can never get over." And Sydney Smith said: "Poverty is infamous in England." For centuries the two great disgraces in England have been disloyalty to Church and State and to be born poor.

If the Englishman cannot pay he will not buy, for they have no presumption of better fortunes next year, as our people (Americans) have. Gentlemen do not hesitate to ride in the second-class cars or the second cabin. They eat and drink no more, or not much more, than other men, and labor three times as many hours. They work fast. Everything in England is at a quick pace.

Roger Bacon announced the discovery of steam-power and the constructing

of steamboats and railroads six hundred years before they were introduced. Hargreaves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, died in a work-house. With it one man does the work of ninety-nine. The machinery power of England is equal to 600,000,000 of men. One man now does the work that 250 did fifty years ago.

Out of 573 members of the House of Lords, on ordinary days, only twenty or thirty were present. The absent members were at home on their estates, devoured by *ennui*, or on the Alps, or up the Rhine, or the Hartz Mountains, or in Egypt, or in India.

Johnson says, "Primogeniture makes but one fool in a family."

In London there are 70,000 people, coming and going, who make up what is called high society.

Oxford (University) is a Greek factory, as Wilton Mills weave carpet, and Sheffield grinds steel. They know the use of a tutor as they know the use of a horse; and they draw the greatest amount of benefit out of both. The reading men are kept by hard walking, hard riding, and measured eating and drinking, at the top of their condition, and two days before the examination, do no work but lounge, ride or run, to be fresh on the College doomsday. Seven years' residence is the theoretic period of a Master's degree. In point of fact, it has long been three years' residence and four years more of standing. This three years is about twenty-one months in all.

The expense of a three years and a half college course at Oxford is about \$1,000; at Cambridge \$750 a year is economical, and \$1,500 not extravagant.

In front of Dundee church tower I said: "This was built by another and a better race than now look on it." Good churches are not built by bad men.

The English Church has had plenty of "clerks and bishops who, out of their gowns, would turn their backs on no man." Their architecture still glows with faith in immortality. The religion of England is part of good breeding. It is the church of the gentry, but it is not the church of the poor. Gentlemen lately testified in the House of Commons that in their lives they never saw a poor man, in a ragged coat, inside a



church. Their religion is a quotation ; their church is a doll. The University is directed more on producing an English gentleman than a saint. The Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel preached is "By taste are ye saved."

The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. Praying for the Queen, they ask neither for light nor right, but say bluntly, "Grant her in health and wealth, long to live."

The curates are ill-paid and the prelates are overpaid. A bishop is only a surpliced merchant. The latter receive from \$20,000 to \$50,000 a year.

The English and the Americans cant beyond all other nations. No power in England is more felt, more feared or more obeyed than the *Times* newspaper. What you read in the morning in that journal you shall hear in the evening in all society. What would the *Times* say? is a terror in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Copenhagen and in Nepaul. It speaks out bluff and bold, and sticks to what it says. One would think that it swore on its knees to the *Times* office for its daily breakfast. It is a living index to the colossal British power.

London is the epitome of our times, and the Rome of to-day. Broad-fronted, broad-bottomed Teutons, they stand in solid phalanx, four-square to the points of the compass. England is tender-hearted. Rome was not. Truth in private life, untruth in public, marks these home-loving men. They have in themselves what they value in their horses, mettle and bottom. The only thing the English value is pluck. The cabmen have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it; the *Times* newspaper they say is the pluckiest thing in England. They hate the practical cowards who cannot in affairs answer directly yes or no. They will let you break all the commandments if you do it natively and with spirit. You must be somebody, then you may do this or that at your will."

### Hymn for Confirmation.

My God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always Thine,—  
That I from Thee no more may stray,  
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold I prostrate fall :  
Let every sin be crucified,—  
Let Christ be all in all !

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for Thine own,—  
That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship at Thy throne !

May the dear blood, once shed for me,  
My blest atonement prove,—  
That I from first to last may be  
The purchase of Thy love.

Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given,—  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven.

BRYDGES.

### Easter in a Swabian Parsonage.

*From the German.*

BY THE EDITOR.

On a quiet hill, surrounded by tall forest trees, stands the village parsonage,—by itself, apart from other dwellings. Through the clear glass of the clean windows, you can look out far over, towards the blue mountains, across the fields and forests of Swabia. Before the house the spacious garden slopes down, surrounded with green meadows, fruitful orchards and waving grain-fields. Around all these, the forest throws its protecting embraces. Ten paces to the rear of the parsonage is the church, with a tall, graceful spire. Beyond the church the village spreads out; around every house fruit trees form a green border. Here the children of the parsonage spend their happy youth. Here, undisturbed by the din of the noisy world, they breathe the felt, creative breath of God, amid the green fields and among shady bowers.

Christmas has shed its cheering light into the short, dreary days of midwinter. Down many a hillside, covered with snow and ice, the children have found innocent fun in coasting. Feb-



ruary brought continuous rain or slushy snow, colds and coughs. How welcome is the more balmy breath of March, with its clear, sunny days, despite the high winds which dry the damp earth. How charmingly the flowers of the liver-plant, crocus and the little snow-bells lift their timid heads out of the garden-beds. The woods are fragrant with all manner of pleasant odors. The spurge-olive, with its bright red flowers, the hazel blossoms and the golden bark of willow branches ready to burst with sap, are a joy to behold. All seem to be putting on their beautiful garments for the Easter festival.

Palm Sunday, thou friendly festival! we bid thee welcome! We commemorate our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem. In a neighboring Catholic village the people bring blossoming palm-branches to the church, to have them blessed. These blessed branches kept in a house, they imagine, will protect it against lightning. Protestant congregations do not observe this custom. But in the room of every farm-house a palm-branch with golden, fragrant blossoms, graces a corner. Boys, large and small, along the street, are hammering willow-branches into pipes. Even the boys of the parsonage are busy making these bark instruments. Of course they are; for are they not human boys, too? Indeed, their little sister even offers her services, but is bluntly told: "You can be of no use here; a girl does not understand this kind of work."

The whole village resounds with the varied notes of these willow-pipes—notes high or low, according to the thickness of the branches. People endure the piping confusion with much good humor. "The boys are piping a welcome to Palm Sunday," they say. Christ's triumphal entry and the beginning of Spring are celebrated at one and the same time with pleasing significance.

On the morning of Palm Sunday the people attend public worship in the church. In the afternoon, the village maidens, in their Sunday dresses, stroll hand in hand over the fields. The young men follow at a respectful distance, whiffing their Ulmer pipes. This is the first village-stroll the young people enjoy this spring. In the evening the village becomes unusually quiet.

It is the beginning of Passion Week. Silent week! Holy week! With noiseless care the necessary farm work is done during the first three days of the week. On Maundy Thursday the work ceases. On Good Friday town and country are hushed into a deep and holy quiet. No whip-lash is cracked when the cattle are driven to water in the morning. No boy blows his willow-pipe, none play ball. The smallest children are awed into silence, and are restrained from shouting and from audible weeping by the presence of an undefinable power, and by the earnest, devout demeanor of older people.

This is a quiet week, especially in the parsonage. Unlike other times, the father takes no part at the evening plays of the children. Even on his accustomed walk with them, he seems so thoughtful that they speak scarcely above a whisper, so as not to disturb him. At evening twilight he gathers them around him in his study, for half an hour, to explain, in simple language, the great redemptive fact which the Church commemorates.

On Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, the larger children go with their mother to church. The smaller ones watch, with wonder, through the window, the many people, all dressed in black, coming up from the village to the house of God, carrying their hymn-books, those of the women tidily wrapped in a snow-white handkerchief. After that the children listen with almost breathless silence to the singing of the congregation, and to the voice of their father, which can easily be heard across the short distance between the church and the parsonage.

On Good Friday afternoon, the little ones, under proper care, are permitted to stroll about in the grass-garden, where their tender fingers pluck a tiny flower here and there out of the green sward, which flower they bring to their mother for Easter eggs. In the church, the father holds a special religious service. He does this of his own choice, as the government would not demand it from him. The service attracts quite a crowd of worshippers. People from neighboring villages, and, indeed, a few Catholics are present. Even the aisles are filled with devout people, who stand



during the service. The pastor, at such times, gives a simple explanation of a suitable passage of Scripture, instead of an elaborate sermon. The plain preaching and the solemn Passion hymns always draw a crowd.

The services ended, the large congregation quietly withdraw, while the soft tones of the organ give them a parting greeting. The father returns home, wearied with the services of the last two days. An evening walk in the open air, among the green fields, would greatly refresh him. But, lest he might thereby give offence to his weaker brethren, he contents himself by strolling along the garden, walking with the larger children, who, to-day, have no desire to romp as on other days.

The day closes early. Twilight softly settles on field and forest. At length only the tops of the mountains are seen. Gilded with the last reflection of the setting sun, their summits bathed in evening red, shine down from the nightly heavens like celestial sentinels. The evening bells roll their sweet tones over hill and dale, and all the people lay them down to sleep.

Good Saturday is a solemn day, "for that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on." The villagers are a little more astir, but still keep all their doings under religious restraint. Bake-ovens give forth the pleasant odor of warm cakes in the process of baking. In the kitchen, the kettles are boiling with a mixture of red, blue and yellow colors. In the parsonage the children are busily engaged in helping their mother by binding green leaves around white eggs, which, in the coloring, outline them with pretty shades. But the kitchen is locked to them. Here the mother, with the faithful maid-servant, secretly makes certain preparations, hidden from the outside world. Should any of the curious little ones attempt to peep through the door as she now and then passes back and forward, they will be chided into a better behaviour. It is important that they should not see the finely-colored, beautiful Easter eggs before the time. The boys are naturally somewhat hard to govern. For the father, being busy in preparing two Easter sermons, could not assign them their usual lessons in Latin. The spring

rain confines them to the house, where their irrepressible young life frisks after all manner of mischief, and races about within doors.

"Some one is coming," cries one looking out of the window.

"Has he a box?"

"Yes, a large one."

All rush to the window. The great question is: Has he a box full of Easter sugar-rabbits, which a city uncle sends them every year, and for which the mother thanks him with a box of fresh eggs. The bearer of the box is merrily greeted, and hands it over to the mother. She at once takes it up-stairs to the father. Full of joyful expectations, the children lay them down to sleep on that evening. From beneath the cozy covers of their little beds they whisper back and forward: "To-morrow is Easter." Fainter and fewer grow the whispers as one after the other falls sweetly asleep.

Bright and early the children of the parsonage awake on Easter morning. The father and mother have already left the house. Full well do the little ones know the reason of their absence. In a moment all have bounded out of their cozy nests. Ere long the mother returns. The children are rapidly washed and dressed. Less time than usual is given to breakfast. Scarcely has the meal been ended when the father enters the room, saying, with a smile: "Come to the garden; the rabbit has laid." Rough and tumble they scamper down the few back steps into the garden. What if here and there a smaller one is roughly pushed aside or thrown down; no one running in such a race durst cry. Who will find the first nest? They hasten hither and thither in the exciting search. No one can equal the loving father in artfully hiding Easter eggs.

The little girl finds the first nest, in the front garden, under a box-bush. All around it crocus and little snow-bells are blooming. She has found the first hidden treasure, and therefore it belongs to her. Another nest is under the moss, beneath a group of dark fir trees. A third one is under the raspberry bushes, at the far end of the garden. In each nest lies a colored egg, with the name of one of the children painted on it. Great is the exciting



pleasure as the children shout back and forward, each hunting the egg marked with its name. And when at length each has found its own, every one feels in duty bound to say: "Mine is the prettiest."

Listen! The first bell is already ringing. During the excitement of the nest-finding the father has quietly withdrawn to his study. "Now come in, children," the mother gently orders. Quickly they follow, each bearing its many-colored eggs, Easter-pretzels, sugar-lambs and sugar-horses in its cap or apron. Such a jubilant merry-making cannot be stopped of a sudden. The larger ones, as they trip after the mother, whisper to each other: "This afternoon we will play Klöpfeles." That is, to strike the ends of one egg on that of another; that which remains unbroken wins the broken one.

Now the last bell is ringing. The larger children go with their parents to church. The smaller stay at home with the maid-servant. The poor girl soon has her hands full of trouble. One cries: "Karl bit off the head of his lamb."

Karl coolly replies: "It tastes nice;" and bites the feet off, too.

Easter Monday is a day of joy. In their gayest dresses the unmarried young people of the village go to the neighboring city. The young men lead the way; the young ladies coyly follow. The half-grown folks are strictly ordered home.

The Passion Week ended, the children of the parsonage again become lively. For some days after Easter, the father holds a morning service in the church. Coming home from one of these services, he says to his family: "This afternoon we will go to the woods." The hard work of Passion week has wearied him. Now he can rest from his labors; mingle and freely unbend with his family.

The walk to the woods is begun with much rejoicing. As this is a holiday, even the mother goes along, with her babe in a little basket-carriage. The news spreads over all the village: "Our pastor is taking a walk to the woods." And soon all the children of the place join his party, as he has on former occasions trained them to do. The older

lead the younger ones by the hand, and the little ones they carry on their arms or backs. Many take their Easter eggs along with them in their aprons or pockets. Some quite small ones pluck the pastor's coat to attract his attention. "Sieh, Herr Pfarr, was i schöne Eier von meiner Dota han!" (Look here, dear Pastor, what pretty Easter eggs my sponsor has given me!) Then the pastor admires the eggs, and praises the sponsor of the child who can paint them so prettily.

The merry lambs follow their shepherd across the meadows covered with the grass of early spring. Then he leads them up into the village grove. Here and there the sun touches a clear spot of earth, and sets the anemones and buttercups a-blooming. The laughing, prattling, shouting throng of children scatter in search of flowers. Many questions are asked, some pointed and wise, others unwise. The pastor is in a mood to enjoy it all, and laughs and sports with as merry a heart as any of them.

At length he halts at a clear, grassy spot, where the trunks of fallen trees offer good seats. The tall forest trees shelter them against the wind; the spring sun keeps them comfortably warm. The pastor takes a seat, with his wife at his side, and the baby crowing in its little carriage before them. "Now children, you can play," the good man says. And then they frisk and frolic, as only children can, for the trees seem to have been specially arranged to play hide and seek and other games of childhood.

The grove resounds with their clear, ringing voices. Meanwhile the father and shepherd has fallen into a confidential talk with his good wife. Her loving care lingers fondly over the baby carriage. His clear, dark eyes watch over the jubilant lambs of his flock. Without any seen restraint he checks the first signs of disorder. Full well can he discern the point where innocent mirth threatens to be diverted into mischief.

"Our pastor wishes to tell us a story," some of the little ones report, and quickly all drop their plays, and crowd around him like a flock of lambs around a caressing shepherd. Who can tell a tale so simply and graphically as he,



which all the children can clearly grasp? This time he does not select the sacred story for his theme. This they have often heard during Passion Week; and he knows how the minds as well as the stomachs of children can be injured by giving them too much of a good thing. To-day he directs their attention to the top of a neighboring mountain called the Hohenstauffen. Like a fatherly monarch it overlooks all the country round about, and looks down, over this quiet grove, on them, too. There is so much to say and to sing of the royal house of Hohenstauffen. He pictures to the minds of the children, Konradin, the last heroic offshoot of this house, and helps them to see him in the hazy distance of the past.

They listen with breathless attention. You can see their eyes sparkle, and almost hear their hearts beat. He winds up the story by telling them how Konradin, as his end came on, embraced and blessed a dear friend on the scaffold; then knelt down to lay his head on the block of the executioner, exclaiming, "Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, wilt Thou not that this cup pass from me? If not, then I commend my spirit into Thy hands."

As he closes, all the children are hushed to solemn silence. The girls wipe the flowing tears with their aprons. The boys look up with wonder to the top of the Hohenstauffen, with whose looks they are so familiar, and where such great things have happened.

The unusual hush of the flock is broken by the discordant notes of the little one in the basket-carriage, which meanwhile has opened its eyes. After the mother has gently quieted its noise, the father leads the way homeward, saying as he goes, "Children, let us sing another hymn as we walk homeward." Without waiting for him to select a suitable hymn, the whole flock of Christ's lambs, with their clear voices, make the forest, darkening with evening twilight, ring with their favorite Easter hymn:

O du fröhliche, o du selige, freudenbringende  
Osterzeit!  
(O thou gladsome, O thou blessed, joy-inspiring  
Eastertide!)

## Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

### I. *In the Low Countries.*

He who travels in a strange country, and is ignorant as to its language, soon learns to depend on a very limited vocabulary. Of course he reduces his wants accordingly, but this necessity rarely interferes with his pleasure. He may at times feel lonely, or perhaps, magnify his ignorance until he grows quite ashamed. It was an Englishman, I believe, who returned from Paris out of all patience with himself because he had found even the children there proficient in French. Americans, however, are not so easily discouraged. "Goet het trein naar Antwerpen?" (Does this train go to Antwerp?) It was about all the Dutch we could muster. And yet it answered its immediate purpose admirably well, for we reached the ancient maritime centre of the Netherlands without inconvenience or delay.

But I have said nothing of our passage across the murderous channel. It is an unpleasant subject. The least said is soonest mended. But Conway is right. "Sad experience is the prelude to each charming symphony." Methinks I hear some gentle reader exclaim—"Why not confess at once? You were sea-sick." Well I was rather miserable, but when you put it that way I feel much like the western hunter, who, when shown a diminutive pocket pistol, declared with an oath that he would thrash the man who should ever attempt to shoot him with such an excuse for a weapon. But most tourists agree in testifying to the horrors of the English channel, and he who dares affirm the contrary risks his reputation for veracity.

We left London on the 22d of July, and as our train emerged from the outlying sheds of Ludgate Circus station, and, skirting southeasterly, revealed the suburbs of the great city in the uncertain glare of scattered street lamps, I looked in vain for some familiar landmark. The evening mists enshrouded the dome of St. Paul's. Here and there flaming cupolas disclosed large manufactories, and soon long stretches of open lots extended themselves into well-cultivated fields.



In a crowded car with three or four over-talkative fellow travellers, a young Jew smoking an apparently inexhaustible supply of strong cigarettes, and a canon of the Church of England looking ineffable scorn and protesting because of his wife, with the thermometer some eighty-odd in the shade, and with little or no ventilation,—thus we reached Greenboro. The steamer awaited our arrival, and, after some little confusion in selecting and apportioning berths, the steady swish-swash of the waves about our keel, and the sullen groanings of the engine, informed us that we were fairly out in the channel. The night is dark, and damp, and foggy. In our state-room there are five berths. The air is close and hot and constantly growing more uncomfortable. If I sleep at all it is only by snatches, and to dream about the "Black Hole of Calcutta." Sighing for the morning I try to grow accustomed to the ship's motion, and manage, for a while, tolerably well. And now some one in the berth beneath groans and rolls. When all is quiet again I prop myself on one elbow, and, crouching so as not to strike the ceiling,—only two feet above my pillow—peer out through the bull's eye across the tumbling waters. Oh, that I might rise and pace the deck! In the next room some one is evidently in a very uncertain condition. But I will *not* yield, not, at least, until the morning.

A heavy fog next morning obliged us to drop anchor not far from the coast of Holland. But we are patient and about noon reach Vlissingen. At last we are on the continent of Europe. Albion's sea-girt isles are indeed behind us, but as yet we dare hardly claim to be on the main-land, for here the sea still disputes the territory once wrested from its grasp. Vlissingen has twelve thousand inhabitants, and as a seaport town is of considerable commercial importance. It is the birth-place of the famous Dutch commander, Admiral de Ruyter. A monument to his memory now stands near the quay.

In Holland the trains creep along as though afraid they might jar the dykes and let in the flood. I improved the hours not indeed by conversing with the natives, but by carefully noting the monotonous peculiarities of the landscape. The country is as flat as a mirror, and

intersected by canals without number. These serve as drains, as boundaries and enclosures, and, more especially, for purposes of traffic. Here and there a solitary windmill is defined against a cloudless, burning sky, and, as our train rolls peacefully along through villages of red-tiled houses, the inhabitants stare at us with stolid indifference. There is an air of quiet ease about a Dutch town notwithstanding its unpretentious character. The cleanliness of the Hollanders is proverbial. The scrubbing, washing, and polishing which most houses undergo once every week, externally as well as internally, are occasionally somewhat subversive of comfort. Spiders appear to be regarded with especial aversion, and vermin is fortunately as rare as cobwebs. The national costume is hardly picturesque and seldom becoming. The people are strong and healthy. They have fought with the sea for their lands and their homes, and to them there is independence in the thought.

At Roosendaal we changed cars and here a full-blooded Capuchin monk took passage with us. He was the first we had seen. Robed and corded in brown serge, a huge cowl lying off his shoulder, and his tonsured pate white and shining as wax, he was indeed a novel sight. And as I found myself face to face with this solitary representative of mediæval Romanism I could not but compare the decline of monkery with the gradual extinction of our own American Indians. Such a comparison may seem odd, nay, even far-fetched, and yet have they not both filled their mission? Now retreating before the uplifted banners of a higher civilization their lingering presence only heightens the story of their ancient glory. Relics of the past, they invariably inspire a mournful interest. The average monk of to-day is a sorry spectacle. So too the *noble* red-man is become a thing of the romantic by-gone ages, a fictitious existence immortalized by a Cooper and a Halleck. Wherever I went I found Monasticism in bad repute. No longer a recognized necessity, or even a praiseworthy calling calculated to induce a higher Christianity, its devotees are often regarded with suspicion, always with pity. Even in appearance they generally prove unin-



spiring. Cleanliness may not be next to godliness, but it is certainly painful to find the former wanting where the latter is professed. Nor is there any genuine spirituality in our modern monk's expression of countenance. Suffering may have hardened but it has not purified. Surly discontent or mute despair shines forth from every feature, and you look in vain for that super-human holiness which a child-like trust in the infinite merits of our risen Lord alone begets. But let us not judge too harshly. Rejoicing in the higher evangelical light of the Reformation we need not, on this account, wholly despise the ministerial zeal of him who

“—Will not cease to hold the hope he has  
Of saintdom, and to clamor, moan, and sob,  
Battering the gates of heaven with storms  
of prayer.”

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Antwerp. After crossing the Belgian frontier I soon discovered a very perceptible change in the language of the people. Dutch was giving way to Flemish, which was to us an equally unintelligible jargon. However, I may remark concerning both, that when seen in print they are not nearly as difficult as when spoken. Moreover, French is the language of the higher classes, of the government, of law, and of business and trade. But it is subjected to the most miserable pronunciation imaginable, and as here spoken would make a Parisian howl. Accordingly I found it quite convenient to remain silent, although often tempted to make the most of a recently acquired and limited knowledge of French. In truth, I *longed* for the experiment, but Belgium seemed to afford no favoring opportunities.

Antwerp takes its name from its situation. Aen't werf'—On the wharf. Its population numbers nearly two hundred thousand. Its history carries us back to the seventh, and reaches its greatest glory in the sixteenth century. “At that period,” says Baedeker, “thousands of vessels are said to have lain in the Schelde at one time, while a hundred or more arrived and departed daily. Commerce, which luxury and revolution had banished from other Flemish towns, sought refuge at Antwerp. Under

Charles V. it was perhaps the most prosperous and wealthy city on the continent, surpassing even Venice itself. The great fairs held here attracted merchants from all parts of the civilized world. Upwards of a thousand foreign commercial firms had established themselves at Antwerp, and one of the Fuggers, the merchant princes of Augsburg, died here leaving a fortune of two million ducats. The Flemish manufactures also enjoyed a high reputation about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and were exported from Antwerp to Arabia, Persia and India. But such unparalleled prosperity did not continue. Reverses followed in rapid succession. First, under Spanish dominion, inquisition and war, persecution and massacre did much to bring to the dust the glory of Antwerp. Afterwards the neighboring Dutch crippled its energies and intercepted its commerce, for the treaty of Münster in 1648 made Holland independent of Spain, and herein it was stipulated that no sea-going vessels should be permitted to ascend the Schelde beyond the limits of Dutch territory. Although Napoleon partly succeeded in restoring Antwerp to its rightful commercial position, the revolution of 1830 once more brought it low. “For many years after this calamity the commerce of Antwerp was totally prostrated, but the tide of prosperity has again set in, and the port is now entered annually by 5500 vessels. Since 1849 a number of advanced works have been constructed on modern principles, and the city and harbor are defended by broad and massive ramparts upwards of twelve miles in length.”

The meanness of the channel and the long and hot ride across a shadowless and unvarying country prepared us to enjoy the dead-like quiet of Antwerp. Hitherto I had found in European cities nearly as much of the present as of the past. I refer, of course, to the general impression as related to the standard of life and architecture in this nineteenth century. In Ireland, Scotland, and England I had frequently been reminded of scenes in my own country, with a difference, it is true, and yet not so great as to make such comparison impossible. But now for the first time I felt myself a stranger in a strange land.



We were, indeed, on the Continent. Eyes and ears must now grow accustomed to new sights and sounds.

The population of this Belgian metropolis is chiefly Flemish, and except among the higher classes you hear but little French. The placards and signs displayed in stores, and the various notices of a public character are all in Flemish. Although akin to German it is at the same time very different, and he who thinks to translate upon this basis is often betrayed into the most amusing blunders. Socially I found the people but little disposed to make advances. Indeed, they seemed rather to shun intimacy, and invariably kept you at arm's length.

Antwerp is a perfect hive of Romish priests. Up to this time I had not seen the traditional article. But now there appeared to be one or more constantly crossing the Place Verte in front of our hotel. In England, just as in America, they are not conspicuous because of any peculiarity in dress. Here on the contrary, they all go about the streets in the really becoming cassock, girded about the waist with cord and tassel, and wearing the quaint, broad and pointed hat made familiar through the paintings of the masters, and not unfrequently caricatured out of all just proportion in our modern engravings and prints. They are generally sleek and dapper-looking fellows. Dignified in bearing, with an air of exquisite neatness, they are in striking contrast with the ungainly, and often dirty monks. When they meet they greet one another with marked courtesy. Their politeness is courtly, and calculated to impress the ruder population. As the pope's police they not only realize their own importance, but enjoy, for the most part, the unqualified confidence of their people. In some other equally Roman Catholic sections of the old world the breath of suspicion has sensibly weakened the rule of the priesthood.

The art treasures of the Netherlands culminate in the collections of Antwerp. During the golden era of their production this city was the very centre of artistic activity. The scope of this article forbids my entering into details. If the *Guardian* wills it in my next I shall have something to say of Rubens and his school.

## Easter Morn.

### I.

This is the Easter!  
Day of Rejoicing!  
Day of Renewing!  
See how the Roseate,  
Delicate, Virginal  
Feet of the Morning  
Haste o'er the Mountains  
Joyful to meet her!

### II.

Welcome the Easter!  
Day of Renewing!  
Day of Rejoicing!  
The Snow has Departed,  
The Rain is Assuaged,  
The Winter is Gone!  
Lo, on Earth's Bosom  
The Rainbow of Promise,  
The Rainbow of Spring-time,  
The Rainbow of Flowers!

### III.

This is the Easter!  
Day of Renewing!  
Day of Rejoicing!  
Heart, take new Courage!  
Look no more Backward!  
See, the Sun Rising!  
Hark, the Bird Singing!  
See, the Grass Springing!  
The Brook floweth Free!  
Hand to the Plough, man!  
Cut deep the Furrow,  
Cast thy Seed Strongly!  
Think not of Winter,  
Think not of Darkness,  
Of Death or of Sin!  
To-Day, let thy Future  
Burst from its Cerements,—  
Roll back, the Grave Stone!  
To-Day, Life Immortal,  
Oh, Mortal, Begin!  
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## "Holy Week."

### *Truths and Traditions Concerning It.*

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

The sixth week of Lent is to a great part of Christendom a week taken out of the work-a-day world, and shut apart in tender, sacred gloom. In these days we think of Christ in old Jerusalem waiting for His cross; and their memory asks from us the same solemn and affectionate watch which we give to the dying hours of those we love. Never has the Church failed to do this "in remembrance." Canons and decrees have altered variously the Lenten fast, but the



sorrowful days of the Passion, and the joy of Easter belong to that "unwritten Scripture" which the universal human heart interprets for itself.

The first Christians called this week the "Great Week;" for, says Chrysostom, "in it great things are wrought for us by our Lord." The English Church, however, has always named it "Holy" or "Passion Week;" the Welsh, the "Week of the Cross;" while the Danes and northern Germans gave it the beautiful name of "The still Week," because of its abstraction and holy quiet.

In the first three days the Church aims, as far as possible, to remember the preparatory anguish and its sublime acceptance—

"O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will;  
I will lie still."

On Thursday, called "Maundy Thursday," she bestirs herself to show her faith and love by her works. The term "Maund" is simply old English for *gift*, because on this day the faithful used to bestow in charity all that they had saved from the delicate feeding or clothing of their own bodies during Lent.

In England, the royal gifts for Maundy Thursday, established in 1363 by Edward III., are still faithfully distributed in this wise.

After religious service in Whitehall Chapel, the Lord Almoner, or his deputy, counts the years which the reigning king or queen has lived, and then for every year selects a poor man and a poor woman to whom are given woolen and linen cloth shoes and stockings, bread, meat, salt fish, ale, wine, and a piece of gold. Latterly, in place of the gold a one pound note and a small silver coin for every year of the royal donor's life has been substituted. In the middle ages the king personally distributed the charity, prefacing it by the act of washing the feet of the poor. Elizabeth, who greatly loved that "pride that apes humility," made a very grand spectacle of this custom, but after the reign of James II. the act of humiliation was discontinued, and the act of charity deputed to the Lord-Almoner.

The name of Maundy Thursday is by no means universal; more anciently it was called "The Birthday of the Chalice," in commemoration of the institution

of the Lord's Supper. In the north of England, I frequently, in my own youth, heard it named, "Shere Thursday," "shere," from the old vernacular "skier," pain or suffering; and the Welsh and Manx still designate it "The Thursday of Blasphemy."

The Friday of Holy Week has had many names, but none so beautiful as our English "*Good Friday*." In this definition we recognize the upward and onward sentiment of the race. To the Anglo-Saxon Christian, it could never be altogether "Black" or "Long." His faith and hope saw beyond the darkness the Easter morning; and so he baptized it "Good." Good, though around it in saddened and penitent tones gather both psalm and prophecy; for it is by virtue of its anguish that our souls dare to make their enormous claims.

Good Friday is in England a "close holy day;" no public business is transacted; all places of amusement are closed; and in the small inland towns, the sad stillness would be oppressive if we did not know how soon the "sorrow would be turned to joy."

The Saturday between Good Friday and Easter is called the "Vigil of Easter." It has been in all ages an important day. Tertullian and Gregory of Nazianzus speak of the illuminations which turned its night into day, and of the services continued till long after midnight. This was partly to welcome the first dawn of Easter, and partly because the early Christians looked confidently for the second coming of Christ on Easter Eve. The Vigil of Easter was the favorite time for baptizing converts or young communicants, and some preference in this respect still attaches to it, even in American churches. Perhaps the text, "*buried with Christ in baptism*," may explain the sentiment. To the disciples this day was one of almost hopeless weeping, but the Church of the Resurrection, without a single doubt or fear, can cry aloud with the exultant prophet, "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee." (Zech. ix: 12.)

Easter Sunday is the birthday of Christ's glory, as Christmas is of His humiliation; and around this, the queen of festivals, cluster the most exalted hopes of humanity.



The earliest Christians called the Paschal Sabbath from the Passover to which it corresponds. Later, it received the name of "the Sunday of joy," except in the Eastern Church, where it has always been known as "Bright Sunday."

One of their oldest hymns extant says:

"At Christmas, tapers kindle,  
At Palmtide, palm-gifts bring;  
And then upon 'Bright Sunday,'  
'The Lord is risen,' we sing,"

"The Lord is risen!" "He is risen indeed!" this was the glad greeting Christians universally exchanged in those young centuries which touched the feet of Christ. Unfortunately this beautiful salutation is not retained in our unemotional Western Church, though they of the East still use it.

Yet the Church of England, in spite of her tendency to regard all enthusiasm as heresy, exhausts on this beloved day, the central one of the world's history, the pearl of Sabbaths, all her vast capabilities for holy exultation. Psalms, epistles, gospels, anthems, responses and introits, all are lifted to a key of exalted joy. Christmas is the holy day of the household. Easter is the holy day of the Church.

Many of the social customs formerly associated with Easter, and not inappropriate to the time which gave them birth, are now deservedly disappearing, but the peasant heart of England still cherishes others. Among these the eating of Tansy puddings, and Pach or Pace eggs, are most common. The first commemorates the bitter herbs of the Passover. Long ago the Jews learnt to make a sweet pickle of the tansy, and set it with their paschal lamb. The Pach eggs are quite familiar to all. I have seen them this week in a dozen stores in New York. What lesson they teach to the children of this generation I know not. Our ancestors saw in them a vivid picture of the Resurrection—the entombed chicken, breaking through its shell into life, helped them to understand how the grave was the cradle of a higher existence of man.

Now, to the ransomed of the Lord, Easter Sunday is, above all others, "the day which He hath made." Come, then, let us keep the feast, for Christ our Passover is risen indeed, and hath ascended into heaven for our justification.—*Christian Union.*

## Funeral Hymn of a Child.

*From the German of Johann Andreas Rothe, 1735. "Wenn Kleine Himmel's Erben."*

When little heirs of heaven  
From earth by death are taken,  
Let us bewail them not.  
They only by the Father  
Are made the happier rather,  
And also freed from sin's foul blot.

In baptism were they duly,  
By Christian rite most truly,  
To Jesus consecrate;  
And still God's grace enjoying,  
To them is naught destroying,  
If only He watch o'er their state.

Life's innocence e'er wasting,  
And constant pain here tasting,  
Sore need the soul affects;  
And sin's fierce anguish crying,  
The fear and dread of dying;  
'Gainst these an early death protects.

He, who in years is growing,  
Of many things is knowing,  
Which grieve him still to-day.  
Through hours e'er onward spurring  
But few things are occurring,  
Of which to think with joy he may.

How easy they're affected,  
By us, through sin dejected,  
The children, with strange fire!  
If, from the earth they're taken  
We know they're not forsaken,  
Though from the world they thus retire.

O happy child, most pearly,  
Thou hast not died too early!  
Go hence! To thee 'tis gain.  
Thou now dost only slumber,  
And one art of the number,  
Who e'er in Jesus' fold remain.

S. R. F.

## April Characteristics.

April, at its best, is the tenderest of salads. Its type is the first spear of grass. The senses—sight, hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens, as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one, and makes him both glad and sad! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the camp-fire in the sugar-bush, the



smoke seen afar rising above the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full translucent streams, the waxing and warming sun—how, these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear! April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delights and new surprises at each turn of it. Its name has an indescribable charm for me. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds—like that of the Phœbe-bird, or of the meadow-lark. Its very snows are fertilizing, and are called the poor man's manure.

Then its odors! I am thrilled by its fresh and indescribable odors—the perfume of the bursting sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mould under the leaves, of the fresh furrows. No other month has odors like it. The west wind the other day came fraught with a perfume that was to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It was almost transcendental. I walked across the hill with my nose in the air taking it in. It lasted two days. I imagined it came from the willows of a distant swamp, whose catkins were affording the bees their first pollen—or did it come from much farther—from beyond the horizon, the accumulated breath of innumerable farms and budding forests. The main characteristic of these April odors is their uncloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are often bitter; they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the odors of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

One characteristic April feature, and one that delights me very much, is the perfect emerald of the spring runs while fields are yet brown and sere—strips and patches of the most vivid velvet green on the slopes and in the valleys. How the eye grazes there and is filled and refreshed! I had forgotten what a marked feature this was until I recently rode in an open wagon for three days through a mountainous, pastoral country, remarkable for its fine springs. Those delicious green patches are yet in my eye. The fountains flowed with May. Where no springs occurred, there were hints and

suggestions of springs about the fields and by the road-side in the freshened grass—sometimes overflowing a space in the form of an actual fountain. The water did not quite get to the surface in such places, but sent its influence.—*Scribner.*

### A Missionary's Monument.

The late Dr. John Geddie, being then the minister of Cavendish, in Prince Edward Island, gave himself to missionary work in the South Seas in 1846. He reached Aneityum in the middle of 1848. For some years he and his family endured many trials and hardships on that heathen island.

In 1852 he formed his first church in the New Hebrides. A few years later, through his efforts and those of his fellow-laborer, Mr. Inglis, the whole of the population, numbering 3,500, was professedly Christian. In 1863, by their united efforts, the Aneityumese were supplied with the complete New Testament. Dr. Geddie continued to labor on Aneityum, making frequent visits to the other islands, until June 1872, when he had a stroke of paralysis. He retired to Geelong, near Melbourne, where he died on the 14th of December, 1872.

Quite recently a marble tablet to his memory was placed in the wall of the chapel where he had so often preached in Aneityum, and on it are these words, worthy of being printed in letters of gold:—

“WHEN HE CAME HERE,  
THERE WERE NO CHRISTIANS:  
WHEN HE WENT AWAY,  
THERE WERE NO HEATHEN.”

I REMEMBER a busy man who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a very perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

“How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?” I asked him one day.

“Oh!” said he, “I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I *save all the bits* that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of a year.”

His example is worthy of imitation.



# The Sunday-School Department.

## An Easter Talk to Children.

BY B. T. BONSALE.

I feel pretty sure, children, that you know to-day is Easter Sunday, without my telling you so. But just what Easter means, and why it is we celebrate this day, some of you probably do not know.

Have you ever studied geography? If so, you know where the country called England is. Over fourteen hundred years ago, three shiploads of armed men landed in the country since called England, and there they continued to live. They were commanded by two captains, one of whom was named Hengist, and the other Horsa. These men were called Saxons, and they spoke a different language from that spoken by the English now. For instance, where we would ask a person to *raise* anything, they would say "*eoster it*;" and from this word "*eoster*," to *raise*, came our word Easter. So then you see, when we call to-day *Easter day*, we must mean that on the day this anniversary celebrates *something* that was *raised*. What was it? Christ's body was *raised* from the dead.

When Christ was taken down from the cross, His body was laid in a new tomb, and a great stone was placed against the mouth of the tomb; and the stone was sealed with the king's seal, so that nobody could or would even dare to try to get in and take His dead body away. Strong, wicked-looking Roman soldiers marched in front of the tomb with drawn swords in their hands, so as to keep everybody else away. The body of Jesus was probably placed in this tomb Friday afternoon or evening; and it remained there all through Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night.

But very early Sunday morning there was an earthquake, and an angel came down from heaven and rolled away the great stone from the door of the tomb,

and Jesus, who had been lying there dead, but had returned to life again, came forth. If Jesus had not risen from the dead, and left the tomb, no doubt the wicked rulers of the Jews, by whose authority the great stone was placed before the mouth of the tomb, would have, at the end of the three days, opened it, and allowed everybody who wished to, to go in and see that His dead body was still lying there. But God did not give them a chance to do that.

We have sure proof in the Bible that Jesus, though He was dead, really came to life again, and that He is now alive in heaven, a loving Saviour. But if any children, or older people either, doubt it, I will tell you of a way in which you can prove it: Go by yourself to some quiet place where nobody else sees you, and then pray earnestly that if Jesus really is alive in heaven, He will forgive all your sins, give you a new heart, and make you to have a blessed hope in Him as your risen Saviour; and I feel sure that if you ask Him aright, He will do it.

Have you ever thought how important it was that Christ's dead body should come to life again? Even though Jesus did love us enough to die on the cross for us, yet His dying would have done no more good than it would for any other man to have died, if He had not risen from the dead. Yes, children, *both* Christ's death and resurrection (that is, His rising from the dead) were necessary to save you and me from losing our souls. Suppose you were to take a round ball and cut it in two pieces, right through the middle, would either half by itself make a round ball? So we might say that Christ's death and resurrection are the two halves of Christ's perfect work of salvation, and *both* of them were needed to make the circle of His work complete. In fact, though Christ died for us, yet so important was His resurrection that the Bible says, "If



Christ *be not* risen, then is our hope in vain." If we are Christians, we rejoice not only in a crucified but also in a risen Saviour.

We are to-day celebrating a glad day for the Christian church,—the day which tells us of Christ's coming forth from the dead; when by His rising He, as it were, "wrote over the grave for the whole company of Christians in all ages, 'Because I live ye shall live also.'"

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay," said the angels to those dear women who were early in the morning at the empty sepulchre. We cannot, indeed, do just as the angels invited them, and really look into the empty sepulchre; for many long years ago the tomb in which Christ was laid ceased to be. But though we cannot with our feet really walk into the tomb as did those loving women as the angels led them by the hand, yet in our thoughts we may to-day enter that empty tomb, and look upon the place where Jesus had lain. Let us try to do it.

It used to be the custom in Germany and some other countries to build great bonfires in front of the houses, on Easter morning, so as to show how glad people were that Christ really rose from the dead. So it seems to me that though we do not build bonfires in the streets to-day, our hearts ought to have kindled within them a fire of thankfulness as we remember Christ's resurrection. It was also a custom in some countries to go from house to house, on Easter morning, and knock at the door, and when some one came to the door, the one who knocked would say these words (which you can find in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke), "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." The one who came to the door would answer, "May it make our hearts glad as we think of it!" Let *our* hearts be glad to-day as *we* think of it.

Have you ever wondered why it is we have eggs on Easter? Why don't we use apples, or doughnuts, or oranges, instead of eggs? Well, I will tell you. Perhaps I can do this best by telling you about something we used to do on Easter when I was a boy. We used to knock the ends of the eggs we had against the ends of the eggs belonging to other boys, and when one was broken it

belonged to the one whose stronger egg had broken it. This sport we called "bucking eggs." Now it would sometimes happen that some boys would cheat. They would buy an egg made out of a kind of china (solid), which had just such a size, shape, and look as a real egg, and without letting the other boys know about it, would go around "bucking eggs," and, as a matter of course, their egg would break all the real eggs. But, after all, it was not a real egg, but only a make-believe; still, it looked so much like one that if it was placed alongside of a real egg one could hardly tell the difference. But suppose we should take a real egg and one of these make-believes, and place them under the warm breast of a mother hen sitting on her nest. Does any change take place in the china make-believe egg? No. But in from two to three weeks after placing them in the nest, if you put your ear down to the other egg, you would hear a little pecking noise, and shortly after there would walk out of the broken shell a little chicken, looking as nice and neat as though it had just come out of a new band-box.

A little girl found a nest in the garden with four speckled eggs in it. One day, some time afterward, she and her older brother went to the nest again; but, instead of the beautiful eggs, she found nothing but the empty, broken shells. "Oh!" she cried, "the beautiful eggs are all broken and spoiled." "No, indeed," said her brother, "not spoiled, for the best and most beautiful part—the bird itself—has taken wings and flown away." Just so, on that first Easter morning, Jesus came to life and walked out of the tomb, and left it, as it were, an empty shell. Just so, too, when the Christian dies, the body is left in the grave, an empty shell, but the soul takes wings and flies away to be with God. Thus you see that though an egg seems to be as dead as a stone, yet it really has life in it; and also it is like Christ's dead body, which was raised to life again. This is the reason we use eggs on Easter. (In olden times they used to color the eggs red, so as to show the kind of death by which Christ died,—a *bloody* death.) Let us ever remember what the Easter egg means.

The Jews, you remember, had Jesus



put to death, so it was once the custom in France to throw stones at all Jews on Easter day; and in England boys would go about the streets calling out, "Christ is risen, Christ is risen; all the Jews must go to prison." But the fact is, if it had not been for Christ's *resurrection*, not only Jews, but all the rest of us, too, would have had to go to that everlasting prison where Satan is the cruel jailer.

Remember what the egg means. Yes, these bodies of ours, though dead and laid in the grave, will come to life again. The Jews used to have a habit, when carrying a dead person to the grave, of stopping a moment by the roadside and cropping a handful of grass, saying, as they did so, "As this cropped grass will grow again, so will this dead one come to life." The New Testament teaches us the same lesson, by telling about a grain of corn dropped into the ground. Did you ever plant a seed, and then watch and wait week after week until it came up? I once heard of a little boy named George, who, early in the spring, went away from home on a visit, but just before he left home his father took him out into the bare-looking garden, and had him there drop a great many dead-looking little black seeds into the ground. He was away from home several weeks, and when he came back he went out in the gardens, and what do you think he saw? Why, something that made him feel so happy that he ran into the house to tell his papa.

In the garden where he had dropped the seed (just as his papa had told him to), there were growing a great many little flowering plants; and they were so arranged that they formed letters, and so spelled the name George. So, when these bodies of ours are buried away in the ground, there will—in God's own time—come forth, not our names only, but our very selves. George will still be George, and Mary will be Mary, and so with all.

It is said that long-kept seeds retain powers of growth. So will it be with our dead, buried bodies. Whenever we call a graveyard a cemetery, we ought to think of this, for the word "cemetery" comes from two Greek words which mean "a sleeping-place," and persons who only sleep awake again, you know.

The Germans sometimes call their graveyards by a name which means "God's acre." They mean by this that the grave-yard is just like a field, where a sower named Death sows our dead bodies as a farmer sows seed. Just as seed, when planted, springs up again and the grain is gathered at harvest-time, so Jesus says of these grave-yards that the day is coming when all who are in the grave shall come forth.

Easter Sunday should always make us think of Jesus' coming forth from the dead, and also of our own resurrection.

One day two little girls were out in the grave-yard watching the leaves fall from the trees—for it was autumn—and they were wondering whether or not the trees felt sorry when their leaves dropped off. Some of the leaves fell on the grave of their little friend Amy, who had died a short time before. Katie noticed it, and said, "Look at them on the grass just where they *planted* Amy!" "Planted her?" asked Annie; "will she come up next year?" Katie answered: "No, not so soon as that, perhaps; but some day God will call to her dead body to come up, and then she will. Papa knows everything, and he told me that the Bible says she will." And it does say so, and it is true of each of us. Let us then be careful so to live that we will come forth to the resurrection of a blessed heavenly life.

People used to have a notion that on the first Easter morning, not only did the disciples feel happy when they heard that Jesus had come to life again, but that all nature rejoiced also, and that the sun was so glad that he couldn't wait to come up slowly in the sky, as he usually does. The old story says that no sooner had Jesus risen from the dead than the great shining sun came up right over the heads of the people with three great springs or jumps.

As a matter of course, that was not the case; but it is a pretty legend, showing us how our hearts ought to leap with joy when on Easter day we remember that, though Christ was once crucified and dead, He is now a risen and ever-living Saviour.—*S. S. Times*.

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THE way to be righted yourself, is to be careful not to wrong others.



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## SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

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APRIL 6.

LESSON XIV.

1879.

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*Palm Sunday. John xii. 12-19.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

12. ¶ On the next day, much people that were come to the feast, when thy heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem,

13. Took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord.

14. And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written,

15. Fear not, daughter of Sion: behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.

16. These things understood not his disciples at the first: but when Jesus was glorified, then

remembered they that these things were written of him, and *that* they had done these things unto him.

17. The people therefore that was with him when he called Lazarus out of his grave, and raised him from the dead, bare record.

18. For this cause the people also met him, for that they heard that he had done this miracle.

19. The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after him.

### QUESTIONS.

Why is this Lord's Day called *Palm-Sunday*?

Verse 12. On what day of the week was this gathering? Our Monday. What Feast was near at hand? The Passover. What, besides, drew the people?

13. From what village had Jesus come? Verse 1. What does *Bethany* mean? The House of dates. Is this the fruit of the Palm-tree? Did these trees abound along the route, then? Did these branches not obstruct the road? They were broad—like a hand—fan—or shield. What were they a symbol of? Rev. vii. 9-10. What does *Hosanna* mean? Ps. cxviii. 25; 2 Sam. xiv. 4; 2 Kings vi. 26. What does *in the name of the Lord* imply? By His word and power. What signifies—*King of Israel*? Messiah.

14. How did He find the animal? Matt. xxi.

7; Mark xi. 1-6. What was the ass a symbol of? Peace; the horse of war.

15. Who foretold this scene? Zechariah. How long before? Five hundred years.

16. Did these actors know the application of the signs then? How did they learn it later? By the Holy Ghost.

17. Who besides the disciples joined in the procession and shout?

18. Did the raising of Lazarus increase His fame?

19. How did the Pharisees feel? Why? What does *the world* mean here? Everybody. Was this a confession, on their part, of Christ's victory?

How can we celebrate Palm-Sunday? By having Jesus as our Lord and King.

### CATECHISM.

#### XIV. Lord's Day.

35. What is the meaning of these words, "He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary?"

That God's eternal Son, who is, and continueth true and eternal God, took upon Him the very nature of man, of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, that He might also be the true

seed of David, like unto His brethren in all things, sin excepted.

36. What profit dost thou receive by Christ's holy conception and nativity?

That He is our mediator, and with His innocence and perfect holiness covers, in the sight of God, my sins, wherein I was conceived and brought forth.

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1. Father! our hearts we lift  
Up to Thy gracious throne,  
And thank Thee for the precious gift  
Of Thine incarnate Son.

2. Jesus, the holy Child,  
Doth, by His birth declare,  
That God and man are reconciled,  
And one in Him we are.

3. A peace on earth He brings,  
Which never more shall end;  
The Lord of host, the King of kings,  
Declares Himself our Friend.

4. Oh! may we all receive  
The new-born Prince of peace;  
And meekly in His spirit live,  
And in His love increase.



COMMENTS.—The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews (chap. iii. 2) speaks of Jesus enduring “contradiction against himself.” We wish to make one prominent observation here. An angel told the mother of Jesus that her divine Son would be of *kingly* blood, a descendant of Israel, and that He would sit on the throne of Israel (Luke i. 32–33). The “wise men of the East” inquired for the “king of the Jews,” while He lay a babe in Bethlehem (Matth. ii. 2), in accordance with the prophecy uttered by Balaam 1500 years before (Numb. xxiv. 17). The Baptist preluded His advent by proclaiming the “kingdom of God at the door” (Matth. iii. 2). Jesus announced His public life in the keynote of the “kingdom of heaven”—the “kingdom of God” (Matth. iv. 17; Mark i. 15; Luke iv. 43). Of this *kingdom* He was to be author and founder; it was to be imperishable (Matth. xvi. 18, 19); and universal (Matth. xxviii. 19; Mark xvi. 15).

But when His followers, elated with great expectations, would make Him king, He blasted their hopes by retiring into solitude (John vi. 15). The prayer of the mother of James and John for an official station, He pronounced a silly one (Matth. xx. 20–22; Mark x. 35–38).

The explanation to this apparent contradiction between His claim and conduct He gives us in His answer before Pilate, in which He declares His kingdom to be not of this world (John xviii. 33–38). It is to be a moral kingdom—a kingdom of truth, virtue and grace. His disciples were forbidden to hope for external pomp (Luke xvii. 20, 21), or exaltation (Matth. xx. 25–28; Mark x. 42–45; Luke xxii. 25–27). To establish this kingdom in the bosom of society, He invariably said would require His blood and life (John x. 11–16; Luke xxii. 20; Matth. xxi. 33–44; xxvi. 28).

The only two sayings which seem to imply that He thought of employing the secular arm are—Matth. x. 34–36, and Luke xxii. 36. But the former utterance tells more loudly of the opposition and rage which the *principles* of His empire would excite in an opposing world than of the employment of violent means; whilst the latter is but a figurative way of informing His adherents of their own

danger, else He could not have added that “*two swords*” would answer for the emergency (v. 38).

But one remarkable public act of Jesus does seem to indicate that He intended to use the secular arm, and failed—His triumphal entry into the capital of the nation. It wears the look of an unsuccessful attempt at revolution.

But who will deny, that He entered on this last journey to the infatuated city with the conviction that He was to be executed there and then? (Matth. xx. 17–19; Mark x. 32–34; Luke xviii. 31–34; John xi. 7–16). Whatever the masses may have thought, He foretold it to be the way of the cross and death to Himself, before He left Galilee. Nor was Pilate, the usually vigilant Roman governor, alarmed. The Roman guards were not multiplied in the places either. To the authorities the demonstration, however noisy, was but a common occurrence. It was a custom for Jewish pilgrims, on their way to the Temple, on festival occasions, to travel in companies, and to cheer their journey with animated songs. As the Passover was at hand, what more natural than that the increasing multitudes, when learning that Jesus, who had raised their countryman Lazarus, was come, and, struck with curiosity and admiration, as well as cherishing the idea that He was indeed the long-promised Messiah, should, in joyful procession, and with loud acclamation, usher Him into the capital, and even salute Him as King of Israel? Yet Jesus was unmoved; and after having the city and temple in possession, He but cleared the house of His Father of avaricious merchants, and returned to Bethany again the same evening.

But is His triumphal entrance into Jerusalem, then, a mere freak of the masses—nothing more? It was doubtless foreseen and embraced in His plan, else would He have avoided the multitude altogether. But it was the natural product of circumstances, still, without any arrangement on His part. He, therefore, yielded to the enthusiasm of the people, whose activity we may interpret as an unconscious prophecy of the fact, that He is King of Zion. He chose to take “the voice of the people as the voice of God.” And hence His



triumphal entry is regarded as a cardinal and eloquent act in His life.

VERSE 12.—This “*next day*” was on Monday. The “*feast*” was the Passover—and such a Passover as had never been celebrated before! This time the “Lamb of God” was slain, indeed. The ninth verse tells us the reason of the extraordinary crowd.

VERSE 13. As *Bethany* means “the house of dates”—the fruit of the palm-tree—we may learn of its abundant growth in and about the neighborhood, and can readily realize the fact that the people resorted to its branches. They were of an open, flat nature and form. Think of the palm of the hand, or the palm-leaf fan. They did not impede travel though the road were carpeted by them. They were symbols of victory, too (Rev. vii. 9, 10). *Hosanna*. “Save, we pray!” (Ps. cxviii. 25). See also 2 Sam. xiv. 4; 2 Kings vi. 26. Had Jesus contemplated an assumption of sovereignty, how easily He might have consummated it! *In the name of the Lord*. They regarded Him as foretold by the Lord’s prophets, and clothed in the Lord’s power. *King of Israel*. The long-promised Messiah, who was to grant the nation deliverance from the Roman yoke.

VERSE 14. How the *young ass* was found, we learn in Matth. xxi. 1–7; Mark xi. 1–6. This animal was mounted by rulers when going on missions of peace; whilst *horses* were used in war. He came “*meek and lowly*” (Matth. xxi. 5) indeed; but not because He rode “*an ass, or a colt the foal of an ass*.” This rather marked His royalty. But John would contrast the exultation of the crowd with the quiet demeanor of Jesus. His entrance into the city was a triumph of humility over outward display, as well as of truth over malice, or of God’s designs over man’s intentions.

VERSE 15. This was a prophecy of Zechariah (chap. ix. 9), who wrote 500 years before. *An ass’s colt*. Mark speaks thus—*whereon never man sat*. An animal that had been used for working purposes previously could not be employed for sacred purposes. The peculiar character of our Lord’s royalty required just such an animal.

VERSE 16. Here we learn that the masses were more swayed by foreboding

impulses than by clear understanding. The whole transaction is more of a prophecy than a fact. Feeling and life are never fully encompassed by the intellect; especially not in seasons of inspiring excitement. After the out-pouring of the Spirit, many ancient utterances and facts only became plain to His disciples. In the light of the New Testament, the Old can only be understood. Let us study Moses and the Prophets.

VERSES 17, 18. We must conceive of the procession as being swelled by constantly arriving delegations. Mark speaks of those “that went before,” and of those “that followed.” The disciples and others were now on their jubilee-journey towards the city, and were met by the multitude of curious and admiring ones that had heard of Jesus’ great miracle. The shouting itself was of a responsive order.

VERSE 19. This falling in, on the part of the multitude, on account of the raising of Lazarus, excited the rage of the Pharisees afresh. *The world*—everybody. Their threatenings and excommunications availed nothing. It was a confession on their part, too, of Christ’s victory. Rulers and masses, therefore, accorded Him a triumph, without, however, knowing or meaning what they did.

PRACTICAL THOUGHT.—The Christian Church and the believing heart can best observe and celebrate Christ’s triumphal entrance, by more effectually dedicating themselves to His sanctifying grace, that they may serve their King with gladness.

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—This prayer was found in the late Dr. Bethune’s Bible at the time of his death: “Lord, pardon what I have been, sanctify what I am, and order what I shall be, that Thine may be the glory and mine the eternal salvation.” “These words, from one of the ancient fathers,” Dr. Bethune wrote underneath, “are proper for any believing sinner, in life or in death.”

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VON BUELOW says that music can be cultivated with success in those countries only where the sun shines and the grape ripens; and Sir George Bowyer says that not more than two per cent. of the inhabitants of Great Britain can be taught to sing a tune.



APRIL 13.

LESSON XV.

1879.

*Easter-Sunday. John xx. 11-18.*

THE SUBJECT—THE RESURRECTION.

11. ¶ But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre,

12. And seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and know not that it was Jesus.

15. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, suppos-

ing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

15. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master.

17. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not: for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.

18. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

## QUESTIONS.

What does the term *Easter* mean? From *east*, likely, to rise. What occurred on this day?

Verse 11. What Mary is this? Mary of Magdala, or Magdalene. What detained her at the tomb of Jesus? Her fervent love for the Lord. See Mark xvi. 9. Why did she weep? The body of the Lord had been removed. How did she convince herself that the body was not there?

12. Whom did she see? How did she know them to be angels? By their lustre. May this shining apparition of the angels show us that the grave is no longer under the realm of darkness?

13. What was their question? Did both speak? As Matthew and Mark mention but the *one*, we think not. What does her answer imply? That some friends had removed it to a permanent grave.

14. Why did she turn herself back? To go away, or because she heard some one near. Whom did she see? Why did she not know Him? Likely did not look into His face; nor do we know under what form He manifested Himself.

15. Whom did she think Him to be? Why a gardener? Chap. xix. 39-42. Could she have carried the body away? What weight of ointment and spices were about it? One hundred pounds. How do you account for her saying

then? Love feels no load heavy. Christians are *Christophers*, or Christ-bearers.

16. How did Mary know Him afterwards? Is it by hearing or by seeing that we are made believers, and saved? Rom. x. 17; John x. 27. How did she salute Him?

17. What did she now do? Prostrate herself to embrace His feet. Did He want her to delay thus? Would she have other opportunities to manifest her love? What did He wish her to do? What name does He call the disciples by? Does this express a near relationship, because of His glorified state? Why did He not say *our* Father and *our* God? To show that we are only *adopted* through Him, the only begotten Son. See 1 John iii. 1.

18. Is it this woman that preached the first tidings of the Resurrection? Why do you think this was so arranged? Perhaps because woman first felt the effects of the Fall?

What simple facts have we to prove the resurrection of Christ? 1. An empty grave. 2. Grave-clothes orderly laid by. 3. Eye-witnesses. How did the enemies of Christ wish to cast doubt over the fact? Matt. xxviii. 11-15. Which is easier to believe—theft or the resurrection? What practical benefit does this lesson teach? 1 Cor. xv. 12-19.

## CATECHISM.

XV. *Lord's Day.*

37. What dost thou understand by the words, "He suffered?"

That He, all the time He lived on earth, but especially at the end of His life, sustained in body and soul, the wrath of God against the sins of all mankind; that so by His passion, as the only propitiatory sacrifice, He might redeem our body and soul from everlasting damnation; and obtain for us the favor of God, righteousness, and eternal life.

38. Why did He suffer under Pontius Pilate, as his judge?

That He, being innocent, and yet condemned by a temporal judge, might thereby free us from the severe judgment of God, to which we were exposed.

39. Is there anything more in His being crucified, than if He had died some other death?

Yes, [there is;] for thereby I am assured that He took on Him the curse which lay upon me; for the death of the cross was accursed of God.



COMMENTS.—We prefer to derive *Easter* from *East*—where the sun rises. Jesus is both the “Sun of righteousness” and the Son of God. In this view Easter-day is emphatically *the* Sunday, or the Son’s day—as Christmas is the Father’s day, and Pentecost the Spirit’s day.

The Resurrection was as vaguely dreaded by our Lord’s enemies as His disciples hoped for it. On this day Jesus commenced His immortal life, between dawn and sunrise, as is commonly supposed. He arose without noise or outward splendor, penetrated the stone by His glorified body, leaving the linen clothes in the tomb, as signs of a deliberate rising. The guards did not see it. The earthquake produced their fear, and the apparition of the angel. “When the Sabbath was past” (Matth. xxviii. 1; Mark xvi. 1), that is, after sunset, on Saturday, Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome bought sweet spices. Preparing them, they waited until it was hardly light (Mark xvi. 2; Luke xxiv. 1; John xx. 1) to set out for the Lord’s tomb. Not knowing that guards had been set, they wondered who should roll the stone away (Mark xvi. 3). An earthquake had occurred, and an angel had rolled the stone back (Matth. xxviii. 2). Now the pious women arrived, and finding the tomb open—the angel having rendered himself invisible—they were ready to perform their designs. Going in, they found not the body of the Lord (Luke xxiv. 3). As this tomb is supposed to have been designed as but a temporary vault for the body of Jesus, we may infer, that the women believed it to have been removed to its permanent rest by some friendly hands. Hence their perplexity (Luke xxiv. 4). Mary Magdalene at once seeks information (John xx. 2–10; Luke xxiv. 12). Peter and John (likely) hasten to the spot, the latter arriving first; but Peter entering the cave, saw the grave-clothes orderly laid by. John now enters, too. Not as yet knowing (or understanding) the sayings concerning the resurrection, John had a dawn of faith (John xx. 8), but Peter wondered (Luke xxiv. 12). Mary Magdalene, however, did not follow Peter and John (v. 10).

VERSE 11. Mary’s pious, womanly

devotion held her there. The absence of the precious body caused her sorrow and tears. To be convinced that there was an actual removal, she *stooped down and looked into the sepulchre*.

VERSE 12. She is rewarded for her anxiety. By seeking she finds—*two angels!* Mark and Matthew speak of but one. Probably the one who spoke is only mentioned by them. The grave had been taken possession of by the realm of light—*head—feet*. No longer is the tomb the doleful way or valley of night. She knows them to be angels by their heavenly lustre—in *white*.

VERSE 13. They address her, to calm her spirit. The question was apt, and afforded her a channel of relief. She infers that the body had been removed by friends to a permanent grave.

VERSE 14. Not receiving an answer, and turning, it may be, to go after her friends, or to see some messenger coming who might bring her news, she saw one standing—*Jesus*. Alas! She did not recognize Him. Seeking the Lord by His very side! How often are the Baptist’s words verified—“There standeth one among you, whom ye know not” (John i. 26). Why did she not know Him? She, likely, did not look up or see His face. Nor do we know whether she could have recognized Him, had she looked aloft. What *form* He manifested Himself in, no one can tell. He assumed various ones, after His resurrection. *We* are not to know Christ by sight either.

VERSE 15. It was in a garden (chap. xix. 41). She took Him to be Joseph’s overseer—a very natural conclusion for a woman in her situation. He certainly, she imagines, can tell about the removal. The good and devoted soul believes herself able to bear the body of the Lord away, loaded down with a hundred pounds of spices, too! (John xix. 39). Yes, believers are real *Christophers*—Christ-bearers.

VERSE 16. *Mary*. By the *voice* she knew Him. “My sheep *hear my voice*.” This is the only way for us to know Him. “Faith cometh by hearing” (Rom. x. 17), and sight comes of faith (John xi. 40). Instantly she knows and salutes Him—*Rabboni!*

VERSES 17, 18. Then follows an act of adoration, after the manner of the East. She casts herself at His feet, and,



embracing them, would delay there. But, whatever else His words may mean, He would not have her loiter here, as though this were the only opportunity there was to enjoy seeing Him; or, perhaps He would have her hasten to impart the tidings to her kindred in the faith; or finally, it may be, He did not wish her affectionate adoration, until He had ascended to His seat in Heaven. He now makes her an evangelist—the first bearer of the Gospel of the Resurrection. Is this designedly done, that a woman should first know of the rise of the race, in Christ, as she first knew of the fall in Paradise? If it be a fancy, don't rob us of it! If it be a fact, let us believe it. BRETHREN. From this day on this name has a new meaning. It is an endearing epithet, which tells of the closer relationship which He can now sustain to them, as well as to dissipate all apprehension of fear they might have, because they had deserted Him in the hour of His passion. *My Father—your Father; My God—your God.*

It is not "*our* Father and God," you observe. Why not? Jesus, as the "*only begotten*" Son, sustains a different relation to Him, from that which *adopted* children hold. It is Jesus *first*, and *afterwards* and *through Him*, that we can be called the sons of God (1 John iii. 1).

St. Mark gives us the reason why the Lord appeared first to Mary Magdalene (Mark xvi. 9). He would recompense her, by this great distinction, for her fervor and constancy. The zeal of the other women had also its reward (Luke xxiv. 4-8; Matth. xxviii. 5-7; Mark xvi. 7). At their *first* coming they did not find Him, but on their second coming, the angels informed them about the miracle. On their departure, Jesus met them (Matth. xxviii. 8; Mark xvi. 8). Thus was there great joy among His friends. But His enemies were troubled. We scarcely know what they believed. We know what they did, however. See Matth. xxviii. 11-15. But their story had all the marks of a make-up. All the guards could not have slept. The great stone could not have been so quietly rolled away. As it was night, the theft could not have been committed without some light. Yet the grave was *empty*. The grave-clothes, all orderly

laid away. The stone, rolled back. It is harder to believe in the theft than in the Resurrection.

THE PRACTICAL LESSON.—This St. Paul teaches us in 1 Cor. xv. 12-19.

### Something Gives Way.

A Christian woman in a town in New York desired to obtain a school-house for the purpose of starting a Sunday-school, but was positively refused by the skeptical trustee. Still she persevered, and entreated him again and again.

"I tell you, Aunt Polly, it is of no use. Once for all, I say you cannot have the school-house for any such purpose."

"I think I am going to get it," said Aunt Polly.

"I should like to know how, if I do not give you the key?"

"I think the Lord is going to unlock it."

"Maybe He will," said the infidel, "but I can tell you this, that He is not going to get the key from me."

"Well, I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience, that when I keep on praying, *something always gives way.*"

And the next time she came, the hard heart of the infidel gave way, and she received the key. More than this, when others opposed the school, he sustained her, and great good was done there.—*American Messenger.*

As weeds grow fastest in fat soil, so our corruptions grow and thrive most when our natural state is most prosperous. Therefore God's love and care of us constrain Him sometimes to use severe discipline, and to cut us short in our temporal enjoyment.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

Dark seasons are never pleasant to us, but they are always good for us. A cloudless sky could never produce a rich and abundant harvest.

WATCH your lips. Keep your tongue from evil, and your mouth from speaking guile. Life and death are in the power of the tongue.



APRIL 20.

LESSON XVI.

1879.

*First Sunday after Easter. John xx. 19-23.*

THE SUBJECT.—JESUS MANIFESTS HIMSELF TO HIS DISCIPLES.

19. ¶ Then the same day at evening, being the first *day* of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace *be* unto you.

20. And when he had so said, he shewed unto them *his* hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

21. Then said Jesus to them again, Peace

*be* unto you: as *my* Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

23. And when he had said this, he breathed on *them*, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.

23. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; *and* whose soever *sins* ye retain, they are retained.

## QUESTIONS.

Can you tell how often Jesus manifested Himself after His Resurrection? On ten different occasions. How often was He seen by one or more? Five times: by Mary Magdalene, (John xx. 16-18); by other holy women, (Matt. xxviii. 9); by Peter, (Luke xxiv. 34; 1 Cor. xv. 5); by James the Less, (1 Cor. xv. 7); by His disciples, (Luke xxiv. 13-32). How often was He seen by entire groups? Five times: by the ten disciples, (John xx. 19-23); by the eleven disciples, (John xx. 24-29); by seven disciples, (John xxi. 1-24); on a mountain in Galilee, (Matt. xxviii. 16-20); in Jerusalem, (Luke xxiv. 44-51; Mark xvi. 19; Acts i. 3-10). Is there anything symbolical in the number *Ten*? It signifies—completeness, or full proof, as the Ten Commandments, the Ten Virgins.

Verse 19. By how many was He seen in this lesson? Where were the ten disciples? Luke xxiv. 33. When was He seen by these? How were they assembled? Why were the doors shut? How could Jesus then enter? He is everywhere present, and merely “manifested,” or *showed Himself* to them. Can the glorified body of Jesus be seen by mortal eyes, without such a showing of Himself? It cannot. How were the disciples engaged at the time? In discussing His death and reported resurrection. Had some declared to have seen Him already? Mary, the holy women, and Peter. How did this sudden manifestation affect them, accord-

ing to Luke, (xxiv. 36-40)? How did He convince them that He was not a spirit, according to Mark, (xvi. 14)? How did He address them? Was this a usual form of greeting? Had He promised before to give them His peace? John xiv. 27.

20. Why did He now show His hands, feet, side? How were they now affected? What does the word *saw* mean here? Convinced.

21. What does He now join to His salutation? Whence had the Father sent Him? From Heaven and the region of Life. Whither would He now send them? Into the world.

22. What did He now do? Is God represented as doing a similar act before? Gen. ii. 7. What does the act here imply? The imparting of the Spirit of God.

23. How could the disciples remit and retain men's sins? In so far as they were appointed to preach the Gospel, which declares the kingdom of God, open to believers, and shut to unbelievers. On what condition could they declare men's sins remitted? On their repenting and believing. In how far could they declare men's sins retained? In so far as they refused to repent and believe. See Luke x. 16.

What two things do we learn in this Lesson? 1. That there is a resurrection-body for believers. (1 John iii. 2). 2. That through the preached Gospel we may attain to the resurrection of the just.

## CATECHISM.

## XVI. Lord's Day.

40. Why was it necessary for Christ to humble Himself even unto death?

Because with respect to the justice and truth of God, satisfaction for our sins could be made no otherwise than by the death of the Son of God.

41. Why was He also “buried?”

Thereby to prove that He was really dead.

42. Since then Christ died for us, why must we also die?

Our death is not a satisfaction for our sins, but only an abolishing of sin, and a passage into eternal life.

43. What further benefit do we receive from the sacrifice and death of Christ on the cross?

That by virtue thereof our old man is crucified, dead, and buried with Him; that so the corrupt inclinations of the flesh may no more reign in us, but that we may offer ourselves unto Him a sacrifice of thanksgiving.

44. Why is there added, “He descended into hell?”

That in my greatest temptations, I may be assured, and wholly comfort myself in this, that my Lord Jesus Christ, by His inexpressible anguish, pains, terrors, and hellish agonies, in which He was plunged during all His sufferings, but especially on the cross, hath delivered me from the anguish and torments of hell.



GENERAL REMARKS.—The Resurrection-body of our Lord was invisible, in its spirit-form, to mortal eyes. Without an accommodation on His part it could as little be discerned by the natural organs of vision as *thought* can be seen or heard, until it is clothed in words. Hence "*He clothed Himself with light, as with a garment*" (Ps. civ. 2). Therefore is it, too, that we meet with the phrase—"He showed Himself"—from Easter on (John xxi. 1 and 14; Acts i. 3). Nor was it under *one and the same* form that He manifested Himself always. He may be said to have tabernacled Himself variously, at different times. Unless we admit this, we cannot account for the difficulty the disciples encountered in recognizing Him from time to time. Doubt and uncertainty troubled them on every occasion.

PRIVATE MANIFESTATIONS.—The *first* of these was to Mary Magdalene, as we saw in the former lesson. The *second* occurred to other holy women, of which was likewise spoken. The *third* was to Simon Peter (Luke xxiv. 34; 1 Cor. xv. 5). It occurred on an Easter-Sunday; but of the moment, place and circumstances we are ignorant. The *fourth* was made to James the Less, called the brother of the Lord (1 Cor. xv. 7). This may have transpired several days after Easter; where and when we know not. The *fifth* was made to His disciples on Easter evening, on their way to Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 13-32). One of these was Cleopas, the other, some say, was St. Luke. It was, at all events, no apostle, since these were found "gathered together," in Jerusalem, on their return.

PUBLIC MANIFESTATIONS.—The *first* of these was to the Ten—Thomas excepted (John xx. 19-23). The *second* was to the Eleven—Thomas included (John xx. 24-29). The *third* was by the sea-side, to seven disciples (John xxi. 1-24). The *fourth* was on a mountain in Galilee (Matth. xxviii. 16-20). The *fifth* and final one occurred in Jerusalem (Luke xxiv. 44-51; Mark xvi. 19; Acts i. 3-10).

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC MANIFESTATIONS.—The total number of His manifestations is *Ten*. As this is a sacred number, by which completeness is indicated (the Ten Commandments, the Ten

Virgins, etc.), we may regard it as expressive of the "full proof" that Jesus condescended to give of His Resurrection, during His forty days' stay.

We have to do with His manifestation to His Ten disciples—Judas having gone to his own place, and Thomas being absent.

VERSE 19. This was the first Christian Lord's Day—Easter evening. *The doors were shut—fear of the Jews*. When Jesus was taken by His enemies, He said, *Let these go away* (John xviii. 8). We do not find that the Jews attempted to molest the disciples, accordingly; nevertheless, they apprehended danger. Some will have the doors locked—baricaded. It was at Jerusalem (Luke xxiv. 33). They were engaged in discussing their condition and prospects—hoping against hope—doubting now, and believing then, perhaps. The various apparitions were reported. Peter had his experience to relate. The sayings of Mary Magdalene and the other women were reported. The two pilgrims to Emmaus had just arrived to tell of their adventure. *Jesus stood in the midst*. It is folly to discuss the *entering* of our Lord. He was present, as He had declared before (Matth. xviii. 20). He would be, and as He is now, with His people (Matth. xxviii. 20)—just as the air is by us. All that He did on this occasion was to *manifest Himself*—as a candle is lighted. His sudden showing of Himself made them afraid (Luke xxiv. 36-40). He upbraided them with unbelief (Mark xvi. 14). Still they cannot realize His presence, and think of a ghost. He challenges their inspection—their handling. He even eats with them. *Peace be unto you*. This was a usual greeting. It was now a verifying of His promise, too (John xiv. 27). It was a condensed Gospel of His Resurrection-birth, as it were.

VERSE 20. *Showed hands—feet—side* (Luke xxiv. 40). He condescended to have His body assume and exhibit those martyrdom-marks, for the better identification of Himself. These were only manifested for the occasion, however. They were not fixed on His body, as we do not read of their exhibition on other occasions; nor, is the body of Jesus a mutilated one at God's right hand. That they touched Him actually, we



may learn from 1 John i. 1. *Glad.* They were overwhelmed with delight at seeing Him; but from the other accounts, we see that they were still suspecting an illusion or a dream. Before, their "fear" stood in the way of assurance; now, it was "joy." St. Luke adds, "And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, He said unto them, Have ye any meat? And they gave Him a piece of broiled fish and of a honeycomb. And He took it and did eat before them." It was by eating with the Lord that they learned to know Him here. "Except ye eat the," etc.

VERSE 21. The greeting is repeated as a prelude and preparation to what follows. *The Father sent me.* God had indeed sent His Son out of the realm of death, into the world as the Resurrection and the Life to the entire race. *Even so send I you.* They were now to be sent as conveyers of the gift of immortality to man. This scene was a preliminary ordering and prelude to the Commission, which was subsequently more fully and formally conferred (Matth. xxviii. 19, 20).

VERSE 22. *He breathed on them.* In Gen. ii. 7, we find that God did the same act, in order to inhabit man's soul with the gift of His own Spirit. The Fall caused a loss of this divine gift, whatever we may imagine it to be. Hence it was necessary to re-inhabit the human soul with it. As our Lord is the fountain of the Life of God to man, this company, who were to conduct it to others, must first be *in-spirited*, as it were. *Receive ye the Holy Ghost.* This was an individual inspiration; but it was not yet the plenary endowing which the disciples obtained at Pentecost. The ascension had first to occur, before the out-pouring of the Holy Ghost could transpire, the new kingdom inaugurated, or the Gospel be preached to all the world.

VERSE 23. This, as well as the former saying, must be taken as prospectively spoken. It was meant to be fulfilled and realized after Pentecost. They were to proclaim the Gospel, which promised forgiveness of sin and salvation, after repentance and faith; to declare banishment from God, and death to the impenitent and unbelieving. As they were

to carry and announce such a message, they were represented as carrying the keys of the kingdom of God. What would result to the race, through them, they are spoken of as doing themselves—*remitting* and *retaining* men's sins. The preached Gospel declares an open and a closed kingdom of God, at the same time, to believers and unbelievers. And this Gospel Christ offers to men to receive or to reject, through His agents. "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent me" (Luke x. 16.)

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—1. We learn something of Christ's Resurrection-body in this section. It was invisible to mortal eyes, until He clothed it in an outward form. Of whatever nature it was, we shall share it for ourselves (1 John iii. 2; Rom. vi. 4, 5).

2. The Gospel of God is preached to the world, through Jesus Christ, by His commissioned servants. Hence we must repent and believe in order to be saved.

### A Sunday-School Exercise.

Henry, being asked how many scholars were in the Sunday-school class, replied:

"Multiply the number of Jacob's sons (Gen. 35: 22), by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho (Joshua 6: 16), and add the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave to Ruth (Ruth 3: 15); divide by the number of Haman's sons (Esther 9: 14); subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark (Gen. 7: 2); multiply by the number of men who sought Elijah after his ascension (2 Kings 2: 17); subtract Joseph's age when he stood before Pharaoh (Gen. 41: 46); add the number of stones in David's bag to slay Goliath (1 Sam. 17: 40); subtract the number of furlongs Bethany lay from Jerusalem (John 11: 18); divide by the number of anchors lost when Paul was shipwrecked (Acts 27: 29); subtract the number of souls saved in the ark (Gen. 7: 13); and the remainder is the number." How many were there?

*Solution:*  $12 \times 7 + 6 \div 10 - 7 \times 50 - 30 + 5 - 15 \div 4 + 8 = 23$ . SAPIENTIOR.



APRIL 27.

LESSON XVII.

1879.

*Second Sunday after Easter. John xx. 24-29.*

THE SUBJECT.—THOMAS CONVINCED.

24. ¶ But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

25. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

26. ¶ And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: *then* came

Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace *be* unto you.

27. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust *it* into my side; and be not faithless, but believing.

28. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

29. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed *are* they that have not seen, and *yet* have believed.

## QUESTIONS.

To how many disciples did Christ manifest Himself on this occasion? Eleven. For whose benefit was Christ willing to show Himself now? Thomas'. Was it necessary for all the *Apostles* to see Christ in His Resurrection-body? Yes. Why? In order to be competent witnesses. Were they ready at once to believe every mere report of the fact? No. Did they readily trust their own senses? No. When only did they credit it? After seeing, touching, and handling. May we then consider their testimony as trust-worthy?

Verse 24. What kind of a word is *Thomas*? Hebrew. What is its Greek word? Didymus. What does it mean in both languages? A twin. Who is supposed to have been his twin-sister? Lydia. What do we learn of his traits of character in John's Gospel? That he was readily discouraged—slow to believe, and yet full of love for his Lord. (See John xi. 16; John xiv. 5, and John xx. 25). Why was he absent from the meeting before? Perhaps, because sad and discouraged.

25. How did his brethren cheer him, when they met him? Did he believe their word? Why not? He supposed them to have been mistaken. Had the other disciples likewise doubted the first reports of a risen Christ? Yes. On what conditions was he only willing to believe? Had these conditions been afforded by the others, too? (Luke xxiv. 39; John xx. 20). Ought he not then to have the same privileges afforded him, as an Apostle? But is it necessary for *every* soul, to see in order to believe? Where did the wrong of Thomas lay? In laying it

down as a law, that seeing must go before believing. What is faith? Heb. xi. 1.

26. When was this meeting of the disciples? What may we learn from this? That the early disciples observed the *first* day of the week. Did they not also observe the Jewish Sabbath? Yes. Which gained the ascendancy? What did our Lord say about the Sabbath? Mark ii. 28. Are we *commanded* to observe the *first* day? No. On what do we then base our custom? On the example of the early disciples and Christ's words. What was said about His salutation in the last lesson?

27. Why did our Lord thus challenge Thomas? Do you think he obeyed? Likely. In what had Thomas been faithless? In Christ's resurrection.

28. Was Thomas convinced now? What does his exclamation imply? The divinity of our Lord.

29. What does our Lord's saying teach us? That there is a faith that comes by seeing, and another that comes by God's Spirit. Which is the higher order of faith? The latter. Did all the apostles obtain the first? Did all obtain the latter? Do all Christians obtain the first? No. Do they all obtain the latter? Yes. Which does Christ say renders us *blessed*? What does this word mean here? Saved. Where does St. Paul speak of these two orders of faith? 1 Cor. xiii. 2.

Does the Gospel rest on competent witnesses? Is it enough to believe it as a true record, or history? No. What is such a faith called? A historical faith.

Who generates true Faith? The Holy Ghost. How does He work this faith? Rom. x. 17.

## CATECHISM.

## XVII. Lord's Day.

45. What doth the resurrection of Christ profit us?

First: by His resurrection He hath overcome death, that He might make us partakers of that righteousness which He had purchased for us

by His death. Secondly, we are also by His power raised up to a new life. And lastly, the resurrection of Christ is a sure pledge of our blessed resurrection.



COMMENTS.—We may call the scene of this lesson, Christ's manifestation to the eleven—the former presented but ten disciples. One apostle had yet to be convinced of the resurrection of Jesus. Thomas, he too must become a believer in this great fact, as an eye-witness, in order to bear competent testimony of a risen Christ. The incredulity of the early disciples; their tardiness to accept and confess the resurrection of Christ; their manifest doubt, even after they saw, touched and handled Him; all this was permitted of God for the benefit of the Christian faith in all ages. The weakness of men is overruled and converted into an impregnable strength. They left no difficulty unexplained, no proofs untried, no appearance of delusion unprobed, and fully exhausted the cause, in order to render themselves trustworthy witnesses. How then can men still doubt their testimony, which would hold before any reasonable court or tribunal? The faith of believers rests on a foundation as well sustained and sure, as does the belief in the existence of a Napoleon or a Washington.

VERSE 24. THOMAS is a Hebrew name, of which DIDYMUS is the Greek. Both words mean "a twin." A certain Lydia is said to have been his twin sister. He was born at Antioch, and, after having preached the Gospel in Persia, or India, died a martyr there. In St. John's Gospel we must gather all the certain facts of his life. Three prominent traits of character are afforded us in this record:

1. *His melancholy cast of mind.* He was a ready subject to despondency, and generally inclined to look at the darker side. When our Lord spoke of facing the dangers awaiting Him in Judea, he said: "Let us also go that we may die with Him." (John xi. 16.)

2. *His ardent love for our Lord.* He was willing to give up his life for Him—expecting nothing less. His exclamation "*My Lord and my God!*" betrays a deeper appreciation of the Lord's character than any utterance of his brethren.

3. *His tardiness to believe.* It was his nature to feel his way along, amid difficulties. At the last supper he cried out in perplexity: "*Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?*" (John xiv. 5.) And it was

doubtless owing to his discouraged state of heart, that he had not been at the meeting on Easter evening.

VERSE 25. It was very natural for the believing disciples to cry out, as a word of cheer for the despondent Thomas—as soon as they met him—"We have seen the Lord!" And it was just as natural for Thomas to doubt—not the veracity of his brethren—but their competency to decide against a self-imposition, delusion or mistake. He supposed them honest enough; but honestly in error. Still, they too, had doubted the correctness of the report of the holy woman, and indeed their own senses. It was not until He had eaten with them; had been touched and handled, that they were convinced. Hence Thomas is determined to enjoy the same opportunities to inspect and examine. *Print of the nails in his hands; finger into the print; thrust hand into His side.* What a vivid picture the mind of Thomas must have retained of his Lord's lifeless form! If he was slow to believe, he was just as slow to forget or let go what he once had. The vehemence of his doubt he could not express in stronger language. And yet the conditions which he laid down, as necessary to his conviction, were very much like unto those which our Lord had volunteered to the other disciples. (Luke xxiv. 39. John xx. 20.) What he claimed, then, ought to have been afforded him, in order to place him on a level with his brethren. It was doubtless ordered of God that all the Apostles should be "eye-witnesses of his majesty." (2 Pet. i. 16; 1 John i. 1, 4.) Had Thomas, therefore, merely demanded such outward evidences as he mentioned, in order to render him a competent witness to Christ's resurrection as an Apostle, his error would not appear. But Thomas was in error, nevertheless. He seemed, *first*, to think such an outward demonstration to be the *only* ground of faith in the resurrection of Christ. And, *secondly*, he seemed to imply, that, as a mere follower of Jesus, it became him to see, in order to believe. Now, whatever was to be vouchsafed to him, as an Apostle—as an original witness-bearer; as a believer or Christian man, the seeing, touching, and handling was not required. He had yet to learn of a higher and nobler order of faith, that comes not to the



eye, or vision, but by the ear, through the still small voice of the Spirit; that *saving* "faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things *not seen*," (Heb. xi. 1.) And first that faith had to come to Thomas, subsequently, by another way—even as it comes to all true believers. He was wrong, then, in laying it down, as a universal law, that a seeing, touching, handling, must first be, ere the Christian can entertain faith. And hence our Lord corrects him, as we shall see.

VERSE 26. This meeting was just one week after Easter. The observance of the *first* day of the week, so early, already, is a strong argument for the Christian Sunday. The early Christians observed both the last day of the week—the Jewish Sabbath, or our Saturday—and the first—the Lord's day, in honor of His resurrection. Gradually, however, the Christian Sunday supplanted the Jewish Sabbath. And although there is no direct command, that the first day of the week shall be celebrated, instead of the last, yet the *example* of the early disciples is a sufficient argument, and speaks louder than any words could. Their example is an eloquent commentary on our Lord's saying—"Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." (Mark ii. 28; Luke vi, 5.) Before this prophecy and its fulfillment to the early Christians, all *Seventh Day theories* must fall to the ground.

VERSE 27. Here we see how the Lord complied with all the conditions laid down by Thomas. It was an adorable condescension on the part of our amiable Lord. We are not told, though, that Thomas obeyed our Lord's challenge. Perhaps he tremblingly did. *Faithless—believing*. Thomas had not been unbelieving towards our Lord's being and previous history, but he doubted merely concerning His resurrection, and visibleness in the body.

VERSE 28. As this manifestation was for the special accommodation and benefit of Thomas, the effect was immediate and complete. *My Lord and my God*. This is a full confession of our Lord's divinity, and not a mere cry of surprise and admiration. His vision may have convinced him as to our Lord's body; but to recognize His divinity, some high-

er power must have wrought in his spirit.

VERSE 29. *Seeing—believing; not seeing—yet believing*. The moral of this whole narrative is summed up in this saying of Jesus. 1. It teaches us that there is a faith which results from *sight*. This order of faith all the apostles attained first. It was necessary for them to obtain it in this way, in order to qualify them to act as competent witnesses of Christ's resurrection, for all coming ages. But even the Apostles rose to the enjoyment of a higher order of faith, subsequently. 2. It teaches us that a *saving* faith is generated in the soul of man by the power of God's Spirit. And this is the only kind that rendered the Apostles "*blessed*"—that is saved. It is the only faith that renders us "*blessed*"—saved. (1 Pet. i. 8; Rom. viii. 24, 25.) Had Thomas not risen to this grander order of faith, even he would be a lost Apostle—perhaps, gone with Judas to his own place. St. Paul tells us something about this lower and higher order of faith—"And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 2.)

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. 1. The Gospel rests on the testimony of competent witnesses, just as any other true history does.

2. To believe the Gospel simply because we have it on the word of such witnesses is not yet a saving faith. This is called a historical faith.

3. The faith which renders us blessed, or saved, comes by the power of the Spirit. (Rom. x. 17.)

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HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL, in the *Independent*, says: "When a scholar asks a question which the teacher cannot answer, the teacher had better confess his ignorance, and pass on to the next point. He is set to teach what he does know, not what he doesn't. He doesn't know everything, and there is no harm in his scholars finding this out. The best way of meeting many a difficulty in Bible harmony or interpretation is by the frank admission that it is a difficulty which we lack the knowledge and ability to solve."



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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1879

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN entered upon its XXXth volume, on the first of January 1879. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

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Vol. XXX.

MAY, 1879

No. 5.

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"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."  
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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

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# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

MAY, 1879.

NO. 5.

## Editorial Notes.

AT the close of the Russo-Turkish war a Cossack soldier, returning from the battle-field, brought a shawl with him, which he had picked up after one of the engagements. It had belonged to some unknown fallen warrior, and seemed a fit prize to take home with him to Wethaka, where he gave it to his lady love. After wearing it two days, the girl sickened with symptoms of the "black plague," and died. In four days all the other members of her family died of the same disease. The government of the village paid little attention to the matter, until in a short time half the people of the town had died of it. The plague spread rapidly. Whole villages and districts have been desolated by its ravages. The Government of Russia has employed a large army to form a line around the plague-smitten districts to prevent the people therein from getting out and spreading the disease. The powers of Europe guard all their ports against the landing of people or merchandise from Russia. And all this dreaded and deadly widespread plague started from a lady's shawl. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" In the moral world we see in a like manner how great results flow from seemingly trifling causes. One sinner destroyeth much good. A book or paper of much pleasant reading, with but a little literary impurity, may poison the minds of hundreds, and prove a curse to unborn generations. Sin is a worse evil than the "black plague," and carries moral and eternal death into countries, homes and hearts. Are we doing enough to check its progress? In children and youth, by faithful nurture and training, it is comparatively easy to stop its career. Once it gains headway, in riper

years, how difficult to stay its progress! It is far easier to nip an evil in the bud, to crush it in the germ, than when its seeds have been sown and taken root in many hearts.

IN 1826 the Emperor Nicholas of Russia forbade the circulation of the Bible in that country. No Bible Society was permitted to spread the Word of God there. The poor Russians were kept in total religious darkness by a legal edict. In 1876, just 50 years later, the authorities of Russia, through the Holy Synod of the Russian Church appointed competent persons to translate and publish the Bible in the Russian language. The first printed edition of the Scriptures appeared in this country in 1581, almost 300 years ago. But not until now has the nation had a translation direct from the original Hebrew text. The former was made from the Greek text or the Septuagint version. Now as school privileges increase, and more people learn to read, the circulation of the Bible in the Russian tongue will prove an incalculable blessing. For the Word of God, too, no less than error and sin, will spread with constantly-increasing power.

THE gentlest of all beings is our adorable Saviour. No crushed heart has He ever wounded. No burdened soul penitently seeking help from Him, but what has been relieved. Even the fallen and infirm, if they grieve over their sins, He bids go and sin no more. "The bruised reed will he not break, the smoking flax will he not quench." This expresses His gentle, merciful sympathy better than any poor words of our own. Beautiful and soothing is this spirit of gentleness in the lives of Christians. It shows itself in deeds and words of kindness, in a friendly greeting, and a



smiling recognition in passing on the street. Many a soul crushed beneath burdens too heavy to be borne, thanks God for the tender visit and word of a sympathizing friend. Rude, harsh, selfish people thoughtlessly trample on bruised hearts, and embitter the life of God's suffering ones. Sir Walter Scott, apart from his titled rank, was a gentleman. Even towards his dogs and horses he was considerate and tender; and much more so towards his fellow-men. How the poor blessed the kind old man, as he rode or limped by their cottage door. No uninspired author has written a more touching plea in behalf of a crushed, over-burdened spirit than he in the well-known lines:

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer never meant,  
And many a word at random spoken,  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

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### Religion in Russia.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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The Russian is the largest State or National Church in the world. It possesses 38,602 churches, including cathedrals; 12,860 chapels and oratories; 18,887 arch-priests, priests, deacons and precentors; 56,500,000 members, of whom 29,000,000 are women and 27,000,000 are men. The sums received by the church during the year amount to about \$9,000,000. As an organization it does not include the Greek Church, although the doctrine and mode of worship of both are the same. The Czar is the temporal head of the Church—next to God Himself, as some writers put it. His coronation is a great historical religious event. The Russian people prepare for it with fasting, retired meditation and prayer. The service is held in the most sacred church of the empire. No pope nor patriarch can put the crown on the royal head, nor even recite the creed. The assembled people devoutly pray for the Emperor. He alone, of all the vast host, kneels before his only superior—the great God. Aloud he alone confesses the Orthodox articles of faith. With his own hands he puts the crown on his

head, as did Napoleon the crown of Italy on his. Taking the bread and wine of the Holy Sacrament from the altar, he gives himself the communion; thus he communes with the bishops, priests and deacons. In every large church there is a throne near the altar, for the Czar to sit on in case of a visit. Louis XIV. said: "I am the State." Up to a recent period a Russian Emperor was virtually the Church as well as the State.

We are not capable of judging a person until we put ourselves in his place. Nor can we judge of a nation unless we place ourselves, at least mentally, in its life current. Less than a thousand years ago Russia consisted of a small colony along the banks of the Dnieper. Since then it has incorporated into its national life a large Tartar population, and other barbaric peoples. Wild, roving hordes, like those which over-ran Europe several centuries before, formed the material of its early organization. Russia was the last European nation which was converted to Christianity. It received its faith not from Rome but from Constantinople. The conversion of these early hordes was a great and difficult advance. But Russian Christianity retains much of the barbarity of its early converts. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," says a certain writer. It needed a strong hand to master and mould such material. Peter the Great was the first Russian Emperor who could manage them. A rough, passionate Christian, but still a Christian of no mean order, he put himself earnestly to work in reforming Church and State. Himself learned a trade and worked at ship-building, in a small plain shop. Worked hard with saw and axe, and prayed with all his might. "*Ora et labora*," (pray and labor) were the words with which he closed his address to his senators. He said: "Who forgets to pray works to no purpose." His laws forbade talking in church and working on Sunday. "He who forgets God works in vain," he used to say. He handled his people roughly, but they needed rough handling. For in some things these Russians sternly opposed all innovations. Peter introduced shaving. For this the priests and peasants denounced him as the Anti-Christ. A learned churchman



at the Council of Moscow said: "To shave the head is a sin which even the bloody martyrs could not expiate." Because, as he held, the law of Moses forbade it, and the sacred pictures represented our Saviour with an unshaven face. For a while Peter carried his point among certain classes. But many preserved their shorn hair to be interred with their bodies at their burial, lest they might not be recognized at the gates of heaven. This law has become powerless: among priest and peasant a flowing beard is to this day a mark of good and becoming exterior. Peter introduced the use of tobacco, which the ancient Czars had forbidden. Against this, too, masses of his subjects protested. And not very long ago the potato was by Russians called the accursed "apple of the earth," the very apple of the Devil, the forbidden fruit of paradise. These people are models of conservatism. Only the more progressive few submit to religious changes.

In the few large cities of Russia one finds magnificent churches. Still in point of architecture none to compare with the domes of Milan or Cologne. The churches of St. Petersburg and Moscow are the grandest in Russia. Village churches as a rule are very plain. But in city or village the bell is never wanting. Hundreds of bells, rung at the same time, produce a singular effect. "Imagine a city (like Moscow) containing more than six hundred churches, and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick, hammer note, to the loudest, deepest peals that ever broke and lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swelling on the air, as if unwilling to die away." Not only in the sound but in the size of their church bells the Russians take a pride. Think of the great bell in Moscow, twenty-one feet four inches high; the metal at its thickest part twenty-three inches thick; its weight more than 400,000 pounds. Its cost more than \$1,700,000. The largest bell in England, at Christ Church, Oxford, weighs only 17,000 pounds. Tradition says that once it was hung, and took forty or fifty men to ring it. It is now cracked—the crack is large enough for a man to stand in it. In Russia the

bells are struck, not rung. They are never chimed, never ring a tune.

These Russian Churches lay great stress on seemingly trifling matters. For a long period a bitter controversy was carried on about the question whether the benediction should be pronounced by the priest with two or three fingers. A wrong accent in reading the prayers or creeds was deemed a very serious offense. Archdeacon Hare says of the Anglican Church: "If a messenger from heaven should come down and ask what we are doing in the year of our Lord, 1843, what would be the answer? Quarreling whether we should preach in a black gown or in a white." Thus too has the Russian Church wasted much of its sterling energies on trifling questions about times and seasons, the use of garments and of beards. And Christians in other countries are indulging in similar hair-splitting warfare. As a rule Russians are strict observers of their forms of religion. Their Calendar has over 200 fast, festival and Sabbath days in the year. This gave the serfs, before their liberation, at least half their time for rest and religion. The masses attend their church services regularly. Among the so-called educated there is a large class of free thinkers, who are members of the State Church, simply to get an office or social position. As in other parts of Europe, Russia abounds in nihilism, a sort of communism. The walls of the churches are hung with icons, or sacred pictures. Chief among the pictures are those of the Virgin and her child. These always hang in a certain corner of the church. For on sacred and social occasions in Russia, the corner of a hall or room is always the place of honor. At a party or social gathering, the most honored guest is put in a corner. The most sacred picture in the family and in the church is similarly hung. The pictures perform a prominent part in the religion of Russia. As works of art they are usually of little merit. Mere daubs; of one common style or type. Not the beauty of their appearance but what they represent gives them value. These pictures are held in deep veneration by all the more devout Russians. They bow to them as to so many kind friends, as they pass through the church. Many



deem it a serious devotional duty to visit their church twice a year to kiss all the pictures. We are told these pictures are designed to be used as helps in devotion—books for the laity. The more intelligent use them as such. But the bulk of the people seem to worship them, as did the followers of Gideon his costly ephod. Not unfrequently sacred pictures are carried from place to place to perform alleged miracles in healing the sick. Here and there one finds some of the best works of the Italian and Dutch masters in wealthy and noble families, but they are scrupulously excluded from sacred uses in churches and elsewhere. Prayers to the saints, before and to pictures, are parts of Russian worship.

The clergy of the Russian Church are, as a class, "very poor and ignorant." The bishops are selected from the most educated. When the Metropolitan, the chief prelate of Moscow, rides out with his coach and six, the crowds honor him as if he were the Emperor. But the average class of priests are without culture and learning. "They are not received at the tables of the upper classes, but they exercise an almost controlling influence over the lower." Unlike the Roman Catholic Church, the Russian Church allows her priests to marry. But they must marry before their ordination. After that, marriage is forbidden. In most cases the bishop selects a wife for the young candidate. Often the daughter of a priest is selected. If the father-in-law is an old, decrepid man, the son-in-law is appointed his assistant. In the course of time he becomes his successor, and is expected to support the old folks and their family. In this way many worn-out priests and their families are provided for. In the selection of a wife for the young priest, the daughters of the clergy, if in any wise suited, always have the preference. And, indeed, justly so. For, after all the educational inferiority of the priests, their daughters receive a better training than the average peasant girl. This plan saves the young priest the trouble of hunting a wife; a wiser and more experienced head selects for him. But how fares the heart of these young people, united for life without any choice

of their own? Russians claim that the system works well. That in most cases the priest gets a good wife, that mutual love and a happy home-life are secured thereby, besides providing for the widows and orphans of the clergy. The priest is poorly supported. He must bring up his family on a mere pittance, and gather this little himself. In an official report to the Russian Government, a priest says: "When I make the periodical visitation (among the peasants to gather his allotted share from each) I can see that the peasants grudge every handful of rye and every egg that they give me. I can overhear their sneers as I go away, and I know they have many sayings such as—'The priest takes from the living and from the dead.' Many of them fasten their doors, pretending to be away from home, and do not even take the precaution of keeping silent until I am out of hearing." \* \* \* "The peasantry are very religious. But they are poor and heavily taxed. They set great importance on the sacraments, and observe rigorously the fasts, which comprise nearly half of the year, but they show very little respect for their priests, who are almost as poor as themselves. \* \* \* They persecute them with derision and reproaches and feel them to be a burden. One priest is ducked in a pond on a cold winter day, for the amusement of the rich man whom he serves and his guests. Another forgets to take off his hat before his rich master's house, for which offence he is put into a barrel and rolled down a hill into the river. In nearly all the popular comic stories, the priest, his wife, or his laborer is held up to ridicule, and in all the proverbs and popular sayings where the clergy are mentioned, it is always in derision. The people shun the clergy, and have recourse to them, not from an inner impulse of conscience, but from necessity. And why? Because the clergy have received a false kind of education. It does not introduce into the life of the people the teaching of the Spirit, but remains in the mere dead forms of outward ceremonial, at the same time despising these forms, even to blasphemy."

"Can the people respect the clergy when they hear how one priest stole money from below the pillow of a dying



man at the moment of confession; how another was publicly dragged out of a house of ill-fame; how a third christened a dog; how a fourth whilst officiating at the Easter service was dragged by the hair from the altar by a deacon? Is it possible for the people to respect priests who spend their time in the gin-shop, write fraudulent petitions, fight with the cross in their hands, and abuse each other in bad language at the altar?"

All Russian priests do not come under this low estimate. Thousands of them "are honest, respectable, well-intentioned men, who conscientiously fulfill their humble duties, and strive hard to procure a good education for their children." But the number of such is disproportionately small.

Russian piety seems to lack personal heart experience. It does not require Scripture reading, and an earnest following of its counsel and lessons. The Russians are regular church goers on Sundays and holy days, cross themselves repeatedly when they pass a church or a picture, fast every Wednesday, Friday and during Lent, take the Holy Communion regularly, and make pilgrimages to holy shrines. But they know little or nothing about the word of God.

In no other form of religion are pictures or icons so much used. Icons are half length pictures of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, or of a saint in what is called the archaic or Byzantine style, on yellow or gold ground. In size they are from a square inch to several feet square. Some are adorned with crowns of pearls and precious stones. They are of two kinds—the simple and the miracle-working pictures. The former are found in every Russian home. They are placed high up in a corner, facing the door. On entering, every Russian is expected to bow towards the picture and cross himself. Before and after a meal the same ceremony is always performed by each one at the table. On the eve of a holy day a lamp is kept burning before at least one of the pictures.

The pictures that are said to perform miracles are fewer in number. Many suppose that "they were not made with hands." They are always kept in churches. Thousands of sick and sorrowfully bowed down and burdened

people prostrate themselves before them for relief. When a cure is claimed to have been effected, it is reported to the proper officer of the Church, who investigates it. Should he pronounce it a miracle, the picture will gain great celebrity and sanctity. Russians claim that one of these Madonnas saved Moscow from the Tartars; another, they say, was carried with the army in 1812, and helped to defeat Napoleon.

The different nationalities of the Russian Church retain more or less of their former religious characteristics. The people of Poland are still prevalingly Catholics. The Finlanders, even after they have joined the Russian Church retain some of their former beliefs. Their religion seems to be a mixture of Christianity and Paganism. Spells, charms, incantations, and all manner of magical rites and superstitious practices prevail among them. Some pray to their old gods, to saints, and to the true God. St. Nicholas, the favorite saint of the Russian peasantry, is adored at their harvest festivals. Charmers and religious tricksters deceive the people with their impositions. A Russian gives the following as a prayer actually offered to a picture of St. Nicholas: "Look here, O Nicholas god! Perhaps my neighbor, little Michael, has been slandering me to you, or perhaps he will do so. If he does, don't believe him. I have done him no ill, and wish him none. He is a worthless boaster and a babbler. He does not really honor you, and merely plays the hypocrite. But I honor you from my heart; and behold, I place a taper before you." It is said that during the earlier conversion of the Finlanders, some ate meat on fast days by stealth. The authorities found it out and punished them. The Finns suspected their pictures of telling on them, and thereafter turned the face of the picture to the wall when they ate meat on fast days.

After all this reads like a Finn version of the proud Pharisee in our Saviour's parable. At heart, many a modern Pharisee, claiming to have a purer religion, has such thoughts when he affects to pray to the only true God. The Russian Church holds essentially to the same doctrines as the Roman Catholic. They differ on the procession of the



Holy Ghost. But the divinity of Christ and His atoning sacrifice, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the sacrifice of the mass, they both hold in common. It preaches infant baptism. With the baptism the child is admitted to the Lord's Supper. Twice a year, at Easter and on its Saints' day, it communes. Poorer people take their children to the communion every time they are sick. At seven years the child is brought to confession. Russians claim that at three and four years children are already very reverent and devout in religious worship, shown in their conduct during the whole day of the service. One says: 'I never heard a child crying at its first communion, nor of behaving itself otherwise than as a reasonable being. But the Russians are self-possessed from their very cradles.' The child is prepared for the first confession by committing to memory the Lord's Prayer, the Nicene Creed and the Ten Commandments, hymns to the Holy Ghost and to the Virgin Mary, morning and evening prayers, and prayers before and after meals, and before and after learning.

This of course relates to an exceptionally pious family. The child observes Lent with its parents. Daily they fast and pray, and attend the church service. After vespers in the evening prayer, acquaintances in the congregation kiss and take leave of each other. The Russian word for "farewell" and "pardon" is the same. Thus when they part they ask each other's pardon and give the farewell greeting in the same word. Before the family return in the evening the different members again ask pardon and wish farewell. To the former the response is: "God will forgive you." "The orthodox go to bed in peace and charity with all men, to awake to all the strictness of the fast." Thus underneath the many forms of semi-barbaric ceremonial lies imbedded a life of meek and simple faith.

All its churches are built in the Byzantine style. They have halls much larger than those in America. They have cupolas or steeples, shaped like an onion turned upside down. On many there is a cross. All churches have three apartments, like the temple of

Solomon. There are no seats, and no organs in any of them, nor any other musical instrument. Large lighted lamps and candles are before the pictures. At certain services the priests and people kiss a cross, and in passing the priest sprinkles all who kiss it.

The Russian Church has never succeeded in gaining many converts from the Jewish, Mohammedan or Catholic religion. Its converts have been solely gained from polytheistic religions,—those believing in many gods. From Tartar paganism it has drawn largely. It has its good side—its earnest, Christian people. But it hitherto has failed to leaven the whole lump of its population. And yet the Russian Church is an indomitable moral power. What a grand lesson the Emperor of Russia taught his people at the close of the late war with Turkey! On his return to St. Petersburg his first act was an act of worship in the great cathedral, where he and his people praised God for His help, and invoked His blessing upon their arms and nation.

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### Ruskin.

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BY PROF. W. M. REILY.

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Most of the readers of the GUARDIAN, doubtless read with pleasure the article of the editor in the last number, containing the extracts from Emerson. It served several good purposes. One of these was to give us some little insight into the character of the mind of a writer who is generally regarded as America's first literary man. The poet Whittier is said to have expressed the opinion that Emerson is the only living American who will be read a thousand years hence. Further as the quotations were made seriatim from the English Traits, a tolerably good conception was furnished of one of his most important works. As a book of travel it is universally recognized as a model. We have read parts of it repeatedly; and yet we meet with passages again and again whose novelty and freshness seem as striking as though they had never passed under our eye.

We wish the editor would run over the ground again and furnish his readers



with some of the bits of personal incidents, so full of interest, with which the book abounds. His visit to Carlyle, whom he regards as one of the few writers of modern times, who think from within outward, would furnish quite a number. One in connection with Coleridge, I have heard Dr. Schaff give at the dinner table with much gusto. Coleridge was somewhat severe on the looseness of thought which prevailed in this country, and referred somewhat contemptuously to the Unitarians. Emerson remarked "if you will allow me, I am a Unitarian." "Yes, yes!" replied the other. "I supposed so," and continued his observations, which amounted to a long soliloquy, just as coolly as though no interruption had taken place. During his visit to Wordsworth he enjoyed a privilege which we think of often as being one which doubtless Emerson regards as one of the greatest in his life. He found the poet rambling among the trees around his dwelling. He was in the habit of composing while doing so, and then transcribing from memory. He had just finished one when Emerson joined him. The fact of the composition was referred to, and the poet expressed a willingness to repeat some of the stanzas. There he stood, in the open air, while some feathery warbler on the tree above him may have furnished an obligato, and recited, after the fashion of the ancient bards, stanza after stanza of his own songs, while the enthusiastic American listened in wrapt admiration.

Emerson's works are not to be recommended to young readers. As the editor has intimated, he is not only profound, but obscure. In many respects too he is an extremist, and likes to startle with his eccentricities. For example, he says that all a college education is worth to the student is the finding out of how little avail it is. Besides he is a free-thinker of a very dangerous type; he has the highest regard for the Bible, as one of the few books which deserve to be studied; he speaks in the most respectful terms of religion and devotion. Still he urges young men not to tie themselves to Peter or Paul, but to rely upon themselves, to go forward with aspiring self-reliance, and to trust, if at all, in the coming man, another

Messiah, who is to be greater even than the divine Saviour of the world.

We recently had occasion to consult the writings of the Englishman whose name stands at the head of this article. And how different is the character of his mind from that of our great countryman!

In some respects they resemble each other. Both are characterized by that vigorous style of composition which is ascribed to a living, loving acquaintance with the realities of the external world. Both have eyes to see not only the outward forms of objects, but the penetrating glance which sinks itself into the deepest life of things and takes them by the heart. What they describe, we know almost better than if we had seen it ourselves.

Both assume an attitude of deadliest hostility to the materialism and utilitarianism of the day. The American gets off a capital joke on the followers of Herbert Spenser. "They tell us," he says, "that thought is matter beat out thin, and some of it, O! how *thin*!" Again he tells us that those who make man's chief end is material well-being virtually turn the brain into a saucepan. He finds fault with Goethe for making even culture an end in itself. He holds that the true aim of human activity is nothing so selfish as this; it is knowledge for its own sake. And he would tell us that the only object of knowledge is that eternal spiritual substance of which the universe is the manifestation.

Says the Englishman: "There is need, bitter need, to bring back if we may into men's minds, that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by whom we live." Again: "Man's use and function is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfill this function is in the pure and first sense of the word useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist, are in a secondary and mean sense, useful, or rather if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse; for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint



the purposes of existence. And yet people speak in this working age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses, and lands, and food, and raiment were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration, were all profitless, so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think, as far as such can be said to think (!), that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body, who look to the earth as a stable and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew and the water they draw, are better than the pine forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity."

Both of these great men take the highest possible ground in regard to the symbolical significance of nature. Says Emerson: "The beauty of things becomes a new and higher beauty, when expressed. Nature offers all her creatures to the artist as a picture-language. Being used as a type, a second wonderful value appears in the object far greater than its old value." Again: "Beyond this universality of the symbolic language, we are apprised of the divineness of the superior use of things, whereby the world is a temple, whose walls are covered with emblems, pictures and commandments of the Deity."

Ruskin asserts that beauty consists in signs of the Divine attributes. "By the term, then, properly are signified two things. First that external quality of bodies already so often spoken of, and which, whether it occur in a stone, flower, beast, or in man, is absolutely identical, which, as I have already asserted, may be shown in some sort typical of the Divine, and which, therefore, I shall for distinction's sake call typical beauty; and secondarily the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of functions in living things, more especially of the joyful and right exertion of perfect life in man." We will add two extracts which we trust will not be found too long. "But the Christian theoria seeks

not, though it accepts, and touches with its own purity, what the Epicurean sought, but finds its food and the objects of its love everywhere, in what is harsh and fearful as well as what is kind, nay in all that seems coarse and commonplace; seizing that which is good, and delighting sometimes in its table spread in strange places, and in the presence of its enemies, and its honey coming out of the rock, than if all were harmonized into a less wondrous pleasure; hating only what is self-sighted and insolent of men's work, despising all that is not of God, unless reminding it of God, yet able to find evidence of Him still, where all seems forgetful of Him, and to turn that into a witness of His working which was meant to obscure it, and so with clear and unoffended beholding Him forever, according to the written promise, Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." "The fact of our deriving constant pleasure from whatever is a type or semblance of Divine attributes, and from nothing but that which is so, is the most glorious of all that can be demonstrated of human nature; it not only sets a great gulf of specific separation between us and the lower animals, but it seems a promise of a communion ultimately deep, close, and conscious, with the Being whose darkened manifestations we here feebly and unthinkingly delight in. Probably to every order of intelligence more of His image becomes palpable in all around them, and the glorified spirits and the angels have perceptions as more full and rapturous than ours, as ours than those of beasts and creeping things. And receiving it, as we must, for an universal axiom that 'no natural desire can be entirely frustrate,' and seeing that these desires are indeed so unfailing in us that they have escaped not the reasoners of any time, but were held divine of old, and even in heathen countries, it cannot be but that there is in these visionary pleasures, lightly as we now regard them, cause for thankfulness, ground for hope, anchor for faith, more than in all the other manifold gifts and guidances, wherewith God crowns the years, and hedges the paths of men."

Both have conceptions of art and its mission far in advance of the times. Emerson says that Truth, Goodness and



Beauty are one and the same. God is the all-fair. It is this that the artist seeks to exhibit and reveal. Ruskin says that the peculiar province and faculty of the gifted painter is "to find even in all that appears most trifling or contemptible, fresh evidence of the constant appearing of the Divine power for glory and for beauty and to teach it and proclaim it to the unthinking and regardless." But that the labor of the artist "is justifiable in a moral point of view, that it is not the pouring out of men's lives upon the ground, that it has functions of usefulness addressed to the weightiest of human interests, and that the objects have calls upon us which it is inconsistent alike with our human dignity and our heavenward duty to disobey, has never been boldly asserted nor fairly admitted." Here, however, by the way we may be permitted to remark that the distinguished vindicator of the exalted mission of art commits an unintentional error. Fifty years ago and more, in an obscure village among the mountains of Pennsylvania, a plain German taught that the artistic imagination seeks to exhibit the Infinite in finite forms. He did not pretend to have been the originator of the conception. We happen to have on the table at which we are writing the volume of one of his masters, with passages underscored by his hand, the contents of which are happily reproduced for an English reading public. From this volume we translate the following: "It is the high mission of art, in common with Religion and Philosophy to express and bring to the consciousness of men, what is *divine*, the profoundest interests of humanity, the most comprehensive spiritual truths; in a word it seeks to exhibit the Supreme, as far as this can be done for the senses and sensibilities of man, and accordingly in sensuous form."\*

We started out with the purpose of showing some of the differences between these two great minds and their character of thought. This has to some extent been accomplished by the way. The reader has realized that the eyes of the one never have been opened to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, whilst the other "does not walk in darkness but has the light of life."

\* Hegel, *Æsthetics*, vol. I. p. 11.

Ruskin believes in a living, loving, personal God, the Father of spirits, who in order that the creature made in the divine likeness and image might be happy, placed him in a world full of bounty and decked with beauty; who does not withhold a knowledge of Himself, but manifests His presence, and reveals His will and intention, as one who cannot look upon sin, but is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him.

Ruskin does not believe in reliance upon self; but in self-mistrust and faith. Firmness is admirable taken "in the sense of adherence to resolution, obedience to law, regardfulness of promise, in which from the beginning it has been the test as the shield of the true being and life of man, or in the still higher sense of trustfulness in the presence, kindness and word of God. . . . More beautiful yet when the rest is one of humility instead of pride, and the trust no more in the resolution we have taken, but in the hand we hold." Those ancient artists (showed the proper spirit in this respect), of Venice who painted their victorious doges "neither in the toil of battle nor the triumph of return, nor set forth with thrones and curtains of state, but kneeling always crownless, and returning thanks to God for His help, or as priests, interceding for the nation in its affliction."

Further Ruskin believes in Christ as the only Saviour, and in union with Him as the only salvation. "The only Unity which by any means can become grateful or an object of hope to men, and whose types therefore in material things can be beautiful, is that on which turned the last words and prayer of Christ before His crossing of the Kidron Brook. "Neither pray I for these alone but for them also which shall believe on me through their word. That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee."

Still again he does not believe that earth sees the last of man, but that there is in reserve for him an abode of bliss and repose after the trials of life. "This we know that there will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of Him; and though in these stormy seas, where we are now driven up and down, His Spirit is dimly seen



on the face of the waters, and we are left to cast anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day, that day will come, when with the evangelists on the crystal and stable sea, all the creatures of God shall be full of eyes within, and there shall be 'no more curse, but his servants shall serve Him, and shall see His face.' "

In a word Ruskin believes in the Word of God as the true revelation of the divine mind and will. He accepts all its disclosures, recognizes all its requirements, and relies upon all its promises in the spirit of childlike obedience and trust. He would say that the truth of nature, and art, and revelation are not isolated and distinct; but that the two former answer their proper intention only when they are subordinate and subservient to the latter. Doubtless he would subscribe to the word of another great Englishman for whom he has unbounded admiration, and whose spirit he has to a great extent imbibed, namely Coleridge, who says: "I can truly affirm of myself, that my studies have been profitable and availing to me only so far as I have endeavored to use all my other knowledge as a glass enabling me to receive more light in a wider field of vision from the Word of God."

### The Faith of Prince Bismarck.

BY THE EDITOR.

Bismarck has for a number of years been the most prominent statesman in the world. As his tall, erect figure, which lifts his head above every society in which he moves, so as a man of great statesmanship is he head and shoulders above all other statesmen. He seems to be harsh, merciless, "a drinker of blood." Once convinced of a principle he shrinks from no consequences, however cruel. Has this man of battle and blood any faith in Christ, any regard for piety and its claims? It may be of interest to the readers of the GUARDIAN to know what he thinks of Christ. When kindly taken to task by a Christian friend for some of his rumored irreligious habits, he replied: "Not a single thing committed or omitted remains un-

known to the outside world. Where is the man who, in such a position, would not give offence, justly or unjustly? Would to God, that besides that which is known to the world, I had no other sins upon my soul, and for which I only hope for forgiveness, trusting in the blood of Christ. As a statesman I am not, according to my feeling, sufficiently indifferent; cowardly rather, and that because it is not easy, in the questions which come before me, always to gain that inward clearness of vision on whose soil confidence in God springs up. He who calls me an unconscientious politician does me wrong; let him just put his own conscience to the proof on this battle-field. When I stake my life for a matter, I do so in that faith which I have in long and severe struggling, but in honest and humble prayer to God, strengthened, a faith which no word of man, even of that of a friend in Christ and a servant of the Church can overthrow. As regards church-going, it is incorrect that I never go into God's house. I have been for almost seven months either absent (from home) or ill; who then has observed it? I willingly confess it might occur oftener; but it is not so much from want of time as consideration for my health that it is omitted, especially in winter, (very few of the Churches in Germany are heated in winter), but to those who feel themselves called upon to be my judge in this matter, I will willingly give minuter information about it; you yourself will believe me without medical details." \* \* \* "If (I am) among the humble sinners who come short of the glory of God, I hope that His mercy will not take away from me the staff of humble faith, with which I try to find my way in all the dangers and doubts of my position; this confidence shall neither make me deaf to reproving words of friends nor angry against uncharitable and arrogant censures."

At another time he said: "How people could live together in any orderly way, each one doing his own work and letting others do theirs, without faith in a revealed religion, in a God who intends goodness, in a supreme judge and a future life, is above my comprehension." "If I ceased to be a Christian I should not remain at my post another hour. If



I could not repose trust in God, I should not heed earthly masters, I should have something to live upon, and should be fine gentleman enough!"

"Why should I strain every nerve and labor incessantly in this world, expose myself to perplexities and annoyances, if I did not feel the burden of a duty imposed by a divine Being? If I did not believe in a providence which had destined this German nation to something good and great, I should instantly retire from the diplomatic profession, or rather should never have entered it at all! Orders and titles are no incentives to me."

"The public stand that I have made for ten long years against all possible absurdities has been due solely to the firmness of my faith. Take this faith away from me, and you take away my fatherland. If I had not been vigorously orthodox, if my religion had not had a supernatural basis, the German Federation would never have had its present Chancellor. How willingly would I go away! I love the life of the fields, of the woods, of nature. Take away from me my belief in God, and to-morrow morning I pack my portmanteau, set off for Varzin, and grow my grain."

One should suppose that this man of great mind and stature, who for more than a score of years has toiled like a Titan, would by this time have made an immense fortune out of his great and responsible office. But high office has proven to him a pecuniary loss. He attaches little value to honors, wealth or pleasures. He sternly goes about his business, without regard to comfort or self-interest. He says: "I was better off before I was Chancellor. The ennoblement has ruined me. I have been pinched ever since. Formerly I used to look upon myself as simply a country gentleman, but now, belonging in a way to the peerage, I find that claims upon me are increasing, and my estates bring me in nothing."

"Have any of the rulers believed on Him?" exclaimed the Pharisees in their hatred of our Saviour, as though that would make Him any the less the Christ of God. And now many deem it an evidence of scientific culture to carp at the claims of the Holy Scriptures. and

affect a puny scholarship which claims to set aside the Almighty. The rulers of the earth are poor sinners as all other people, and can only be saved by grace. And it speaks volumes for the wisest and best of them like William I. of the German Empire, and his great Chancellor, Bismarck, that again and again they confess before the whole world their perishing need of the world's Redeemer and their humble faith in Him. Will the readers of the GUARDIAN study the above lesson of the German statesman well—his childlike faith in Christ and how all his proud honors and orders are as nothing to him compared with that grace which bringeth salvation.

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### Four Years Old.

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"I'm four years old to-day, papa!  
I guess you didn't know  
How very old and big and strong  
In one night I should grow;  
For last night when I went to sleep,  
Your boy was only three!  
Just see how tall I am to-day—  
Papa, do you know me?  
I'm four years old!"

"And now I am almost a man,  
And want a candy-store—  
To sell ice-cream and nuts and figs,  
And lots of good things more!  
And O! I want a big black dog  
To keep bad boys away;  
A pony just as white as snow  
To ride on every day—  
I'm four years old!"

"I'm sorry for little Ned;  
Just think, he's only two!  
But if he lives, he'll grow a man,  
And all these nice things do.  
I'll give him all my tops and balls,  
My dresses and my toys;  
For things like these are very nice  
To please such little boys!  
I'm four years old!"

"What! four years old! My little son,  
You fill me with surprise;  
My boy become a man so soon!  
Can I believe my eyes?  
Ah! golden time, so full of hope,  
So fresh and sweet and fair!  
I well remember now the day  
When I, all free from care,  
Was four years old!"



### Lemuel's Mother.

[From Dr. Bushnell's *Homespun Age*.]

This Lemuel, who is called a king, is supposed by some to have been a Chaldee chief, or head of a clan; a kind of Arcadian prince, like Job and Jethro. And this last chapter of the Proverbs is an Eastern poem, called a "prophecy," that versifies, in form, the advice which his honored and wise mother gave to her son. She dwells, in particular, on the ideal picture of a fine woman, such as he may fitly seek for his wife or queen; drawing the picture, doubtless, in great part, from herself and her own practical character. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are covered with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Omitting other points of the picture, she is a frugal, faithful, pious housewife; clothing her family in garments prepared by her industry, and the more beautiful honors of a well-kept, well-mannered house. She, therefore, it is, who makes the center of a happy domestic life, and becomes a mark of reverence to her children:—"Her children arise up and call her blessed."

A very homely and rather common picture, some of you may fancy, for a queen, or chief woman; but, as you view the subject more historically, it will become a picture even of dignity and polite culture. The rudest and most primitive stage of society has its most remarkable distinction in the dress of skins; as in ancient Scythia, and in many other parts of the world, even at the present day. The preparing of fabrics, by spinning and weaving, marks a great social transition, or advance; one that was slowly made, and is not even yet absolutely perfected. Accordingly, the art of spinning and weaving was, for long ages, looked upon as a kind of polite distinction, much as needlework is now. Thus, when Moses directed in the

preparation of curtains for the tabernacle, we are told that "all the women that were *wise-hearted* did spin with their hands." That is, that the accomplished ladies who understood this fine art (as few of the women did) executed his order. Accordingly, it is represented that the most distinguished queens of the ancient time excelled in the art of spinning; and the poets sing of distaffs and looms, as the choicest symbols of princely women. Thus, Homer describes the present of Alcandra to Helen:

"Alcandra, consort of his high command,  
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand.  
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,  
Which, heaped with wool, the beauteous Philo  
brought,  
The silken fleece, impurpled for the loom,  
Recalled the hyacinth in vernal bloom."

So, also Theocritus, when he is going to give a present to his friend's bride:

"O distaff! friend to warp and woof,  
Minerva's gift in man's behoof,  
Which careful housewives still retain,  
And gather to their household gain,  
Thee, ivory distaff! I provide.  
A present for his blooming bride.  
With her thou wilt sweet toil partake,  
And aid her various vests to make."

If I rightly remember, it is even said of Augustus himself, at the height of the Roman splendor, that he wore a robe which was made for him by Livia his wife.

You perceive, in this manner, that Lemuel's mother has any but rustic ideas of what a wife should be. She describes, in fact, a lady of the highest accomplishments; whose harpsichord is the distaff, whose piano is the loom, and who is able thus, by the fine art she is mistress of, to make her husband conspicuous among the elders of the land. Still, you will understand that what we call the old spinning-wheel, a great factory improvement, was not invented till long ages after; being, in fact, a comparatively modern, I believe a German or Saxon, improvement. The distaff, in the times of my text, was held in one hand or under one arm, and the spindle, hanging by the thread, was occasionally hit and twirled by the other. The weaving process was equally rude and simple.



### Parental Advice.

The following letter was addressed to Sir Philip Sidney by his father, when the son was twelve years of age:

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and wish you to exercise that practice of learning often, for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life you were born to live in. And since this is the first letter I have ever written to you I would not that it be empty of advice, which my natural care of you causes me to wish you to follow in this your tender age.

Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And do this at regular times, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance of it. Apply yourself to study, during such hours as your discreet master shall assign you, earnestly, and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your mind with knowledge, and judgment will increase as you increase in years. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you school yourself to obey others, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you will never be able to teach others how to obey you.

Be courteous in your bearing, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that wins so much with so little cost. Be moderate in your diet, so that after you eat your mind may be fresher and not duller, and your body more lively and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, lest being under the necessity of drinking without previous experience it should produce intoxication. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril to your joints or your bones. It will increase your strength and enlarge your frame. Delight to be cleanly,

as well in all parts of your body as in your garments. It will make you acceptable to all with whom you associate, to whom you would otherwise be loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you will show yourself a degenerate son if you are not most able both in wit and strength when you are cheerful. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given by the sword.

Be rather a hearer and a bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you will be accounted one who delights to hear himself talk. If you hear a wise sentence or an apt phrase, commit it to memory with respect to the circumstance, that you may use it intelligently. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in whatever company you are, and rather be rebuked by the giddy for maiden-like reserve than by your grave friends for pert boldness. Think upon your words before you utter them, and remember how nature has built ramparts as it were about the tongue, the teeth, the lips, yea and even hair without the lips being so many restraints upon the careless use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, not even in trifles. The habit of doing so is bad, and let it not satisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth, for afterward it will be known as it is to your shame, for there cannot be greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

Endeavor of your own accord to be virtuously occupied; for by so doing you will acquire such a habit of well-doing that you will not know how to do evil, even though you should desire it. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended from on your mother's side, and consider that only by a virtuous and active life can you become an ornament to that illustrious family, and that otherwise through vice and sloth, you will be accounted the scum of your race, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man.

Well, my little Philip, this is enough



for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I find that this light meal nourishes in any manner your youthful capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with strong food.

Your loving father, as long as you live in the fear of God.

H. SIDNEY.

### The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim  
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,  
One was ruddy and red as blood,  
And one as clear as the crystal flood.  
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,  
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;  
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,  
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth  
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,  
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.  
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;  
From the heights of fame I have hurled men  
down;

I have blasted many an honored name;  
I have taken virtue and given shame;  
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste  
That has made his future a barren waste.  
Far greater than any king am I,  
Or than any army beneath the sky.  
I have made the arm of the driver fail,  
And sent the train from the iron rail;  
I have made good ships go down at sea,  
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;  
For they said, 'Behold how great you be!  
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,  
For your might and power are over all.'  
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,  
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"  
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast  
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;  
But I can tell of a heart once sad  
By my crystal drops made light and glad.  
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved;  
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;  
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down  
the mountain,

Flowed in the river and played in the fountain.  
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky;  
And everywhere gladden the landscape and eye.  
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,  
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile  
with grain.

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill  
That ground out the flour and turned at my  
will.

I can tell of manhood, debased by you,  
That I lifted up and crowned anew.  
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid:  
I gladden the heart of man and maid,  
I set the chained wine-captive free,  
And all the better for knowing me."  
These are the tales they told each other,  
The glass of wine and the paler brother,  
As they sat together filled to the brim,  
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

### The Necessity and Dignity of Labor.

I rely upon it that you are now working hard in the classical mine, getting out the rubbish as fast as you can, and preparing yourself to collect the ore. I can not too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. The only difference betwixt them is, that the poor man labors to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. There is indeed this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are for his own use. Labor, my dear boy, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.  
—Sir Walter Scott (*letter to his son*).

A MISSIONARY is more likely to live a life of holy thought and purpose, while surrounded by heathen idolaters to whom he proclaims the truth, than is a hermit in a solitary cave, with no companionship but books of devotion, and no occupation but a selfish seeking of spiritual attainments. Going into the homes of the impenitent, that for their good he may be brought face to face with those who forget God, is surer to make real the great truth of salvation to a preacher or teacher than sitting down in his room to meditate on its preciousness and to comfort himself with its hope. Not by flying from evil, but by fighting it, does the Christian keep himself free from the stain and the



power of evil. By giving of his faith and love to others does he gain in faith and love. Spiritual safety and spiritual progress are to be found in the thickest of spiritual dangers, and in the surmounting of spiritual obstacles. "There are two ways of defending a castle," says Phillips Brooks, in holding up the example of the pattern-life of Jesus, "one by shutting yourself in it, and guarding every loop-hole; the other by making it an open center of operations from which all the surrounding country may be subdued." Is not the last the truest safety? Jesus was never guarding Himself, but always invading the lives of others with His holiness. \* \*

### A French Country Marriage.

Madame Lesmontagnes was kind enough to give me a description of the wedding of her daughter. When a young man here wishes to become acquainted with a young woman, he mentions it to some friend of the family, who applies to the parents for leave to introduce him. If this is granted, and the parents afterward conclude that he is not suitable, they tell him not to come any more. When a young man comes to demand a young lady in marriage, the parents first interest themselves in the family, whether it is a respectable one, and in the young man himself, whether he is *sage*, or well-behaved. The young people are never left together without one of the parents being present, even when there is a talk of their being married.

At last the parents of the two young people will meet to plan the marriage, this *parlement* being held at the house of the young woman, where, after having had a good dinner, after having drunk well, and talked upon a quantity of other subjects, the rest of the family will leave the parents together, understanding very well what business is in hand. Then the young man's father will speak in this manner: "We have not come here to do nothing; we have come to speak of the marriage of our children;" adding if he is a rich enough land-holder, "I give twenty-five thousand francs to my son; how much can you give your daughter?" If her pa-

rents do not give about as much, the marriage agreement will not be made, and the parties will separate. However, about one time in ten it will be found that the young people are too much attached to each other for the parents to continue their prohibition, and they are allowed to marry. And sometimes it will happen, when the young people are of age, and the parents entirely refuse their consent, that the former will make to them the three respectful summons, and then they can marry without the parents' consent. Such a case will happen in this commune perhaps once in three or four years.

Madame L. gave her daughter, on her own part, and from the father's estate, a vineyard of the value of eighteen thousand francs, and she is to receive more. The young man's parents gave to him a piece of land worth twenty thousand francs, and the young pair occupy two rooms in his parents' home, where they can keep house, if they should prefer it. Madame L. added that the young man's mother gave him a furnished bed, and of sheets, tablecloths, towels, and napkins each a dozen; also three dozen shirts of hemp and flax. "I gave my daughter," she added, "two dozen sheets, two dozen tablecloths, two dozen napkins, and two and a half dozen towels; with a furnished bed, a cupboard, *armoire*, and a night table. The young man's parents gave him a large bureau, and he bought the rest of the furniture. The young people are well set out, well matched, and both are industrious. He is, besides, a merchant of sabots, buying these shoes from the makers; and as he has wood of his own, he employs people to make them; and twice a week he goes to — to sell them."

The only legal marriage in France is that at the Mayor's office, and there is a Mayor in every commune. Madame L. tells me that this marriage does not cost anything, but at the mass the cure marries them, and puts the ring over the first joint of the bride's finger. For this marriage he receives twelve francs. (All the religious and all the fashionable world have this second marriage. Freethinkers in Paris—I met none in the country—make a merit of opposing it.)



Madame L. tells me that there were about eighty guests at her daughter's wedding, and all these go to the mass, coming to dine at the house at noon. She herself did not see the ceremony; she heated the oven while the others were gone, "for somebody must take care of things." There were three women, however, to do the kitchen work, and three to wait upon the table.

"And what did you have for dinner?"

"I can not tell you—all sorts of good things—perhaps twenty courses."

"Did you invite the cure?"

"Some do; we did not. We had ham, and beef bouilli—we took forty pounds of beef—we had calf's head, stewed chickens, ducks with turnips, roast leg of mutton, chickens with rice; we had eight ducks, eight turkeys, four geese; and Pierre and one of his comrades, who was invited to the wedding, went hunting the day before, and I suppose altogether we plucked a hundred birds. We had a course of little birds—fig-peckers, sparrows, larks; and we had three pies (*vol au-vent*) made from the livers of the poultry and the little birds. We had food enough for a week after, besides giving to the relations. The pastry-cook of the village prepared a complete dessert, and we made pies. They give splendid entertainments here at weddings. There was a *piece* of wine drunk [about forty-four gallons]. We also had Champagne and Bordeaux, but there was not much used, and we had other liquors, but nobody got drunk. That is all, madame, I believe. There are people who don't make weddings, on account of the expense; perhaps only one-fourth make weddings."

This great amount of food was necessary, on account of the guests staying to three meals.

The two musicians were paid by the young men guests. Dancing was kept up until about three in the morning, when the party sought a little rest wherever they could get it; some going to the barn; the little children and the hired women went to bed; and Madame L. got two hours' rest. She added: "On Wednesday we had the breakfast, and then all went away about ten."—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

## The Bobolink.

Throat brimful of music—

Cannot keep it in;

Bless me! Wouldn't have you try;

'Twould almost be a sin.

Should think 'twould choke you though,

The aperture's so small

That all this noise must struggle through,

Or not get out at all.

Swinging on the lily-cups,

Hiding in the clover,

Prince of comic vocalists,

Saucy little rover.

Give us a gem from Mozart,

A taste of Meyerbeer,

Or a morceau from Rossini,

Fit for cultivated ear.

Cannot? Well, stop trying;

Your own wild notes are best,

Stick to the tune you've practiced,

Never mind the rest.

Stretch your mouth to the utmost;

Pour forth your pearly song,

Marred by no taint of bygone grief

Or shade of future wrong.

## Advantages of a Book.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him to a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, it gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation, something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. But supposing



him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! what a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it around from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it, all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more, it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect, that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

“Enter the sacred temple of his breast,  
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest,  
Wander through all the glories of the mind,  
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.”

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate source of his happiness, it warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Sir John Herschel.*

### The Supply of Ministers.

It is an open secret that ordinations have of late years been conferred almost without hesitation upon any man who fancied that he was called to the ministry. At a time when business interests are depressed, and avenues to worldly success, and even to the procurement of a livelihood are closed, temptations to seek the sacred office for even its scanty rewards, are in some cases very great. The door should be doubly guarded. One of the most sacred responsibilities, which the Head of the Church commits to apostolic supervision, is lightly laid aside, under lax convictions of the just standard of ministerial qualification, or a mistaken tenderness for the wish of the candidate. Who has not heard, as a chief reason why an applicant should be recommended to the Board of Education, or even licensed to preach, that the providence of God, in opening no other sphere, has shut him up to the work of the ministry? We do not believe

that providential indications come in that way—except, perhaps, in very rare cases. We would sooner trust our eyes for the discovery of Providence in the farmer's son, whose father can send him alone to the back field, with well-assured confidence that the work assigned him will be faithfully and efficiently performed; and in the serious shake of the old man's head, as he tells us that he cannot spare that boy. We should look for a bright ray of Providence in the clerk who can be trusted with the details of an important business, and in the ominous frown of his employer, when the discerning pastor suggests that he study for the ministry, for the shrewd merchant knows too well that there is money in that young man.

We might not look amiss for the finger of Providence in that great American College, which “has a water-wheel at the bottom and a bell on the top,” where some pale youth, that he may support his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters, twelve hours a day presides with a princely mastery over a complication of machinery, which, in the application of geometric principles, vies with the profoundest problems in Euclid. We may search among the growing tendrils of the school-room for a hue which Providence alone can paint, a reflection of the face of God; where some bright child, faithful to his tasks, a favorite among his peers, gives promise that, if the Church does not want him, the world certainly will. We do not want the cast-off refuse of the business fraternity for the most responsible and difficult work which God lays to human hands. Divine grace superadded, we want such, and such only, as would be likely to succeed in other pursuits. If the ministry would command respect, it must be intrinsically worthy. No reverence for this divinely instituted office, in the mind of either the Church or the world, can be trusted to follow or sustain a ministry defective in qualification. Neither have we the right, in the name of Christ, to expect something for nothing. The government stamps its promise on a paper, which can only bear its face value when the gold is ready. The Church may lay her ordination promise on the head of a man, and call him *Reverend*, but if he is inwardly



lighter than the standard, he must pass at a discount. Over all competitors for public confidence, the ministry should stand at an honest premium.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

**THE GIRL TO MARRY.**—The following excellent hints for bachelors are from the pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and deserve to be read at least a dozen times by every man who hesitates about committing matrimony:

"The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But, oh, what a heart she has when you find her, so large and pure and womanly. When you see her you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love your two thousand are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first class house. She'll wear simple dresses and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificat to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute) and teach you how to pity, while you scorn a poor, fashionable society which thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way."

**THOMAS THIMBLERIG THISTLETHWAITE** thievishly thought to thrive through thick and thin by throwing his thimbles about; but he was thwarted and thwacked and thumped and thrashed with thirty-three thousand thistles and thorns for thievishly thinking to thrive through thick and through thin by throwing the thimbles about, and then he thought, like Thaddeus Thornton, that he had thirty-three thousand thistles thoroughly thrust through his thumb!

AN Eastern fable says that a priest was challenged to prove God's existence by performing a miracle. The priest put a kernel into a vessel filled with earth, bidding his challenger watch it closely. By and by a green shoot appeared, then a stem, and leaves, and branches, and blossoms, until an immense area was covered, and rich, ripe fruit succeeded the blossoms. All this was done within an hour, and the amazed observer exclaimed, "Now I know there is a God, for I have seen His power." The priest smiled in reply, and said: "Simple child, do you only now believe? Does not what you have just seen take place in innumerable instances, year after year, only by a slower process? But is it the less marvelous on that account?"

A YOUNG gentleman attached to a Western paper went to hear Miss Abbott sing, and this is the way it affected him: "Miss Abbott is beautiful as an angel, and was dressed in green. Her voice is sweet as the tender accents of a mother crooning her only babe to sleep, and strong as a tempest when it roars in the forests and smashes the monarchs of the woody dales. Listening to her, the soul is lifted on the wings of infinite joy, and soars into the realms of eternal glory. When she ceased singing we fell back to earth, and were stunned by the concussion as though we had fallen from the top of a four story house, or been kicked in the stomach by a mule."

"PULL, ADAM, PULL." There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work in a linen factory; and while he was at work there, a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull."

"I cannot, sir."

"Why?" said the master.

"Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam, and he refused to pull.

Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home; but the boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.



## The Sunday-School Department.

A FEW months ago a delegation representing the school teachers of Berlin, waited on the German Emperor, William I. to welcome his return to the great city. He had been absent many months, on account of his illness and now they honor him with a visit. In his reply to their words of greeting, he said, among other things: "Our great duty to the young is less to teach them knowledge than to educate and help them to build good character. In order to do this we must have religion. The difficult and important mission of teachers is, therefore, to instruct and educate the children in true godliness, and imbue their hearts with a reverend regard for the sacred treasures of our holy Religion."

There is something touchingly beautiful in this venerable child of God, wearing a proud but perishable crown, at 82 years of age, again and again, as with the tender words of a loving father calling his people back to the simple faith which so many of them have forsaken. And his fatherly counsel suits our side of the Atlantic no less than his. In our country hosts of persons think that all that the world needs is to teach people knowledge. A Christless education is filling the land with educated rogues who use their knowledge to act the knave and ruin their fellow-beings. The Christian Religion, as taught by the Church and her Sunday-Schools is the only foundation for useful saving knowledge, the only builder or edifier of character which can bless men and glorify God forever.

"The child is father to the man." There was a time when the hard-featured Judas was a harmless child. His mother in her humble home at Kerieth, pressed him to her loving heart, and loved him as tenderly as other mothers love their children. And as he began to chirp and prattle, as little ones are wont to do,

no one dreamed that such an innocent cherub could ever grow into a betrayer. Alas! he grew up untrained in piety, unmoulded in morals. In his boyhood and youth his tricky grasping nature developed, unchecked by the firm hand of religious nurture and restraint. Now and then, when great criminals are detected and convicted it is said of them, that they once were Sunday-School scholars. Whose fault is it when a Sunday-School scholar in the end turns out to be a Judas? It may be that of his parents and home, who neglect their duty to him. But chiefly it is his own, because he does not follow up in his advancing life the good lessons he has been taught. We now have in our mind's eye a few such, who, unless they soon return to their Saviour will be doomed to the fate of Judas.

"A painter once wanted a picture of innocence and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together, his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his milk-blue eye was upturned with an expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of a young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it up on the study wall and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He often thought of painting a counterpart, the picture of "Guilt," but had not found an opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow his eyes; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portraits of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side for "Innocence" and "Guilt." But who was young Rupert



and who was Randall! Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert, led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon."

OLD Tobias Giesseling, a genial, quaint German writer, after he had written much and well, took to writing a romance or story. "Why have *you* written a romance?" asked a friend. To which he replied: "The people with their sated palates and spoiled stomachs can no longer relish and endure milk, and therefore I must make—*cheese* for them." The demand for literary cheese seems to be increasing, and if it only were always of the good and sweet sort, there would not be so much to complain of. But when it becomes strong, sour and of a peculiarly bad odor and lively substance, it makes neither pure blood nor strong bones and muscles.

The mind like the body can acquire a fictitious fondness for strong drink—for something that intoxicates and stimulates. What a low fanatical religion calls the *rousements*. And as with laudanum or opium, the longer you partake of it, the larger must the doses be. At length no dose can relieve, but only kill. You can not improve water, milk or good bread. John B. Gough puts it thus: "Some people say alcoholic stimulants are right and healthy. Our nature needs to be stimulated. A certain kind of activity you can stimulate for a while. If you sit down on a hornet's nest, you will doubtless be stimulated into lively activity. In the end, however, the hornets may not add much to your real soundness and strength." With the soul as with the body, there is a safe and an unsafe means of cultivating good cheer. The cup of religion gives you that which "cheers but not inebriates." The cup of literary whiskey leads to drunkenness and death.

There is too much mistaken kindness in the management of children. The law of love is great, but united with firmness is greater. Your children can be your aids to good housekeeping. Make them helpful and useful, and you make them happier. Let them early

form habits of neatness and order, and when you are weary you will not have to wait on their carelessness. Teach them to give you courteous speech and manners, and they will live to honor you. Let no part of your house be too good for your family. Let the boys' as well as the girls' bed-room be light and cheery. Take great pains to have the home attraction stronger than can come from outside influences. So few children confide in their parents or guardians. Would it not be well to take an interest in them and draw them towards us, instead of repelling!—*Housekeeper*.

*The New York Tribune* says: "By far the largest library in the world is the National Library at Paris, which in 1874 contained 2,000,000 printed books and 150,000 manuscripts. Which the next largest is, it is difficult to say, for the British Museum and the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg both had in 1874 1,100,000 volumes. After them comes the Royal Library of Munich with it 900,000 books. The Vatican Library at Rome is sometimes erroneously supposed to be among the largest, while in point of fact it is surpassed, so far as the number of volumes goes, by more than sixty European collections. It contains 105,000 printed books and 25,500 manuscripts. The National Library at Paris is one of the very oldest in Europe, having been founded in 1350, while the British Museum dates from 1753, or a time more than four hundred years later. In the United States the largest is the Library of Congress at Washington, which in 1874 contained 261,000 volumes. The Boston Public followed very closely after it with 260,500 volumes, and the Harvard University collection came next with 200,000. The Astor and Mercantile, of New York, are next, each having 148,000. Among the colleges after Harvard's Library comes Yale's with 100,000. Dartmouth's is next with 50,000, and then come in order Cornell with 40,000; the University of Virginia with 36,000; Bowdoin with 35,000; the University of South Carolina, with 30,000; Ann Arbor, 30,000; Amherst, 28,000; Princeton, 28,000; Wesleyan, 25,500; and Columbia, 26,000."



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

MAY 4.

LESSON XVIII

1879.

*Third Sunday after Easter. John xxi. 1-14.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE RISEN CHRIST BY THE SEA-SIDE.

1. After these things Jesus shewed himself again to his disciples at the sea of Tiberias, and on this wise shewed he *himself*.

2. There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two others of his disciples.

3. Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately, and that night they caught nothing.

4. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.

5. Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

6. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

7. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt

his fisher's coat unto him, (for he was naked), and did cast himself into the sea.

8. And the other disciples came in little ships (for they were not far from land, but as it were two hundred cubits), dragging the net with fishes.

9. As soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.

10. And Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.

11. Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, a hundred and fifty and three: and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.

12. Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

13. Jesus then come h, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise.

14. This is now the third time that Jesus shewed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

## QUESTIONS.

What is the title of our lesson? In what country is this sea? Galilee. Had Jesus asked His disciples to go thither? Matt. xxviii. 7; Mark xvi. 7. Does Matthew relate this scene? He alludes to a meeting in Galilee, chap. xxviii. Do Mark and Luke narrate it? The former likewise alludes to a meeting there, chap. xvi. 7. Is this, perhaps, the reason why St. John describes it so fully?

Verse 1. To what does *after these things* refer? To His several appearances, which convinced the disciples. What other names has this sea? Galilee—Gennesaret. See John vi. 1; Matt. iv. 18; Mark vii. 31; Matt. xiv. 34. Why did He show Himself again thus openly, do you think? To teach His presence with His people everywhere.

2. How many disciples were present on the sea? Who were the sons of Zebedee? Who were the other two? Andrew and Philip, likely.

3. How were the disciples supported before the crucifixion of our Lord? By the charity of their friends, (Luke viii. 3). What was the calling of most of them? Does this saying of St. Peter imply a readiness to follow their old trade again? Was the night a favorable time for fishing? Yes. Was this a profitable night for them? Was this a good opportunity for Christ to teach them the power of His benediction?

4. In what part of the morning did Christ manifest Himself? At twilight or dawn. Did they recognize Him?

5. What does *children* imply here? "My good young fishermen"—some read it. What does the term *meat*, mean here? Fish.

6. What command did He give? Did they

obey? Whom did they suppose Him to be? A citizen, who knew the waters well. What was the result? Of what was this draught a symbol? Of the harvest of souls through the Gospel. (Matt. iv. 19).

7. Who was the disciple *whom Jesus loved*? John. Who was the first to approach Him now? What is a *fisher's coat*? An outer-garment. What does *naked* mean here? That he had but a close fitting coat, or vest on.

8. How far is *two hundred cubits*? One hundred yards.

9. How was this *fire of coals* built? By miracle; or, by some friends. Of what was it a type? Of the feast, in God's kingdom.

10. Why were they to bring of the fish now? To show that their own work shall be their reward and crown.

11. Does this *hundred and fifty and three* signify anything? The full number of the saved—each number being a sacred one.

12-14. Why durst no one ask who He was? They were all convinced. Did their knowledge likely become more clear during their feast? Luke xxiv. 30-39. How often had Christ shown Himself publicly? How often had He appeared in all? Seven times.

What does this sea represent? The World. What is the ship a symbol of? The Church. Of what were the disciples the organs? Of the missionary agency of the Gospel. What does their fruitless night teach us? John xv. 5. The multitude of fishes represent what? The harvest of souls under Christ's presence. What is the feast a sign of? Of salvation. Is this miracle a photograph of the history of the Christian Church?



COMMENTS.—After Jesus had manifested Himself to the holy women at the tomb, to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, to Peter, to the Ten and Eleven at Jerusalem, He bade them go into Galilee, where He promised to meet them, (Matth. xxviii. 7; Mark xvi. 7.) This promise He fulfilled, in part, in the way now to be related. St. Matthew (xxviii. 16) merely mentions the fact; and as the other evangelists pass it over entirely, St. John gives the circumstance with its details.

VERSE 1. *After these things.* We take this to imply after the Apostles had all been convinced of His resurrection by the various apparitions. *Sea of Tiberias—Galilee—Genneseret.* The sea or lake bore these three names. *Tiberias*—from the celebrated city on its border (John vi. 1). There were no less than nine cities on its shores. *Galilee*—from the province which bordered on its western side, (Matthew iv. 18; Mark vii. 31.) *Genneseret*—from the beautiful and fertile plain on its north-western angle, (Matth. xiv. 34.) It is thirteen miles long and six wide. The river Jordan enters it at its northern, and passes out at its southern end. Jesus passed the greater part of the first year of His public life on its borders. He took advantage of His apostles' skill and familiarity with its coast, to move from place to place. *Showed Himself again.* Not so much to convince His apostles now, as to teach them His presence with His people everywhere and at all times. Before, He manifested Himself to two or three, to the disciples enclosed in walls; now, at large, on the open sea.

VERSE 2. There were seven disciples following their trade. Five are named or indicated. *Nathanael* is also called Bartholomew. *The sons of Zebedee*—James and John. *The two other of His disciples* were, perhaps, Andrew and Philip.

VERSE 3. *I go a fishing.* Before our Lord's crucifixion, their wants were supplied by charitable friends, (Luke viii. 3.) Now, however, they were obliged to provide for themselves. As they were fishermen, they fell to it again. Peter always acted promptly, and accordingly, turned to his former calling, to await what might come to pass. The rest followed him as their leader. *That night*

*they caught nothing.* Although the night season was the best time to fish, they labored in vain. This was a good opportunity, then, to show them the power of His benediction.

VERSE 4. *When the morning was now come.* This was about twilight or dawn. Jesus stood on the beach, unrecognized by them.

VERSE 5. *Children.* Some make this term to signify "my young men." It sounds like a style of address which a citizen would adopt towards them, who had come to purchase fish. *Meat.* This stands for *fish*. We might then read: "My good young fishermen, have you any fish?" Their answer, *No*, corresponds to this view.

VERSE 6. *Cast the net on the right side—they cast therefore—multitude of fishes.* They evidently supposed Him to be a knowing man, familiar with the lake and its lucky places, and obeyed at once. And, though toiling all night for nought, and having lifted their nets already, they harvested to the full. Undoubtedly this miraculous draught of fishes was to serve as an emblem of the harvest of souls, which was to be reaped through their ministry, (Matth. iv. 19.)

VERSE 7. *That disciple whom Jesus loved.* This was John, who was so called because of his intimacy with the Lord. He with the eagle-eye of his spirit recognized Him first; but Peter is foremost in action here again. *Fisher's coat.* This was his outer-garment or over-coat. *Naked.* He had but a vest or close-fitting garment on while at work. He girded himself to appear before the Lord. *Cast himself into the sea.* He swam or waded.

VERSE 8. *Two hundred cubits.* This may have been one hundred yards. *A little ship.* As it was shallow, a smaller boat was taken to convey the disciples to the shore; they holding one end of the net.

VERSE 9. *A fire of coals.* This seems like a new miracle. As Christ drew the fishes into the net by His sovereign power, so could He prepare a meal after some wonderful manner. But it is supposed by some, too, that the meal had been prepared by some friends, either for the disciples, or for themselves. We know not which may have been the fact; but as to its meaning there can be no question. It was a picture of the grand



festival in God's kingdom, on the morning of the resurrection.

VERSE 10. *Bring of the fish.* The Lord and His servants will enjoy the festivity together there, as they did share the meal here.

VERSE 11. Peter now assists in securing the net on shore. *An hundred and fifty and three.* These several numbers were of themselves symbolical of fullness. *One hundred*—10x10; *Fifty*—10x5; *Three*—Trinity. Without searching for the special significance of each term, or of the total, it is enough for us to know, that the definite number of the saved is indicated thereby. *Yet the net was not broken.* The kingdom of our Lord in the harbor will be one—one fold and one shepherd.

VERSES 12-14. *Come and dine.* Though this was in the morning hour, we may understand it to be the symbol of the enjoyment of the kingdom of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. *None durst ask Him.* No one had doubts as to who He was. He was clothed in awe and majesty, yet their spirits discerned the Lord. It was in the subsequent eating that they knew Him clearly. *The third time.* It was the third public manifestation, and the seventh in all, likely.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—The sea of Galilee is a picture of the world. The ship is the ark of souls—Christ's kingdom. The disciples represent the missionary agency of the Gospel. The fruitless night is a commentary on the words of Christ—"Without me ye can do nothing," (John xv. 5.) The multitude of fishes tells of the harvest of souls at the end of the world, under Christ's presence and benediction. The feast is a type of salvation. Here we see, as in a photograph, the beginning and the end of the Christian Church—the mission of the Gospel in a nutshell.

PROFESSOR Austin Phelps says: "In a certain New England town of some thousands of people, the records of the Christian families were once examined thoroughly to test the question whether the sons of Christian parents are generally worse than others. The proportion of the children of such families who became religious men and women, as related to those who did not, was more than five to one."

### "Not if it was my Boy."

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon this statement, and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little, when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved *one boy*?"

"*Not if it was my boy,*" was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "My boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they will ever repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "My boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save *him* from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "*My boy.*" Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin was somebody's daughter, in her days of childish innocence. To-day, somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity in the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is *the salvation of a soul*? Not if it is "*My boy*;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost. —*The Christian.*

DO LITTLE KIND ACTS.—Do little helpful things and speak helpful words whenever you can. They are better than pearls or diamonds to strew along the roadside of life. They will yield a far more valuable harvest, as you will find after many days.



MAY 11,

LESSON XIX,

1879.

*Fourth Sunday after Easter. John xxi. 15-19.*

THE SUBJECT.—CHRIST'S CHARGE TO PETER.

15. ¶ So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

16. He saith unto him again the second time, Simon *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

17. He saith unto him the third time, Simon *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest

thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

18. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkest whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.

19. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me.

## QUESTIONS.

What is the title of the Lesson? What is meant by *charge*? His commission as Pastor in the Church. Why did our Lord repeat His question *thrice* on this occasion? Because of Peter's three-fold denial. (Matt. xxvi. 69-74). Had he thereby forfeited his position as an Apostle? Verily. Why did our Lord then re-instate him? Matt. xxvi. 75. How did Peter show his penitence to be sincere? By his retraction, and the renewal of his profession.

Verse 15. Why does He call him *son of Jonah*? In view of his weakness by nature. Had Peter once professed to love his Lord *more than* his brethren did? Matt. xxvi. 33. Does he still speak thus boldly? What *does* he affirm of his love? To what does he refer his Lord as a voucher? Does Christ read the heart? Matt. xii. 25; Luke vi. 8; John ii. 24-5. How does Christ's question really read in the Greek? *Esteemest thou me?* &c. Does Peter employ the word *esteem* in his answer? He uses the term LOVE. Whom does Christ commit to his care then? Who are the *lambs*? Children and new converts. What does the word *feed* mean, in reference to these? Nurture.

16. Does the Lord repeat this question in the same form? Does Peter hold fast to his form?

What does Christ then say? Who are the *sheep*? The more matured Christians. Do *sheep* and *lambs* signify the entire flock?

17. Does Christ now use the term *esteem* again? He now takes Peter's word—LOVEST. So it reads in the original. In what sense does the Lord now use the term *feed*? In the sense of *governing*. Why was Peter *grieved*? He trembled lest he might not know his own heart thoroughly. To what does he again emphatically refer the Lord?

18. In reference to what is this saying uttered? To his martyr-death. To what does the *first* part of our Lord's saying apply? To his free and heroic labors as an Apostle. What does the *latter* portion portray? His crucifixion. Did he die on the cross? In the year 67, in Rome. Was the *stretching forth* of hands—the *girding*, and the *leading forth*, then, verified?

19. How did Peter *glorify* God in his martyrdom? He begged to be crucified with his head downward. What was the only condition which Christ required of Peter, in order to a re-instating to the Apostleship? A self-dedication in love. Is this all that the Lord requires of all His servants? Do we serve the Lord in love?

## CATECHISM.

## XIX. Lord's Day.

50. Why is it added, "and sitteth at the right hand of God?"

Because Christ is ascended into heaven for this end, that He might there appear as head of His Church, by whom the Father governs all things.

51. What profit is this glory of Christ, our head, unto us?

First, that by His Holy Spirit He poureth out heavenly graces upon us, His members; and then, that by His power He defends and preserves us against all His enemies.

52. What comfort is it to thee, that "Christ shall come again to judge the quick and the dead?"

That in all my sorrows and persecutions, with uplifted head, I look for the very same person who before offered Himself, for my sake to the tribunal of God, and hath removed all curse from me, to come as judge from heaven; who shall cast all His and my enemies into everlasting condemnation, but shall translate me, with all His chosen ones, to Himself, into heavenly joys and glory.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light;  
Sun of righteousness, arise,

Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, draw near;  
Day-star in our hearts appear.



COMMENTS.—Three times had Peter *denied* his Lord (Matth. xxvi. 69–74), just as Jesus had foretold (Matth. xxvi. 34). He had wickedly forfeited his right to be an Apostle. But as his Lord saw him go out and weep bitterly (Matth. xxvi. 75), He mercifully re-instated him—but only after a thrice retraction of his sin, and a thrice renewal of his profession. Thus we learn, that he who goes out weeping may enter in rejoicing.

VERSE 15.—*Simon—of Jonah.* It is not *Simon Peter*, you observe. He would indicate, by his patronymic (family name), his weakness and faults; his natural imbecility, in consequence of which he fell so deeply.

*Lovest thou me more than these?* That is just what Peter professed on a former occasion—to love the Lord more than his brethren did (Matth. xxvi. 23). The question must have burned and seethed in his heart's core! *Yea, Lord.* He gives a candid but modest reply in the affirmative; and relies wholly on his Lord's knowledge of his heart as his voucher—*thou knowest that I love Thee!* Let us ever remember what is written of Jesus in this respect (Matth. xii. 25; Luke vi. 8; John ii. 24–5). Although it does not come out in the English and German text, in the Greek, the question and answer read thus: “Dost thou *esteem* me? Thou knowest that I *LOVE* Thee.” *Feed my lambs.* As Peter was now to be re-instated as a Pastor, he is charged to nurse, first of all, the lambs of the flock—the children—whether infant or adult souls. Young converts are placed in the foreground.

VERSE 16. Here we have precisely the same question again, with the exception of the last clause. Undoubtedly our Lord would impress it upon him by its repetition. And Peter, as if fully conscious of our Lord's intention, holds firmly to his declaration. Christ uses the word *esteem*, whilst Peter uses the word *LOVE*. *Feed my sheep.* Here the older portion of the flock is committed to his ministry. The stronger Christians may be meant now. *Feed* is probably *pasture* here.

VERSE 17. *LOVEST thou me?* Jesus now uses the very word which Peter had employed, as if the disciple had won over his Lord to his own side. *Peter*

*was grieved.* Now that Jesus had met him on his own ground, as it were, he trembled, lest, after all, he might not know himself as well as his Lord did, and another fall awaited him. *Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I LOVE Thee!* There is no *Yea, Lord*, prefixed to his last answer. As if he would not trust himself even so far as to affirm merely, but rest his cause wholly on his Lord's knowledge of himself. Once more we have—*Feed my sheep.* Here *feed* is taken in the sense of *governing*, whilst *sheep* stands for the whole *flock*. How well he remembered the charge of his Master we learn from his 1st Epistle, v. 2. The full sense of the three-fold charge might then be: Nurture the Lambs; Pasture the Sheep; Govern the Flock.

VERSE 18. Now that he was exalted to the high station of an Apostle, he must also learn the price he must pay for the honor conferred. *When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst.* This signifies the Christian liberty and heroic boldness that should crown his apostolic labors. The Lord would protect him as a brave soldier in service. *But when thou shalt be old.* The evening of his life would find him a captive, even as his Lord had been. *Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands.* Peter died on the cross. A yoke was thrown over the victim's neck, with beams extending right and left, on which the arms and head were fastened. *Another shall gird thee.* The sufferer was bound to the cross. *And carry thee whither thou wouldst not.* This is his martyrdom, from which his flesh and blood would naturally shrink.

VERSE 19. John gives us the key to this enigma. Ancient writers tell us that Peter was crucified at Rome, about thirty-three years afterwards, and that he deemed it so glorious a privilege to die for Christ, that he begged to be crucified with his head downward. Thus did this Apostle *glorify God* in the city of Rome. *Follow me.* Not only has this request a literal meaning—that our Lord called him apart for some further instruction which He intended to impart; but it was intended, also, to inform him that the only safe deliverance which he could expect, was by walking in His footsteps and obeying His word. By



such a following would he at last be borne whither he would gladly be.

*Practical Thoughts.* A self-dedication to Christ is the sole requisite in order to a diligent and sacrificing service. Love knows no burdens. Even martyrdom is regarded as a favor. Serve the Lord with gladness. He that *loves* the Lord his God with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, will then know how to serve Him in a life of love towards his fellow-man. This is the essence of the Gospel.

### In Memoriam.

At a special meeting of the Teachers' Association of the Second Reformed Church, of Reading, Pa., March 24, 1879, the following resolutions were adopted, as a tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Jonathan P. Mengel, deceased.

Inasmuch, as God, in His infinite wisdom, has brought to a close the life of our fellow-member and brother, Mr. Jonathan P. Mengel, who has always deserved the esteem and confidence of all who knew him, and whose early death has caused a great loss to this association, the Sabbath-School, the Church, and the entire community, it is our desire to give some testimony of our respect to his memory. Therefore,

*Resolved,* That in the death of Mr. Mengel, we feel that this association has lost one of its most active, faithful and efficient members, the Church an earnest supporter, the School an excellent officer, and the community an estimable citizen. Though for months not able, personally, to attend to the duties of his office, and only through illness compelled to relinquish the position, yet he has always maintained and preserved a deep interest in their welfare. As an evidence of confidence and esteem he, for a long term of years, filled the office of Librarian of the School, and subsequently became its worthy Secretary. At the organization of the Sociable of the Church he was elected its Secretary, and took a most active part in all its measures. In all his various relations and the responsible positions he has held, he always retained the confidence and esteem of those with whom he was associated. His personal character was unexceptionable, and his whole life and

conduct portrayed the virtue of a noble heart. Still a young man, he was refined in manners, kind and courteous in disposition, frank and generous in his conduct, whilst his earthly career, it is true, has been short, yet not without exerting a kindly influence upon all.

*Resolved,* That we extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family in their great affliction.

*Resolved,* That we attend the funeral of the deceased in a body.

*Resolved,* That a page of our minutes be inscribed to his memory, and a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family and his parents, and be published in *The Reformed Messenger* and *THE GUARDIAN*.

A. H. SCHMEHL,  
HORATIO JONES,  
GEO. T. WINK,  
EMMA LEVAN,  
HATTIE O. McCAULEY,  
ANNIE K. EBUR,  
Committee.

Boys often think it does not make any difference how they live when they are young; that when they come to settle down as men they can leave all their wild ways and begin again. Whenever they stop doing wrong, they think they will be just the same as if they always had done right. But this is a great mistake. Everything a boy or man does helps to *make him*. Every boy should be careful not to fall into any habits he does not want to carry with him after he grows up, for he will find it very hard work to throw them off. Whatever he would like to be when he becomes a man he should try to be while he is a boy.

A STOUT country lad came to the University of Edinburgh, bringing with him a large chest. For three months he took no meals at any hotel or restaurant, and asked nothing from his landlady except hot water. It turned out that his chest was filled with oatmeal, brought from his country home, and he himself cooked it with the hot water received from the landlady, adding as a relish a little butter and salt. A student who is willing to submit to such privations, in order to obtain an education, is likely to make the most of his opportunities at college.—*Youth's Companion*.



MAY 18.

LESSON XX.

1879.

*Fifth Sunday after Easter. John xxi. 20-25.*

THE SUBJECT—THE END OF ST. JOHN FORETOLD.

20. Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved, following; (which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?)

21. Peter seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what *shall* this man *do*?

22. Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what *is that* to thee? Follow thou me.

23. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet

Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what *is that* to thee?

24. This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things: and we know that his testimony is true.

25. And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen.

## QUESTIONS.

Whose end is here foretold? How did Jesus come to speak about John's death? Peter would know of his companion's fate, after hearing his own.

Verse 20. How did it come to pass that Peter noticed John? Why did John follow Jesus and Peter apart? Because of his intimacy with Christ. Does John mention his own name here? How does he designate himself? Is the popular notion of St. John's easy nature a correct one? Mark iii. 17. What was his temper? Vehement and fiery. Why then was he a favorite, loving disciple, still? Because the Spirit of Christ had most largely transformed him into His own image. How do we account for the phrase—*which also leaned on His bosom*? Because of their mode of reclining at meals. To what Supper does he refer? Chap. xiii. 21-25. Why does he refer to that circumstance now? To indicate how much nearer Peter had now advanced to his Lord.

21. Why does Peter ask this question?

22. How is the saying—*tarry till I come*—understood? Either as an indication of a natural death, or that he should survive the destruction of Jerusalem. Were both views realized by John? They were. What does Christ mean by the saying—*What is that to thee*? That

every servant of Christ ought to be most concerned for his own lot.

23. How did the Apostles understand this saying of our Lord? Does John endeavor to correct this impression? Was it nevertheless believed by many that John did not die? It was. How may we account for this belief? The saying of our Lord seemed to be confirmed by the fact, that the caldron of boiling oil, into which he was cast, did not injure him; and the uncertain date of his death. When is John supposed to have died? Between the years 89-120. How old was he? About one hundred years, and the only Apostle that died a natural death.

24-25. How could John testify of these things? Because he was an eye-witness to all. Does he pretend to relate *all* that Jesus said and did? How are we to understand about the world not being able to contain the books? As a figure. It indicates His great number of words and works. What does the word *Amen* mean? So let it be.

In how far may the legend of John's exemption from death be said to be true? His spirit or ardent love for Jesus survives to this day. Will this *Johannean* spirit tarry until He comes? We are so assured. Does his spirit survive in us? Amen.

## CATECHISM.

XX. Lord's Day.

OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

53. What dost thou believe concerning the Holy Ghost?

First, that He is true and co-eternal God with the Father and the Son; secondly, that He is

also given me to make me, by a true faith, a partaker of Christ and all His benefits, that He may comfort me, and abide with me forever.

1. O love divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me!

2. O that I could, with favor'd John,  
Recline my wearied head upon  
The dear Redemer's breast!  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
My everlasting rest!



COMMENTS.—We must recollect, that at the close of the last lesson, Jesus and Peter were about to move apart, we know not exactly whither, v. 19. So the phrase, *Follow Me*, is taken in its literal sense. The Apostle John was drawn after them. And this circumstance occasioned the narrative concerning the beloved disciple's latter end.

VERSE 20. *Peter turning about.* He looked behind himself. *Whom Jesus loved.* We are apt to imagine St. John to have been of an easy temper, of a yielding and effeminate disposition. This, however, is but a popular notion. He was a *boanerges*, "son of thunder," (Mark iii. 17), of a vehement, zealous and fiery spirit. What rendered him a favorite disciple, was the fact that the Spirit of Jesus transformed him most nearly into our Lord's own image. The phrase—whom Jesus loved—is here inserted to explain his confidential relation to our Lord, which warranted him to follow the Master and Peter apart. *Which also leaned on his breast.* As they reclined at meals, in the East, in such a manner that the head of one lay close to the breast of another; and as John's place was always next to Jesus, he became so distinguished among his brethren. *At supper.* In chapter xiii. 21–25, the circumstance is related, to which this reference applies. There Peter requested John to ask the Lord concerning the betrayer; here, he ventures to question the Lord Himself, and concerning John, indeed. Perhaps we may learn from it, the changed relation of Peter to the Lord. He had made a nearer advance to Jesus, by this time—no longer stood aloof, as it were, or followed Him afar off.

VERSE 21. As Peter's end had been foretold, he wished to know now what the fate of John should be. It was natural for him to be interested in the lot of his co-laborer.

VERSE 22. *Tarry till I come.* Some suppose that our Lord meant to imply that John should not die a violent death, but live, labor and wait until the Lord might come for him through a *natural dying*. Others take "the coming of the Lord" to mean the destruction of Jerusalem, he being the only one of the Twelve who was alive at the time of its desolation. He survived it, about

thirty years. Peter, who was one of the oldest of the Apostles, had suffered death some six years before. *What is that to thee?* Our Lord means to teach that He will order His servant's lots and ends; and that it is the part of good and faithful servants to commit their own and others' destinies wholly to His wisdom and power. If He were to have ordered John's life to reach even to His Second Coming, that even ought to be accepted by Peter and his companions. His own obedience to Jesus—that was the sole problem for Peter.

VERSE 23. From the dark saying of Jesus a strange misunderstanding arose—that John was never to die; that he was to be transformed at the Lord's appearing in glory. But John does all in his power to correct the mistake, by repeating accurately what the Lord *did* say. Yet it availed not. Tradition and legend said: His death and burial even were only apparent; he breathed in the grave; the earth heaved with the beating of his heart; the dust was stirred by the moving of his pulse. A fable even asserts that he still lives in the earth. The fact that he was cast into a cauldron of boiling oil without hurt to himself; and the uncertainty of the date of his dying—these facts, added to the strange words of Jesus concerning his end, no doubt kept the story alive. He died, however, at Ephesus, between the years 89–120, a full century old.

VERSES 24–5. *This is the disciple which testifieth.* He asserts his claims to be believed, on the ground of his having been an eye-witness, and, therefore, worthy of credence. *And there are many other things.* John was not a chronicler of the three years' labors of our Lord, so much as a choice culler of those transactions which set forth most plainly that Jesus is the Son of God. *The world itself could not contain the books.* This is a figure of speech by which the great number of miracles and sayings of our Lord is implied.

*Amen.* This is a pure Hebrew word, and means a confirmation and seal. "Let it be so" and "so be it," are popular definitions.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. The Apostle John is with God. Yet the strange story concerning his being yet alive, can



in so far be true, inasmuch as his Spirit will ever remain on earth. The warm love for Jesus dies not among His followers. Persecution with fire and sword; even death and the grave—in spite of all the *Johannean* spirit will ever animate the true disciple. May such a pure and disinterested love ever pervade us in our work for Jesus, so that the beloved disciple may ever be said to live in each one of us. Then, indeed, will the tradition verify itself in the noblest possible way. Let all hearts say—AMEN.

### How Joseph Cook Reads and Studies.

Lyman Abbott writes in the *Christian Union*: Joseph Cook carries a railroad “Shakspeare,” and prepares his quotations for his unique lecture on “Shakspeare on Conscience” on the cars. He picks up everywhere; gathers everything. It seems as though he forgot nothing. But in private he bewails his treacherous memory. I never knew a student yet who did not seem to grow indignant with himself over the undue proportion of all that he ever learned that he habitually forgot. Mr. Cook is no exception to the rule. Yet he marvelously preserves and utilizes the results of his readings. His methods are peculiar. I violate no confidence, and I may give aid to students, lay and clerical, if I report here these methods, as he told them to me. This preserving machinery consists of three pieces:

1. He always carries with him a cheap memorandum book. In this he jots down, wherever he happens to be, a thought, a sentence, a figure that strikes him. The book fills up quickly. Then a new one takes its place. These books are dated and filed away. He trusts his memory to serve as an index to suggest to him the date of the reading, the incident, or the thought there noted.

2. He also carries with him a package of commercial note paper. Any extract in a book not in his own library, any fact or figure worthy of more careful preservation, he notes on a half sheet of paper. These are sorted according to a few large titles. The homogeneous ones are pinned together. As the pile increases they are sewed. “I am to lecture to-night,” said he to me, “on

‘Ultimate America.’ I put in my bag my package of excerpts on America—a hundred or more—and look over them this afternoon as a last preparation before I go on the platform.” This method gives him the full use of his resources in each subject on each lecture.

3. He has not the contempt of some would-be scholars for the newspapers; he reads and uses them. With a red crayon he marks whatever strikes him as suggestive; throws the paper into a corner. Mrs. Cook, who is a sort of private secretary to him, as many another wife of many another busy literary man, cuts out the marked articles and lays them, loose, in an indexed scrap-book. When a large store has accumulated, Mr. Cook goes over, culls out those of permanent value, and pastes or otherwise preserves them; the rest are destroyed. “Permanent journals are useless. They are a waste of time. When I was in college I bought an *index rerum*, but there are not twenty entries in it. A note book for suggestions, loose sheets of paper easily classified for extracts, a scrap-book for newspaper cuttings, are my simple means of preserving the results of reading.”

Mr. Wesley once, when he was making a collection, urged the people to give and in this way to lend their money to the Lord, adding, “The Lord is a good paymaster.” These words made such an impression upon the mind of a little boy who was present, that he put a shilling into the plate. This was the only coin that he possessed. He fully expected that his shilling would soon come back to him, and as time passed on and it did not return, he was much disappointed. So at last he told his mother what he had lent the Lord, and that it had not been paid him again. “Never mind,” replied his mother, “the Lord is a good paymaster.”

Twenty years rolled away, and the boy had grown up to be a very rich man, and what is infinitely better, a real Christian. One day he met Mr. Wesley, and reminded him of his words, telling him also how he had acted upon them. “And so,” he added, “*The Lord is a good paymaster*, for I am this day worth twenty thousand pounds, and I trust have the grace of God in my heart.”



MAY 25.

LESSON XXI.

1879.

*Sixth Sunday after Easter.—Sunday after Ascension.—Sunday before Pentecost.*  
*John xvi. 5-11.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE BENEFITS OF THE ASCENSION.

5. But now I go my way to him that sent me, and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou?

6. But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart.

7. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

8. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

9. Of sin, because they believe not on me:

10. Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more:

11. Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

## QUESTIONS.

Between what two facts does this Lord's Day stand? How may we designate it, then? Sixth Sunday after Easter; Sunday after Ascension; the Sunday before Pentecost.

What are the benefits of Christ's Ascension, according to the Heidelberg Catechism? 1. He is our Advocate, (Heb. ix. 24; Rom. viii. 34; 1 John ii. 7). 2. It is the pledge of our ascension, (John xii. 26; xiv. 2-4; Eph. ii. 6; Heb. ii. 16); 3. it opens the way for the mission of the Holy Ghost. What is the subject of this lesson? Where do we read of the ascension? Acts i. 3-11; Luke xxiv. 50-51; Mark xvi. 19.

Verse 5. What does Jesus here declare? Who had sent Him? Whither would He go then? John xvi. 28. Had they asked Him before whither He would go? Chaps. xiii. 36; xiv. 5. Why did they not ask Him now? v. 6.

6. Do men sometimes suffer sorrow to shut out all hope? How is it with us, when our friends die?

7. How does He now endeavor to dispel their sorrow? By telling them whither He is going, and why. How was it expedient for them to go

away? Could the Holy Ghost not come to us otherwise?

8. In what three-fold directions does the Holy Ghost perform His mission? What does the word *reprove* mean? Convince.

9. How does He convince the world of sin? What is the mother of all sin? Unbelief. Chap. iii. 16-19; Mark xvi. 16. Did the Holy Ghost so convince the Jews at His coming? Acts ii. 37. Is that even yet His office?

10. How does He convince the world of Righteousness? By showing Jesus to be our only and perfect righteousness. Acts ii. 36. Why should they see Him no more? Because this sinful economy was no longer worthy of His staying.

11. How does the Holy Ghost convince the world of a Judgment? Chap. xii. 31-32; Col. ii. 15; Rev. xi. 15; xii. 10-11. Does the Holy Ghost yet convince us of such a judgment? Acts xvii. 31; x. 42-44. In brief, of what does the Holy Ghost convince *all* hearts? Of our sinfulness; of the necessity of righteousness; and of a judgment to come. Has He wrought this three-fold knowledge in us?

## CATECHISM.

### XXI. Lord's Day.

54. What believest thou concerning the "Holy Catholic Church" of Christ?

That the Son of God, from the beginning to the end of the world, gathers, defends, and preserves to Himself, by His Spirit and word, out of the whole human race, a Church chosen to everlasting life, agreeing in true faith; and that I am, and for ever shall remain, a living member thereof.

55. What do you understand by "the communion of saints?"

First, that all and every one who believes being members of Christ, are in common partakers of Him, and of all His riches and gifts;

secondly, that every one must know it to be his duty, readily and cheerfully to employ his gifts for the advantage and salvation of other members.

56. What believest thou concerning "the forgiveness of sins?"

That God, for the sake of Christ's satisfaction, will no more remember my sins, neither my corrupt nature, against which I have to struggle all my life long, but will graciously impute to me the righteousness of Christ, that I may never be condemned before the tribunal of God.

1. Father! our hearts we lift  
 Up to Thy gracious throne,  
 And thank Thee for the precious gift  
 Of Thine incarnate Son.

2. Jesus, the holy Child,  
 Doth, by His birth, declare,  
 That God and man are reconciled,  
 And one in Him we are.



SUBJECT.—THE BENEFITS OF THE ASCENSION.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION. — The forty-ninth question in the Heidelberg Catechism asks :—*Of what advantage to us is Christ's ascension into heaven?* In the answer, three benefits are noted :—1. His Intercession with the Father in our behalf, (Heb. ix. 24 ; Rom. viii. 34 ; 1 John ii. 1.) 2. It is the pledge of our own ascension, John xii. 26 ; xiii. 2-4 ; Eph. ii. 6 ; Heb. ii. 16). 3. It opens the way for the mission of the Holy Ghost. This benefit is to be explained in the lesson.

COMMENTS.—We come now to a new wonder in the history of our Lord—His final manifestation, commonly called “His Ascension.” The narratives concerning this event are spare, but natural. “After He had showed Himself alive, after His passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days. \* \* \* And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up ; and a cloud received Him out of their sight,” (Acts i. 3-11). “And He led them out as far as to Bethany ; and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven,” (Luke xxiv. 50-1). So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God,” (Mark xvi. 19). Mount Olivet was His last theatre ; there He exhibited Himself for the last time to mortal eyes. In sight of Jerusalem Jesus was born, crucified and taken up. For the natural world the Ascension was a withdrawal ; for the spiritual world it was an arrival of our glorified human nature, and for Himself it was a ripening of the God-man for eternal glory.

VERSE 5. He declares His intended departure. His destiny is indicated in the words—to *Him that sent me* (John xvi. 28). “And none of you asketh me *whither goest thou?*” They had asked Him that question twice before, (Chaps. xiii. 36 ; xiv. 5). The reason why they did not repeat the inquiry now is told us in the following verse.

VERSE 6. Their sorrow over His announced departure rendered them forgetful, and blind to all further hope

and thought, for the moment. Just so we weep when our friends die, without reflecting on the glorious rest upon which they enter. We, even, too seldom think of the *whither*. How natural is this account !

VERSE 7. But He now breaks their gloom with a brilliant ray of light, by reminding them of the place He is going to, and wherefore He tells them the *whither* and the *why*. Because of their sorrow, He calls the Holy Ghost *the Comforter*. *It is expedient for you that I go away*. He would have them think of the gain which a temporary loss will bring. According to the plan of redemption, the Holy Ghost had no channel or way by which He could come to or enter our spirits, save through the glorified humanity of our Lord—“the man Christ Jesus,” (1 Tim. ii. 5).

VERSE 8. The office of the Holy Spirit, in *three* different directions, is taught us here. Let us read the word *reprove* in the sense of *convince*. Of three things He will convince the *world*—Jews and Gentiles:—1. Of Sin ; 2. Of Righteousness ; 3. Of Judgment.

VERSE 9. *Of Sin*. The Holy Ghost will convince (1) the Jews of the great sin which their unbelief towards Christ involved them in. Though foretold by their own Prophets, they did not accept Him as the Messiah. See how He convicted them of their crime on the day of Pentecost, (Acts ii. 37). The mission of the Holy Ghost is (2) to convince the world of the sin of rejecting Christ. The sin of sins is *unbelief*. “He that believeth not shall be damned,” (Mark xvi. 16). *But belief of any sort will not save. Because they believe not IN ME—that is the core of all infidelity*. See the pointed words of our Lord in Chapt. iii. 16-19. The Holy Spirit alone works this order of faith in willing minds

VERSE 10. *Of Righteousness*. Jesus had been cast out as a sinner (Chap. ix. 24) ; condemned as a malefactor ; accursed of God ; as possessed of the devil. All these charges had been heaped upon Him by the race—Jew and Gentile. But by the light of the Holy Spirit, we see Him entering the Holy of Holies—going home to the *Father*. See Acts i. 36. How fully was He vindicated !



*Ye see me no more.* By this utterance we learn, that this sinful economy is no longer worthy of holding Him. When He comes again it will be in majesty and glory, to pronounce the doom of a condemned world. By His resurrection, and ascension to God, the innocence and holiness of Jesus is read in the light of the Spirit. He was *justified in the Spirit*, (1 Tim. iii. 16). As all sin lies against Christ, at last, so likewise is all righteousness to be found in Him.

VERSE 11.—*Of Judgment*—Satan is the prince of this world! Not that he is such of right; but he is such by being in possession, through the fall. Through the plan of redemption, Satan is to be dethroned, a usurper, and the world to be placed in right relation to God, its rightful owner, (Chap. xii. 31-2; Col. ii. 15; Rev. xi. 15; xii. 10-11.) The Holy Ghost by the ministry of the Apostles demonstrated this coming judgment upon the Jewish world. Nor does He cease to proclaim this judgment upon the world, (Acts xvii. 31; x. 42-44). Hence He speaks in the present tense. Our Lord sees the end from the beginning.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—In a word, the Holy Ghost convinces man of the sin and guilt of our fallen nature, which reaches its ripest fruit in unbelief toward Christ; of righteousness, to be obtained alone through Jesus, the Lamb of God which takes away the sin of the world; and of a judgment, in which men will reap according to their sowing. May God graciously work this three-fold knowledge in our hearts! Then will we truly realize the blessings of the Ascension of our Lord, in our evident elevation toward God and Heaven.

MANY readers of the GUARDIAN have seen copies of Leonardo da Vinci's painting of the Lord's Supper. One sees them rare and rude, in the homes of all nations. He represents Christ at a table, with the apostles around Him, as he thinks they must have looked when our Lord founded the Holy Supper, and gave it to His apostles for the first time, in the hired guest chamber at Jerusalem. Each face has a fitting expression. The Saviour looks calm and sad as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with

grief." John's meek, loving face is nearest to Him. In groups of three, the apostles are passing the question round: "Is it I." Peter softly speaks something into the ear of John, while Judas at his side turns his dark face around to hear what is said. The original of this painting on the plastered wall of a refectory of a convent in Milan, has been disfigured and picked apart by time and by vandal tourists. But thousands of copies have restored its leading features. Each face is a distinct subject of study. That of Judas mirrors the wicked soul of the betrayer of Christ. It is said that before he painted this great work da Vinci for long months visited all the lowest taverns and places of vile resort, searching for a head and face bad enough for his Judas." Judas is the type of a large class of betrayers of principle and of Christ. People in prisons, or who ought to be there, who are always ready to barter away all that is good and right for selfish ends. If another da Vinci could paint the souls of such people or their faces, we would shrink with horror from their approach.

AN AWFUL STORY.—There was once a little girl who had a way of saying "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small, and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she don't get over saying "awful" about everything, I am afraid she will, by and by, become an awful bore.



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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1879

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN entered upon its XXXth volume, on the first of January 1879. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be mainly devoted, as heretofore, to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

In addition to its usual variety of reading matter, THE GUARDIAN will hereafter appropriate at least ten pages of each number to the interests of the Sunday-School cause. It will aim to serve as an efficient helper of Sunday School Teachers, and thus meet a want which has long been felt in the Reformed Church.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

JUNE, 1879.

No. 6.

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”  
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—

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## LETTERS RECEIVED.

J. Y. Moyer, H. K. Binkley, (2), J. Rader, Rev. D. O. Shoemaker, G. Z. Kunkel.

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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

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# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

JUNE, 1879.

NO. 6

## Editorial Notes.

OUR venerable friend, Dr. S. R. Fisher, of the *Reformed Church Messenger*, after a long life of the most plodding, prosaic usefulness, has of late years taken to writing poetry. Now and then an inspiration of the muses seizes him, when he must give voice to it in verse. His pen has furnished a number of excellent translations from the German for our pages. Of his original productions but few have been given to the public. Recently the last of these, entitled *The Doomed Town*, has been published in a neat pamphlet. It gives a graphic history of the burning of Chambersburg by the Confederate army, in 1864. As he personally and bravely fought against the destructive flames, and witnessed some of the wanton cruelties perpetrated against the suffering citizens, his burning soul boils through the verses of this poem in a characteristic style. The incidents furnished are known to but few persons outside of Chambersburg. The poem gives a thrilling description of the tragic scene, and along with Dr. B. S. Schneck's book on the same subject will be read with unabated interest for many years to come.

IN the beginning of this century a man of the name of Lechler, committed murder in Lancaster, Pa. After evading arrest for a while, he delivered himself to the officers of the law, stating that he could not endure his mental agony any longer, and asked to pay the penalty of his crime with his life, which he did. In 1832 a man by the name of Schafer committed a murder in the same County. After evading the law, he reported himself to the Sheriff of Frederick county, Md., as a murderer, and asked for a trial. The agony of remorse drove him to a confession of his crime, and he, too, was hung. Conscience is an irrepressible

monitor; a court of justice in one's own heart. An exchange says: A negro was hanged at Nashville recently, who it is said might easily, by availing himself of a legal technicality, have postponed his execution for a year. But he refused to do this, because of the agonies of remorse he was suffering. Even when asleep he was disturbed by visions of his murdered victims. This experience, exceptional as a fact, is normal in its character. Many indeed, sin as badly as the poor negro, perhaps worse, and yet suffer no inward pain: but this is no proof that they never will suffer. If there be conscience and sin in one and the same soul, then remorse is unavoidable. All that is needed is for conscience to awaken and act. Then comes that biting back (*re* and *mordeo*) of the soul upon itself whence we get the word remorse. How many, even though their sins be hidden from their fellow-men, are all the while suffering torture! How many more are laying up the material for this torture! There is but one remedy, and that is expiation. Guilt demands punishment just as thirst demands liquid, and nothing else will satisfy it. That punishment, if transferred to one able and willing to bear it, ceases to harry the soul; but otherwise, remains an intolerable burden.

A GOOD pastor's wife is from the Lord, and a bad one is—well God cannot be the author of evil. In the privacy of the parsonage she toils and endures at her unrequited task. No class of women do so much for which they receive so little credit as the noble queens of the parsonage. At a recent farewell dinner given to Rev. Dr. Anderson and his wife by a number of New York ministers, Dr. Prime of the *New York Observer*, in presenting a magnificent bouquet to the wife of the honored guest, addressed her in the following language:



"Mrs. Anderson—The Baptist pastors of New York (I am not one of them, you are probably aware,) have requested me, in their name, to make this presentation to you in token of their appreciation of your character, their admiration of your virtues, and their gratitude for the aid and comfort you have rendered to your distinguished and noble husband in the arduous labors of his ministry among us. We recognize in the beauty and the fragrance of these flowers fit emblems of the virtues that adorn and hallow the true woman, wife and mother, whom we delight to honor. As I have listened this evening to the high and well-deserved eulogies of my friend and brother, I have been thinking how much of the praise belonged to one who, in the retirement of domestic life, with modesty excelled only by her devotion, had been the inspirer, consoler and support of him who had the public burden of life to bear. For the world does not know, when the pastor comes to his work with vigor, freshness, elasticity, joy and power, that he owes more of it, than to all else in the universe, to the inspiration he draws from God Himself and the wife he loves. President Edwards was expected to preach on a certain occasion in a place where he was a stranger, and being detained on the road, did not reach the church until a very humble preacher had been set at the sermon. As he was beginning with an apology and making a glowing eulogy of Dr. Edwards, the great man entered unperceived and heard it all. After service, when the preacher learned that he had said all this in the hearing of Dr. Edwards, he declared to him: 'It is all true of you, sir; but I am told that Mrs. Edwards is a far better man than you are.' Dr. Anderson may apply the story. But they are one: one in heart and work and usefulness and honor."

A PLAIN country parson lately told us in substance the following: A certain congregation was composed of penurious people. Their good pastor had at first been receiving a bare support, for which he annually held twelve services. As time passed on his little salary annually diminished; at length to less than forty dollars. With this he could no longer maintain his family. He frankly told

his consistory. They called a congregational meeting. The members were not only opposed to an increase of salary, but adopted a resolution to abolish the office of a regular pastor, and thus save the money paid for his salary. Their plan was that each male member of the congregation should preach in turn. For the first sermon they selected one of the more intelligent brethren. At 10 o'clock of a certain Sunday morning the church was unusually crowded, with a congregation curious to hear their plow neighbor's performance. After giving out a hymn, reading a prayer, and Scripture lesson at the altar, he ascended the high "wine glass" pulpit, read his text, and preached the following sermon. Looking to one side of the church, he said: "We are, and we are." Then he turned his remarks to the other side of the church: "We are, and we are;" and as his eyes turned to every corner of the building, he continued: "We are, and we are." One of the hearers who could endure the sermon no longer, exclaimed: "What are we?"

"Why fools," replied the preacher, "else we would let those preach who are able to do it."

This cured the congregation of its folly, and thereafter the regular pastor was decently supported. Not every man, be he never so good a farmer or mechanic, is fit to preach the gospel. All of which illustrates the old German adage; "*Schumacher, bleibe bei deinem Leist.*" Or as the Latins have it: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, "Let not the cobbler go beyond his last." This saying had its origin in just this folly of a man in venturing a show of knowledge beyond his sphere. A shoemaker had pointed out an error in the shoe-latchet of one of the paintings of Apelles. The great artist thankfully accepted the suggestion, and corrected his picture accordingly. Encouraged by this the mechanic essayed a criticism of the outline of the figure whose shoes he had improved. At once Apelles replied "Keep to your trade. You know about shoemaking but not about anatomy." The reminder of the Grecian painter is in order at many times, when the man of faith or the man of fact goes beyond his legitimate sphere to give instruction in a sphere with which he is at best but partly familiar.



MACAULAY, the English historian, says: "Had not England during three hundred years observed the Lord's day as a day of rest, had her people spent this day in hoeing and spading, in hammering and toiling, we would be a far poorer and less civilized people." All the world over, the Sabbath keeping nations are the most prosperous in a commercial, moral and religious point of view.

THE Hon. A. H. Stephens has more mind in proportion to his bodily bulk than any man in America. With a sickly, puny presence, a sallow shrivelled face and a fine, piping voice, he has become a character whom all the visitors to the halls of Congress desire to see. Without the powers of locomotion, he must be carried from place to place by his servants. His weakness keeps him in his chair. He never in the hall of Representatives removes his stove-pipe hat, and the wearing of it adds to his weird and almost uncanny appearance. His eyes look bright and sharp as they peer out from beneath the tile, which is well pulled down over his brow; his cheeks are hollow and sunken, and his skin resembles parchment. Like an old woman in her rocking-chair, he keeps himself in constant motion by gently propelling his chair back and forth. When he speaks the members leave their seats and gather around him, as near to his person as possible. His voice is so weak that the galleries only catch an occasional word. In this frail tenement dwells an active scholarly mind. He has more brains than many men of four times his bulk. The late John P. Hale of New England, a robust, ruddy-faced, stout gentleman, being full of fun, one day said to the diminutive Georgian: "Stephens, I have a mind to swallow you entire."

To which he received the reply: "If you do you will have more brains in your belly than you have ever had in your head."

Stephens began life as a lawyer in a very small way. He blacked his own shoes, made his own fires, swept his own office, lived on six dollars a month and spent all else in books. Yet when he became widely known as a statesman and had a practice with more than ten

thousand a year, he did not forget his own early struggles, but on the contrary always cherished a warm sympathy with young men in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. It is said that he has assisted some fifty or sixty young persons in obtaining a liberal education, one-third of whom were taken from the common school and put through college.

### A Greeting from Jerusalem.

It is known to many of our readers that Dr. D. Van Horne and Rev. James I. Good, two pastors of Reformed churches of Philadelphia, are at present making a tour through Europe and Asia. The latter is a native of Reading, Pa., and formerly was a catechumen and a member of the flock to which the editor of the GUARDIAN ministered. The following fraternal private letter was written to us from Jerusalem under date of April 7th. Although not intended for the public, its contents are such that we violate no rule of editorial propriety by giving it to our readers. It shows how places associated with the earthly life of our Saviour strike the inquiring mind and impressible heart of a young pastor. The sheet of paper on which the letter is written has worked into its heading four neat photographs, giving views of the Jordan, Hebron, Bethlehem, and of the interior of the church of the Nativity in the latter place. The pictures are large and distinct, so that one can readily distinguish the correct outlines of the places.

ED. GUARDIAN.

DEAR FRIEND:—Knowing you would be glad to hear from me from this city, which you once visited, it affords me pleasure to send you Christian greetings, as did the fathers from Jerusalem of old to their brethren abroad. I think the views at the top of this sheet will recall familiar scenes to your mind. The country looks the same as when you were here. Perhaps the Mohammedan rule is a little less stringent than it was then, owing to the influence of England on the East. We went through the mosque of Omar, and over the Temple area around it. Of course we had to be attended by a guide from the American Consul, and by a Mohammedan guard. At Hebron we had to proceed very cautiously, for its people are still very fanatical, as they were when you



were there. Here, at Jerusalem, we visited the Temple area, under the southern part of the city, where Warren made large excavations of what are called Solomon's stables. Through an entrance near the Damascus gate we visited Solomon's Quarries, which extend down under the mosque of Omar. Here Solomon quarried and dressed the stone for the Temple.

The looks of the people remain as they were at your visit. The appearance of the Jews, especially those at Hebron, impressed me pleasantly. Their complexion is fair and their features regular, very much, I suppose, like those of the Jews of old. In some cases I have had my reverence for alleged sacred places sadly shaken, because of their improbable identity with the sites of the Scriptures. Thus at the church of the Nativity they show the altar where the Innocents are said to have been slain, and the hole in which they were buried, not far from the cave where our Saviour is said to have been born. In the latter I was solemnly impressed; but coming to the place of slaughter so near by, marred my solemn impressions very much. At Jerusalem I found only a few sacred places in whose identity I could believe. About the Mount of Olives one is always sure, but Calvary where our Saviour is said to have suffered and died, I cannot find for certain.

Yesterday morning I witnessed the Palm Sunday service in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The glitter, pomp, and parade of forms of the occasion failed to impress me. Indeed I am losing faith in these Eastern Churches. Their service seems to be purely one of forms, with the spirit of the Gospel left out. This church, covering the reputed site of our Saviour's burial, is still guarded by Turkish soldiers, who hold the keys of the building. During the service I saw several disgraceful fights in the crowd.

As the site of our Saviour's crucifixion, the Grotto of Jeremiah, north-east of the Damascus gate, is more satisfactory to my mind than the traditional Sepulchre within the city. It is just outside of the city, at present surrounded by graves, and in some respects corresponds very much to the Calvary of the Gospel.

The three places which have touched my heart most deeply thus far, are the cave of the Nativity, the place (on the Mount of Olives) where Jesus wept over Jerusalem, and the Grotto of Jeremiah. Gethsemane has been turned into an artificial flower garden. It has been stripped of its original features, looks utterly out of harmony with what one would expect, and hence disappointed me.

I am surprised to find the country about here so hilly and indented with such deep valleys. We have reached here, however, at the most beautiful season. Around Bethlehem the fields are covered with charming wild flowers. We landed at Jaffa (Joppa) last Monday, and reached this place on Tuesday night. Thursday and Friday we spent at Hebron and Bethlehem. To-day we go to Mizpeh and Gibeon of Saul. Tomorrow we expect to leave for the Jordan. Thence we will travel northward by the usual route, to Damascus. I am enjoying myself very much. My trip is setting me right on a great many points in sacred geography, where I before was in error. To-night I was present at the celebration of the Jewish Passover, which at this day and place was to me a novel and instructive occasion.

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### Rum and Ruin.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Drink! drink!! drink!!! Rum rules the day. Rumshops, beer shops, gambling dens in every square. Brilliantly lighted, pleasant music, and people of social prominence, help to lure and mislead the young and simple. And these are the doorways to other places of sin, the abode of *her* whose "feet go down to death, whose steps take hold on hell. Remove thy way far from her, and come not nigh the door of her house."

Is the church of Christ doing her full duty in this matter? Are her members doing what they can to arrest the evil? How many persons of dissolute habits, were once Sunday-school teachers or scholars, and members of churches. First an occasional glass of beer, then something stronger, then? *then?* THEN? Ye good people of God,



is it not high time to draw the boundaries between virtue and vice prominently? *Beer!* How harmless the word seems! But what does it include in our day? A frequenter of a beer saloon—on which side is he to be placed? On which side does he place himself? Will he urge his little boys to follow his example in this respect? The beer saloon is the preparatory department to the grog shop, the training school for hopeless drunkards.

Should not the church of Christ cry out, and not spare, against this fruitful nursery of vice, this fountain of misery, this desolator of once happy homes, this bruiser and breaker of loving hearts, this robber, which plunders wives and children of their bread and their peace; which turns loving husbands and fathers into brutes, and kindles the fires of hell in hearts once aflame with the sweet love of God!

I have seen the fond mother, after many years of earnest prayer for her boy, rejoice with pious pride in her manly son. And I have seen the same mother dying of a broken heart because this same son had become a sot. I have laid the hand of a pastor's benediction on the head of a promising catechumen. Gradually he was misled, lost a lucrative position, sank into a common saloon loafer. "I have suffered the torments of hell in this low life" he confessed to me. Vainly I entreated him to return to his Master. He is still a pitiful sight, the wreck of a once noble youth.

The broken-hearted wives, whose homes have been wrecked by the fell-destroyer, are crying to the Lord of Sabaoth for comfort. The noble manly being, on whose arm she proudly leaned at the bridal altar, has been robbed of his manhood and self-respect by strong drink. In the privacy of her home she silently bears her sorrow, and her shame, telling it, not even to her children—only to God. Go with me to yonder miserable hovel and look in upon that sad-faced woman, as she sits through the lonely night, watching for the return of her drunken husband.

"Mark her dimm'd eye,—her furrow'd brow;  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,  
Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limbs,  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,

Promised eternal love and truth;  
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up  
This promise to the deadly cup,  
And led her down from love and light,  
From all that made her pathway bright,  
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,  
That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife."

## Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

### II. PETER PAUL RUBENS.

To fully appreciate and rightly understand any one particular art presupposes at least some degree of æsthetic culture. Hegel's formula—"Alles ist nur schön, so weit es von der Idee durchdrungen ist"—needs first to be accepted, whether consciously or unconsciously matters not. But in a certain sense all art is for all men. It speaks a universal language. Although we may not always be able to analyze the character of the impressions produced, nor fairly criticise the merits of the work before us, yet we cannot remain wholly insensible to its power. Genius is thus self-authenticating. Its greatness and genuineness is commensurate with the universality of its influence. In proportion as it addresses men of all conditions does it rise and fall in the scale of true worth and permanent excellence. And while artistic training is absolutely necessary to authoritative judgment, practically the first question with reference to a work of art is not *how* or *why* it is such, but *whether* it is. It is because this order of inquiry is so generally reversed that the truly meritorious so frequently fails to receive its just acknowledgment.

The subject of our sketch has never suffered by any such false method of criticism. The fault has been rather in the other direction. The deserved recognition of friend and foe was his throughout the entire period of a most prolific artistic career. From the very beginning his transcendent genius asserted itself. That there were flaws both in style and composition even his most enthusiastic admirers were, and are, compelled to acknowledge, whilst, at the same time, the boldness of his conceptions, the richness of his colors, and the most scrupulous attention to details,



have wrung from all alike an unqualified recognition.

Peter Paul Rubens, the "prince of Flemish painters," was born at Siegen in Germany on the 29th of June, 1577. This day, set apart by the church in commemoration of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, at once determined the question of his name. Saints' days, it will thus be seen, are not without their conveniences. "What shall we call the baby?"—is often the occasion of much worriment, sometimes, indeed, of serious family quarrels. There was certainly no such disturbance between Mr. and Mrs. Rubens. For, although sympathizing with the Reformation, they could hardly have escaped the conviction that Providence had named their son. Young Rubens had all the benefits of a good education. He served first as a page to the Countess Lalain, "but his decided talent for painting, and superabundant energy and activity, made such an idle life insupportable to him." He began his art studies under the instruction of Adrian Van Noort in Antwerp. Of this teacher's works no specimens remain, although he has been described as the best colorist of his day. The violent temper and vicious habits of Van Noort drove Rubens to more congenial surroundings, and accordingly he continued his studies under Otto Venius, then court-painter to the Duke of Parma. "In 1600 Rubens undertook, according to the prevailing custom with artists, who looked upon Italy as the high school of art, a journey to the south." It is not unworthy of notice, as illustrating the truth that there is no royal road to excellence, that up to this time he had already devoted eight years in the study of his art.

In Italy Rubens soon won many friends and admirers. Amongst these was the Duke Vincenzo Gonzago, who became his enthusiastic patron. His fame was assured, and now began a career almost equally divided between art and politics. To possess a work fresh from the hand of the Flemish painter was regarded as necessary to a connoisseur's reputation. He was all the rage, the lion among lions. It would be interesting to review his diplomatic service, for he possessed decided talents in this direction, and which his succes-

sive patrons as well as his own government were not slow to appreciate. But this would involve historical references out of the scope of the present article. His repeated visits to London, Paris, and Madrid, his identification with court intrigues, and his love of display, are all the more surprising when we consider the almost incredible number of his works. Professor Springer in this connection remarks: "Near a thousand pictures, many of them of colossal dimensions, bear his name. This amazing fertility may be explained by the circumstance that the numerous pupils who frequented the workshop were employed upon his pictures, and that he himself possessed wonderful rapidity of execution." Besides Rubens was a man of unvarying habit and system. He was no laggard. Shortly after four he was to be found in his study, and while he painted some one read to him. A ride on horseback usually ended the day's duties, affording needed exercise and favorite amusement.

Rubens was by no means averse to the amenities of domestic life. At the age of thirty-one he married Isabella Brandt. She figures prominently in many of his pictures. Her style of beauty was evidently after his own heart—robust and heavy. To this circumstance I shall have occasion to refer farther on. She died in 1626, and of her he writes: "I have lost a dear companion; one could, nay, one should, cherish her with reason, for she had none of the faults of her sex." This seems extravagant praise when we remember that in his celebrated "Last Judgment" he represents her as being seized by the devil. But then, she was his most convenient model, and in person well suited to portray the ideal of strong and ponderous animality. In 1630 he married Helene Forment. She was only sixteen and he fifty-three. Of this marriage Wyerman has written: "He soon found out that court life, a beautiful young wife, and the villainous gout, are three blessings which an old man can well afford to dispense with." Ten years later he died, leaving Helen an attractive and well-to-do widow. Rubens was a kind and indulgent husband. But it is more than possible that deep down in his heart he cherished an affec-



tion for a lost first-love which neither art nor family could wholly supplant. Upon his death one of his most celebrated paintings was for the first time exposed for sale. This was the "Straw Hat," acknowledged by critics to be "the most beautiful female head Ruben ever painted." He had steadily refused all proposals for its purchase, and, when traveling, wherever he went the famous picture was carried with him. This circumstance lends plausibility to the romantic story of an earlier flame, a story which, even though based on nothing more certain than a generally accredited rumor, is sufficiently poetical to believe.

"Whom first we love, you know we seldom wed.

Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not  
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead."

We have already seen that Rubens was born not in Belgium but in Germany, and that Cologne no less than Antwerp have each been forced to yield their respective claims to such honor. But when we come to examine the character and peculiarities of his genius, and inquire as to the chief place of his labors, there is no division of opinion, no conflict as to fact. We are at once confronted with the very highest type of the Flemish school of art, and Antwerp is the geographical centre of the artist's career. It is, however, equally certain that many of his works were executed elsewhere, for Rubens was never inactive. Even when traveling or when engaged upon missions of diplomacy he invariably turned his art to account; whether, primarily, to secure court favor, or to increase his income, it is not for us to decide. That he was avaricious his most partial biographers have not denied. Benjamin relates how when once approached by an alchemist claiming to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and who "applied for a slight advance in order that he might construct a suitable furnace, in return for which he would share the profits," Rubens replied with grim and characteristic humor,—"You have come twenty years too late. I have found the philosopher's stone in my palette!"

As we traveled from city to city on the continent, and in every gallery of

real or pretended importance found new evidences of our artist's wonderful productivity, I was at last forced to confess that I had grown *tired* of Rubens. And such I believe has been the experience of most tourists. Familiarity seemed to have bred contempt. But in Antwerp his genius stood out the more prominent because of its freshness. All the conditions necessary for the keenest enjoyment of his master-pieces were here present. If the Antwerp of to-day is less inspiring and imposing than the Antwerp of the sixteenth century, if you miss the bustle of its mediæval prosperity, the brilliant coloring and gay costumes of a period at once eventful and unique, yet the historical landmarks have been to a large extent preserved, and a tolerably vivid imagination soon supplies the rest. It is a great privilege to see and feel the external sources of an artist's inspiration. In this connection an able critic remarks: "The historical significance of art, the necessary cause of her development, can be understood by those only who will explore the scenes which witnessed her life's first dawn." Accordingly Rubens was, and remains, for me the centre of attraction in the Netherlands' great capital.

We had spent the morning of the twenty-fifth of last July in the museum, a suppressed monastery, containing upwards of six hundred pictures, and presenting a full and instructive historical survey of the development of Flemish art. Here we soon learned to recognize the distinctive characteristics of the most celebrated representatives of the Dutch school. The afternoon had been reserved for our long anticipated visit to the Cathedral, itself a worthy shrine for the master's most celebrated painting—"The Descent from the Cross." This is one of the few of his pictures with which, as reproduced in engravings and wood-cuts, the majority of persons even in America have become acquainted. Its production, by the way, was not altogether spontaneous. "A dispute having arisen about the cost of a wall which separated Rubens' property from that of the Arquebusiers, the burgomaster Rockox, the master of the guild and a friend of Rubens, persuaded him to paint this picture in order to equalize



the price to be paid by each party." Legend has strangely elaborated the story, but Baedeker assures the traveler of the truth of the account just cited. So much of praise has been awarded this painting that it would be almost presumption to attempt its description. In my journal I find these words: "It is all that we had hoped to find and even more. Its grandeur is overpowering, and we were loth to leave it." It is affirmed that Rubens borrowed the idea from a painting in Rome by Daniele da Volterra. Be this as it may there is no lack of originality in its treatment. There is energy in every line, expression in every feature. Perhaps, indeed, it is too intensely real. If good taste is violated at all, it is in this direction. The spiritual is subordinated to the physical. Muscular development is exhibited at the expense of bodily suffering. There is, moreover, little, if anything, of the Jewish type in any of the figures. His models are essentially Flemish, modified by the conventionalities of mythological art which dealt so largely in the superabundance of animal life. And in this particular Rubens is unrivalled. Whilst one can hardly approve of the grossness of his conceptions it must be admitted that he is true to nature under the form which he seeks to portray. But the Greek mind itself, with all its idealization of the perfect physical organism, would certainly be offended at the uncouth heaviness of many of his men and women. This is the case in nearly all of his works. He painted humanity as he found it, and that, too, as he found it in Flanders. Nor was he at all careful in his selections. Brawny workmen and fat women were his models. His first wife and daughter are represented under circumstances the most varied,—unshapely, ungraceful and coarse, whether as nymphs or peasant-wives. In a criticism on the truly magnificent altar-piece—"The Assumption of the Virgin"—occurs the following passage, which I venture to quote as illustrating this point: "The Virgin is represented among the clouds, surrounded by a heavenly choir, below whom are the apostles and numerous other figures. The coloring is less gorgeous than is usual in his pictures, while the ponderosity of flesh somewhat mars

the effect. 'Fat' Mrs. Rubens is planted as firmly and comfortably among the clouds, as if in an easy-chair, gazing with phlegmatic composure on the wondrous scene which she witnesses in her aerial flight, and betraying not the faintest symptom of ecstasy or emotion."

If I have referred rather to defects than to excellencies in the compositions of Rubens, it has been only because the former are generally lost sight of in the presence of the self-evidencing power of the latter. Our judgment is never weakened when we turn an impartial ear to both sides. Nor is our appreciation of genuine merit necessarily lessened when we recognize imperfections and acknowledge faults. Honest criticisms cannot injure the deserving, for that which is of permanent worth is thereby made to stand out the more prominently. Contrast always tends to heighten an effect. Unqualified and equally pronounced admiration for every sweep of the brush in the hands of a master proceeds oftener from the conscious dread, common to us all, of being accounted without taste, than from positive appreciation. Better out of the world than out of fashion. This dictum is all-powerful, and not only carries hundreds across the Atlantic every summer but is the prolific source of much of the meaningless enthusiasm of most tourists whilst abroad.

Peter Paul Rubens, artist and diplomat, the glory of Antwerp, the admiration of the world. I have tried to present a brief sketch of his interesting and instructive career. Brief and necessarily imperfect, it may nevertheless serve to bring us to

"— one of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die."

Of his works I have said but little. They speak for themselves, and must be seen to be appreciated. And as we wait for the train which shall soon carry us southward into the Fatherland, we need not regret our excursion through the Low Countries, nor yet our delay on the banks of the Schelde.

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LIVE by the day; you will have daily trials, and strength according: leave to-morrow to the Lord.



## A Little Help Worth a Great Deal of Pity.

I have seen a blind man walking  
 Along the busy street:  
 I have heard the people talking  
 As they watched his shambling feet:  
 I have marked their words of pity  
 As they saw him pass along  
 Through the overcrowded city,  
 'Mid the ever-busy throng;  
 And I've seen the bright-eyed school-boy  
 Leave his brothers at their play  
 To help the sightless stranger  
 Across the busy way.  
 Ah! the *pity* was not worthless,  
 Though it lent no kindly hand,  
 But that little *help* outvalued  
 All the pity in the land.

I have seen the little orphan  
 Left without a mother's care,  
 I have heard the words of sorrow  
 That the neighbors had to spare;  
 I have known them say, "The poorhouse  
 Is just meant for such as she;  
 And (though very sorry for her),  
 "Well, she has no claim on me."  
 And I've seen the toiling widow  
 With children half a score,  
 Take the little lonely orphan  
 To her hospitable door.  
 There were fifty folks who pitied,  
 There was only one to aid,  
 But the one excelled the fifty  
 As the sun excels the shade.

I have heard the school-boy sighing  
 O'er his lessons home from school,  
 I have seen him vainly trying  
 To master some new rule,  
 I have marked the words of pity  
 That his brother's lips supplied,  
 And I've seen the dewy teardrop  
 That yet remained undried.  
 Then I've seen his mother gently  
 Take his blunder-covered slate,  
 And with loving efforts help him  
 Make his crooked answers straight.  
 That pity though a brother's  
 Was forgotten in a day,  
 But that loving help of mother's  
 Will never pass away.

I have seen a little two-year old  
 Stand crying by a brook,  
 And I've marked a country maiden  
 Deep buried in a book;  
 I have known her rise up quickly,  
 Lay the treasured work aside,  
 Lift the little fellow gently  
 O'er the water clear and wide;  
 And I've seen the merry sunshine  
 Light up his face at last,  
 Which, if she had *only* pitied,  
 Would have still been overcast.

Oh! let pity lead to *action*,  
 For the world is full of need;  
 There are many eyes that water,  
 There are many hearts that bleed,  
 There are wounds that all want binding,  
 There are feet that go astray,  
 There are tears all hot and blinding  
 That our hands can wipe away,  
 For the blind man on the causeway,  
 The orphan with its fears,  
 The school-boy in his troubles,  
 And the baby in its tears,  
 Are all like a thousand others  
 Whom to help, if we but try,  
 We shall scatter "seeds of kindness  
 For the reaping by and by."  
 Let us ever act as brothers,  
 Ne'er with pity be content,  
 Always doing good to others,  
 Both in *action* and *intent*.  
 Though the pity may be useful,  
 'Tis but little if 'tis all,  
 And the smallest piece of needed help  
 Is better than it all.

*Child's Own Magazine.*

## The Lessons of the Ancient Sepulchres.

BY THE EDITOR.

Rameses the Great—"the Napoleon of his day," a noted ruler of Egypt 3,300 years ago, eager to perpetuate his name, had large statues erected to his memory. The largest statue ever known he placed in the temple of Rameseum. It was *cut* out of a single block of granite, and weighed nearly 900 tons. Herodotus, who saw it 2,300 years ago, says that its inscription was: "I am the King of Kings: if any man wish to know how great I am, and where I lie, let him surpass one of my works." Despite this pompous epitaph, 1,200 years later, Cambyses, the Persian, threw it down. Now the statue of the self-praised monarch "lies on its back, with its nose knocked off, and eyes put out, and all its glory in the dust!" At Memphis, then a great city, Rameses had another statue over fifty feet high. It is now lying flat in a ditch, with its face downward, biting the dust, imbedded in mud and water during part of the year. When the Nile overflows it sweeps heedlessly over its own proud ruler. When the water subsides the statue is literally left lying in a mud-puddle. Thus Rameses the Great, "the



King of Kings," has fallen into a ditch—like all blind leaders of the blind—and Egypt has not enough reverence for his name to raise one of his colossal statues out of the mud, and give it a decent place in its museum.

We venerate Egypt as the cradle of civilization, and not without reason. "The mysteries of the Egyptians," in which Moses was learned, at that time comprised the highest learning in the world. Their temples, although in ruins, show a degree of knowledge and skill which for that day seems almost incredible. But these grand temples they built in adoration of birds and bulls. They made gods not only of the sun, moon and stars, but of beasts, birds and reptiles; of the apis and the ibis; of the serpent and the crocodile. Many of their grandest works are built in honor of a deified brute. One of their favorite divinities is the sphinx, a being with the body of a lion and a human face. At Sakkara, not far from the site of ancient Memphis, is a large burial ground, which for many ages was buried under the sand of the Libyan desert. Of late years a large part of this cemetery has been dug out of the earth. The approach to it used to be through an avenue of sphinxes, extending more than a quarter of a mile. Along the sides of a vaulted passage chambers have been hewn out of the rock. Each of these contains a sarcophagus 15 by 8 feet, of solid granite, finely carved and smoothly polished. How such a heavy mass could have been brought here no one seems to know. Thus far thirty of these grand monuments lining this passage have been unearthed. They would be fit burial places for kings, but were all erected in honor of certain sacred bulls. On the walls of each is a tablet which records the birth, death and burial of each particular brute. "These were the gods of Egypt, mother of the arts, and civilizer of the earth."

### The Eccentricities of Ruskin.

BY PROF. WM. M. REILY.

Since the appearance of the article on Ruskin, it has occurred to the writer that the following question might arise in the minds of some of the readers of

the GUARDIAN:—If Ruskin has such a high conception of art, and is so thoroughly imbued with a Christian spirit, how does it come that he possesses so little influence among artists, and is to so great an extent, sneered at by the public press? The answer to this is that he has a great many eccentricities. Some of these will now be set forth, and an opportunity afforded for a fair verdict.

But first of all, a fact should be stated which redounds much to his credit. His four volumes on Modern Painters may be regarded as a monument of gratitude and affection to the honor of a noble friend. It is very evident that Ruskin did not compose that work with the object which so many authors have in view—namely: of parading their own learning and literary ability before the public. Almost every page glows with devotion to the cause of truth and friendship. Turner, the landscape painter, was overlooked and neglected. The eyes of the public must be opened to his merit; and if it required four volumes or forty, he would not stop till the scales dropped, and the artist be seen in his true light and character.

Now in order to accomplish his purpose, what does Ruskin undertake to do? Nothing short of proving that Turner was the greatest painter that ever lived. He says so expressly. It is true, he modifies his language at times; and from the praises he lavishes upon Angelico and Tintoret, one might infer that he placed them higher; still they surpassed Turner only in certain spheres of excellence. He explains himself thus: "Such, then, being the characters required in order to constitute high art, if the reader will think over them a little . . . he will see how difficult it must be . . . to rank the real artist in any thing like a progressive system of greater and less . . . so that classed by one kind of merit, as, for instance, purity of expression, Angelico will stand highest; classed by another, sincerity of manner, Veronese will stand highest; classed by another, love of beauty, Leonardo will stand highest, and so on." Still all that landscape of the old masters is to be considered merely as a struggle of expiring skill to discover some new direc-



tion in which to display itself. . . . The modern school therefore became the only true school of landscape which had yet existed . . . and Turner is the only great man whom the school has yet produced." Accordingly as the great representative of the greatest school, Turner must be regarded as the greatest landscape painter that the world has ever seen.

Ruskin certainly has a right to choose the principles upon which to base a judgment. In selecting them he has much show of reason on his side, and employs them logically and skilfully in making his point. But he injures his cause and brings ridicule upon himself by the debasing epithets by which he seeks to degrade the rivals of his favorite. Before reading Ruskin, we had been accustomed to regard Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa as the most distinguished of all artists in the sphere of landscape. If any are mentioned by such writers as Goethe, Coleridge, Cousin, Rauch, and Emerson, it is one or the other of these. We had never heard them referred to except in the most respectful terms; and their productions are always regarded as gems in the great picture galleries of Europe. But according to Ruskin, Claude's capacities are of the meanest order. He is totally devoid of imagination. He is senseless and childish. Turner had been a close student of him—but "it was impossible to dwell on such works for any length of time without being grievously harmed by them." On Salvator Rosa, he is still more severe. "His baseness of thought and bluntness of sight were unconquerable; and his works possess no value whatever for any person versed in the walks of noble art." He is not ashamed to say of the great artist that "he was base-born and thief-bred."

But he does not confine his denunciations to individuals. He pours contempt upon the "great body" of the ancient landscapists: "They had neither love of nature nor feeling of her beauty; they looked for her coldest and most common-place effects, because they were easiest to imitate; and for her most vulgar forms, because they were most easily to be recognized by the untaught eyes of those whom alone they could hope to please; they did it like the Pharisee of old, to be seen of men, and they had

their reward. They do deceive and delight the unpracticed eye; they will to all eyes, as long as their colors endure, be the standards of excellence with all who, ignorant of nature, claim to be thought learned in art. And they will to all ages be, to those who have thorough love and knowledge of the creation which they libel, instructive proofs of the limited number and low character of the truths which are necessary, and the accumulated multitude of pure, broad, bold falsehoods which are admissible in pictures meant only to deceive."

For the French school he has a similar contempt. "Industry they have, learning they have, feeling they have; yet not so much feeling as ever to forget themselves even for a moment; the ruling motive is invariably vanity, and the picture therefore an abortion."

One of the most interesting spheres of art to the ordinary traveler is the Dutch school of painters. If there is in one room of a royal gallery in which he is prompted to tarry long, it is where the Hollanders display their sincerity, good-humor and marvellous technical skill and care. No one who has given any attention to them will fail to carry with him a pleasant and affectionate recollection of their graphic and thoughtful representations of domestic life, on all its sides, sober, joyous, and comic; of their pictures of outdoor amusements, and business; of the plain and homespun, but honest and faithful, delineations of prosaic human existence in general.

Hegel speaks of this subject, like a philosopher and a man of sense, as follows:—

"The Hollanders got the material of their artistic productions out of themselves, out of the presence of their own life; and they are not to be reproached for giving this presence a second realization in the form of art. What they bring before the eyes and the mind of their cotemporaries must belong also to them in order to engage their entire interest. If we would know in what the interest of the Hollanders of that period consisted, we must consult their history. The Hollander himself to a great extent made the soil on which he subsists, and has been constantly compelled to defend himself against the attacks of the ocean. The inhabitants of both cities and the



country, by their courage, endurance and heroism, released themselves from the Spanish dominion under Philip the Second, the son of Charles the Fifth, this mighty emperor of the world, and achieved in the religion of liberty their political and religious freedom. This civil industry, this enterprise in great things and small, in their own land as well as beyond the ocean, this careful and at the same time pure and handsome well-to-do-ness, the joy and spiritedness of self-confidence, this totality of their own activity, serves to explain the contents of their works of art. But this material is no common stuff, nor to be approached with the supercilious air of those belonging to extra-polite society.\* In this feeling of a noble nationality Rembrandt painted his celebrated Watch in Amsterdam, Van Eyck many of his portraits, Wouverman his cavalry scenes; and here belong also the rustic situations, frolics and comicalities."

Now let us hear what the English critic has to say in regard to the Dutch school:—

"But the object of the great body of them is merely to display manual dexterities of one kind or another, and this effect on the public mind is so totally for evil, that though I do not deny the advantage an artist of real judgment may derive from the study of some of them, I conceive the best patronage that any monarch could possibly bestow upon the arts would be to collect the whole body of them into a grand gallery and *burn it to the ground.*"

The fact is, Ruskin is a bundle of absurdities and inconsistencies. He has a cordial contempt for the German metaphysicians. If he had given a little patient attention to some of them, he might have been relieved from many of his faults. They assign to art its functions and limits in a manner which commends itself to all thinking men. They furnish the only fair standpoint from which to judge of the importance of the various spheres of art as well as of its individual productions. They would teach him

\* No English could possibly bring out the expressiveness of Hegel's language: "Das ist aber kein gemeiner Stoff und Gehalt, zu dem man freilich nicht mit der Vornehmigkeit einer hohen Nase von Hof und Hoflichkeiten her aus guter Gesellschaft herankommen muss."

that the old Italian masters could defend themselves on good ground and say:—"We feel called upon as artists to do one thing, and you exact of us another. If the task you would impose on us is the only legitimate one, we could accomplish it better by abandoning art, and entering upon some other vocation in which we could find resources and principles more adequate to the purpose. In throwing contempt upon us, you throw contempt upon art as such; and owing to the fact that you have a distorted conception of its mission, you destroy men's confidence in and regard for that important branch of human activity to which you have devoted your life, and which, according to the divine arrangement, has proved itself to be an essential and significant element and factor in the onward movement of history and civilization."

### Barbara Fritchie and Her Pastor.

[Some of the younger readers of the GUARDIAN may not have seen Whittier's beautiful ballad on Barbara Fritchie. For their benefit we will give it a place here, followed by a friendly comment of it by her spiritual adviser.]

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
Bowed with her four-score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.



Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street,  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

When poets fib we call it poetic license. It is annoying, after one has had his patriotic heart set ablaze with such a stirring poem, to be told that dame Fritchie never played the heroine as Whittier tells it. She is no myth, but a veritable person. Not an amazon either, breathing out threatening and slaughter, but a pious matron, loving God, and es-

chewing evil. And whilst Whittier gives her more praise than the actual facts warrant, she was capable of doing all the good he ascribes to her. Concerning this ballad one might reverse the popular saying in this piece: There is more poetry than truth in it.

Many of our readers personally knew Dr. D. Zacharias, of Frederick, Md., now of sainted memory; a most genial brother in Christ, a warm-hearted and impressive preacher, a model pastor, a kindly and hospitable host, and a welcome guest. His amiable, social qualities endeared him to hearts and homes in many parts of our country. The Synod of the Reformed Church often sent him as delegate to corresponding bodies of other Churches; an office which he always filled with acceptance and success. Several times he represented his Church in the General Synod of the Reformed (Dutch) Church of America. During such a meeting at Hudson, N. Y., he happened to be the guest of an excellent family, whose members loved him and his ever thereafter. His kind hostess recently furnished the following pleasing reminiscences of Barbara Fritchie and her pastor to the *Republican* of Hudson, N. Y.:

In the June of 1867, a General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, was held in this city. It brought to our doors some of the very best minds and characters in the United States; men whose presence among us, for a season, was at least, a benediction. Our citizens generally offered to entertain them; we said that we would take two.

It was dinner time of the first day of Synod when a very tall gentleman with a very stiff and white cravat, was brought to our house, and introduced to us as coming from the most northern portion of the State; he has nothing to do with this story—it was not his fault, poor man, that clime and flood were cold—only that he contrasted so strongly with our second guest—that I often think of the two men as negatively and affirmatively illustrating the oft repeated quotation—"One touch of nature makes the whole earth akin."—So came our second guest—he begged to go directly to his room, and refresh himself from the dust and heat of some five hundred miles of travel—he had come directly



through from home, and I must be allowed to introduce him here, as Dr. Zacharias, pastor of the German Reformed Church, of Frederick city, Md. We had but one association with Frederick City, and that was with Barbara Fritchie. When the Doctor had dusted and refreshed himself he came out into our midst, with the loving, fatherly air of the good old man—he was glad to hear the language of Quakerism. He had a very darling daughter who had married into a Friend's family—in less than an hour, he had won the hearts of all our children, and had introduced to us in a few warm words the different members of his own household. We knew how refreshing were his daughter's hymns, and what a treasure the son, that he had in Baltimore, was to him. Of course it was not long before we asked if he knew Barbara Fritchie? "O! yes, indeed!" he said, "I was her pastor for many years, and I buried her."

We were delighted; Barbara was not then a myth. We crowded fast the questions. Any doubt breathed upon the fact of Whittier's beautiful ballad, had been to us as a wrong done unto the race. We were now brought, as it were, into the very presence of Barbara herself, in the person of her pastor,—

"Bravest of all in Frederick town,"  
had she held

"The flag the men hauled down."

We held our breath and waited answer. The clear kind eyes looked truthfully into our own. "She was equal to anything of the kind!" he said quietly; "and Frederick itself could not be more truthfully painted, than by those two lines of Whittier:—

"The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green walled by the hills of Maryland."

Singularly enough, the churches are all grouped together; within a stone's throw of each other. But Stonewall Jackson never could enter Frederick in that direction, or pass Dame Barbara's house in doing so—her home was upon the banks of Carroll Creek and West Patrick street. Directly opposite her house is the town spring, whose waters have bubbled up refreshingly during all the years of our bitter strife. Which

ever party held Frederick was sure to be represented by its soldiers at that spring's side. There during hot summer days, they would lounge and lie in the shade of Barbara's stoop. You can see it in the photographs of the home. that have been for sale everywhere. Barbara was lame for many years, and walked with a cane. If the boys in blue were there, old Barbara was very gracious; she would come down and lend her tumblers or her dipper, give biscuits or do anything to oblige; but she was very short indeed with the Confederates, and would drive them off her premises with a very majestic motion of her cane. They might occasionally threaten to shoot the old woman, but she had her way unharmed. The nieces who made the family, were very much annoyed, the Doctor said, at the notoriety Whittier's ballad had given to their aunt. It was no trifling matter in those troubled days, to be a marked character, when one morning the streets were lined with blue coats and their glittering steel, and by night fall, as if the earth had swallowed them, they were gone, and the Confederates had the town in full possession.

The likeness of Barbara Fritchie sold at some of the fairs, in Philadelphia, had been a great trial to them. They were anxious to suppress any more being taken; they were quiet folks themselves, and hated publicity. "Ay! yes," said the Doctor, tenderly, "I was Barbara Fritchie's pastor; for nearly thirty years I handed her the cup and the bread; at our communion service she always partook, as had been her life-long habit, standing, and afterwards was sure to shake hands cordially with her pastor."

My husband was seventh in descent from an ancestor who was whipped in Boston, for his allegiance to his religious opinion—upon the day that Mary Dyre was hung. Though intimate with many clergymen, he was bitterly opposed to any sacerdotal assumption; he did not like the man who thought he was necessary to any other man's salvation. He drew a very sharp distinction between the pastor and the priest. He came home one evening after our guest had retired. I was eager to tell him of the good man. "Ay! my dear," he said decidedly, "I lay my hands suddenly on no man." I fell back upon my intuitions.



"Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,  
Comes the saint unrecognized."

I was sure of the Doctor.

They met at the breakfast table, and they enjoyed each other's society for several days afterward; but my husband was not yet willing—to my very great disgust—to canonize our guest.

The last morning the Doctor was with us, he was to preach before Synod. He took his text from that precious prayer of our divine Master, for the oneness of His disciples—I think that it was the 21st verse of the 17th chapter of St. John. I did not hear him, but my husband did; he came home with his face beaming with pleasure—"The Doctor," he said, "has given us an excellent sermon, and the seal of his discipleship in his living recognition of the unity of all believers."

But I am telling you more of Barbara Fritchie's pastor than of Barbara herself.

Barbara Haner was born, December 3, 1766, in Lancaster, Pa. Her parents removed to Frederick City, Md., when she was quite a child. On May 6th, 1806, she was married by Rev. Mr. Wagner, to John Casper Fritchie, also of Frederick; and she died, December 18, 1862, at the advanced age of 96 years and 15 days.

Barbara's house was torn down before I saw Frederick, to widen, I think, a mill run that Carroll Creek was to supply with water.

A cane from Barbara Fritchie's window-sill, was given to my husband, when in the autumn of 1867, he attended an agricultural fair held at Frederick; and another cane was given to Gen. Grant; so the window-sill has become historic.

In the autumn of 1872, I spent some rich days in Frederick City. I saw "The green walls of Maryland," and the abundant fruitage that they hemmed in on every side. I was taken to see Barbara's nieces; elderly, plain, but very excellent women. I had the advantage of an introduction to them by their pastor's wife. They had been about worn out since the war, by the hunters of relics. They had come down upon them in hordes from the north, south, east and west. They would have carried off the old lady's roof tree, inch by inch, if they could have done so. The family

had been particularly annoyed this autumn, by a gentleman and lady from Ohio. They insisted upon the truth of every line of Whittier's ballad, begged a brick from the old fire-place—anything for a relic. In vain the quaint old ladies denied their Aunt Barbara's valor. Stonewall Jackson's army had never passed her door, nor had she ever defied rebel shot with her old, grey head. The strangers were indignant, and were overheard to say, as they walked out, that they could not believe one word these old women had said.

The Doctor took me to Barbara's grave; it is in the "God's acre," of the Reformed Church—a flat stone covers it—I gathered some grasses, and the Doctor scraped away the grass to read the record there, remarking as he did so, that he had not before noticed that Dame Barbara was some years her husband's senior; and the waters of Carroll Creek, in the diverted form of the mill race, still wash around her last resting place and that of her husband's, and many friends.

The strife was over when I saw Frederick City, and to me it is ever more as a vision of peace, but the Rebellion killed many that shot and shell had spared—and among its victims was Barbara Fritchie's pastor. He died in the March of 1873, of some disorganization of the heart, contracted during those exciting days.

Under lock and key, among my treasures, I have a small bottle of dark red wine. It is the remains of some given to the Doctor at a congregational party, by Barbara Fritchie, and made by her own hands.

When Barbara Fritchie's pastor died, he requested that some of this wine should be sent to us. It is sealed, and will descend, I hope, to generations when Barbara Fritchie will live in unquestioned heroism. For, was she not—as her pastor had said of her—equal to any emergency? A FRIEND

Of Barbara Fritchie's pastor.  
HUDSON, April 4th, 1879.

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The God who loves the penitent sinner, hates his sins, and is determined that he shall hate them, and be separated from them: this is good news to a sin sick soul.



## The Sunday-School Department.

A CERTAIN official in St. Petersburg died, leaving his wife and three children without any means of support. Ere long mother and children were brought to want. The little ones had been taught to pray, and to trust God for daily bread. But the bread failed to be sent, and they were all very hungry. At length a boy of seven years wrote the following letter to his heavenly Father:

"DEAR GOD!—My sister wishes to have something to eat. Send me three Copeken, so that I can buy her some bread."

With this letter in hand, he hastened in search of a letter box. But he was too short, and could not reach up to put it in. Just as he was vainly trying to put it in, the pastor of the family passed along. He asked the boy what he was doing, who gave him his letter to read. Tears rolled down the good man's face, as he took the boy by the hand to go home with him. Out of his scanty purse he at once helped the needy family. On the following Sunday he took the two oldest children with him to church—the smallest was still an infant. He preached on mercy, and told his people the above incident, as he pointed to the two children. At the close of the sermon he came down from the pulpit, and himself carried the basket through the congregation. The gathered gifts amounted to 1,500 rubles, equal to \$1,125. In this way God answered the little boy's letter.

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### Trust in God.

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"MOTHER," said a little girl, "what did David mean when he said, 'Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust?'"

"Do you remember," said her mo-

ther, "the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods yesterday?"

"Oh yes, mother. Wasn't she beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing, and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"

"I don't like to think about that bridge, mother; it makes me giddy. Don't you think it is very dangerous, just those two loose planks laid across, and no railing? If she had stepped a little on either side, she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mamma; she stopped a minute, as if afraid to go over, and then looked up into her father's face and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said, 'You will take hold of me, dear father; I don't feel afraid when you have hold of my hand.' And her father looked so lovingly upon her and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him."

"Well, my child," said the mother, "I think David felt just like that little girl when he wrote these words you have asked me about."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge as the one we saw in the woods; but he had come to some difficult place in his life—there was some trouble before him that made him afraid, and he looked up to God just as that little girl looked up to her father, and said, 'Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust.' It is just as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid when Thou art with me and taking hold of my hand.'"—S. S. Visitor.



### Speaking Kindly.

A young lady has gone out to take a walk; she forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book-marks, watch-cases, needle-books, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the girl; and then as she passed, she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"Oh, miss," said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and the suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give then our sampany.

"Speak gently, kindly to the poor,  
Let no harsh tone be heard:  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word.

"Speak gently; for 'tis like the Lord,  
Whose accents meek and mild  
Bespoke Him as the Son of God,  
The gracious, holy Child."

—Carrier-Dove.

IF A TEACHER is to be absent from the Sunday-school he ought to secure a substitute. Of course he ought. He is responsible for that class. He must care for it personally or by proxy. But there is a point beyond this. The substitute ought to be acceptable to the school authorities. It is not fair to put a teacher into that school for even a single day who is not in sympathy with the spirit and current of the school teachings; who is not approved by the superintendent as a proper member of his working force. Neglect in this matter is quite too common in Sunday-school work. Substitutes are put in

charge of classes who are totally unfit for the place assigned them. Superintendents are disturbed by finding classes which require delicate handling given over to those who of all persons ought not to tamper with them. To guard against this will require extra work on the teacher's part; but it is work which needs to be attended to. The subject ought to be talked over between superintendent and teachers. There can be an agreement in advance on certain substitutes who may always be called on when a vacancy exists. Or a teacher who is to be away without an opportunity of seeing the superintendent may designate to him, by note, a substitute who will respond to his call—if he approves the selection. Teaching a Sunday-school class is too important work to be trifled with by anybody and everybody, without regard to their natural fitness or special training for the work.—*S. S. Times.*

### The Safeguard.

A baby crept to his father's knee,  
And was lifted up and lulled to rest,  
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he,  
And his little head fell peacefully  
At ease on the ready shoulder there,  
While the baby hand, so soft and fair,  
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said that when men drew near  
To fierce temptation or deadly strife,  
And lost their way in a maze of fear,  
Or perilled their souls for worldly gear,  
By a way unknown an angel hand  
Would lead them out of the dangerous  
land,  
Into the light of a nobler life.

The story is true for the world to-day;  
We see no white-robed angels mild;  
But out of the dark and perilous way  
Where men and women forget to pray,  
Into the peace of a purer land  
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand,  
The hand of a little helpless child.

*Sunday Afternoon.*

The more you feel your weakness the more you should cleave to Jesus, who is your strength: let the ivy be your example, and as that cleaves to the oak, so do you cleave to Christ; he that doeth this shall never fall.



# SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

JUNE 1.

LESSON XXII.

1879.

*Whit-Sunday.—Pentecost. John xiv. 26-31.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE PROMISE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

26. But the Comforter, *which* is the Holy Ghost, whom *the* Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

27. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

28. Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come *again* unto you. If ye loved me,

ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I.

29. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass, ye might believe.

30. Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.

31. But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

## QUESTIONS.

On what subject does the Lesson dwell to-day? Can you tell us what names this Lord's Day bears? Why? What fact do we celebrate? Where have we a full account of the coming of the Holy Spirit? 2d chap. of Acts.

VERSE 26. Who is called the *Comforter*? Who is here said to send the Holy Ghost? How do we read in chapter xvi. 7? Does the Holy Spirit then proceed from the Father and the Son? What is to be His mission? To teach the Gospel plan of salvation.

27. Was this a meeting or a parting-greeting, here? Was it customary to pronounce a blessing when rising from the table? It was. What was the peace Jesus left with His disciples? A sustaining grace during His passion and death. How does the world usually utter such greetings and farewells? After a formal and unmeaning manner. How does Christ's mode differ? Were the disciples saved from too great a sorrow and doubt by His gift?

28. In what ways did Jesus go away? In His death and Ascension. How did He come again? By the Resurrection and the Holy Spirit. Was this going and coming always the same? He experienced a change in each, and came in a new and more glorified manner. Was the love of the disciples alive enough to rejoice instead of sorrowing over it? No. What was His going to the Father, to our Lord? His Ex-

altation. How is the Father greater than Jesus? Greater than Jesus in His human nature. How are they equal? In the Divine nature. (John x. 30).

29. Why did our Lord foretell all these things? Did His foretelling aid them during their evil hours? Verily. Might their faith have died out entirely, but for these predictions? Yes.

30. Why would He not speak much henceforth? His hour was drawing near. Who is the prince of this world? Satan, (2 Cor. iv. 4; Eph. ii. 2). Through whom did he come? Through his agents or servants. What does this expression mean?—*and hath nothing in me*. Will have no power over me, unless I voluntarily submit to it.

31. Why, then, did Jesus subject Himself to the power of darkness? To show His readiness to carry out the plan of redemption. Whose plan is the Gospel plan? God's. Whence did they now go? To Gethsemane.

To whom do we owe the gift of the Holy Ghost. To Christ. What will this Spirit work in us? To love God, in return. Have we received the Holy Ghost? Do we not grieve Him, too? Of what hymn are we reminded to-day?

*"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," etc.*

## CATECHISM.

XXII. Lord's Day.

57. What comfort doth the "resurrection of the body" afford thee?

That not only my soul, after this life, shall be immediately taken up to Christ, its head, but also that this my body, being raised by the power of Christ, shall be re-united with my soul, and be made like unto the glorious body of Christ.

58. What comfort takest thou from the article of "life everlasting?"

That since I now feel in my heart the beginning of eternal joy, after this life I shall inherit perfect salvation, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man" to conceive; and that, to praise God therein for ever.



GENERAL REMARKS.—This is another remarkable Lord's day—an extraordinary Sunday, like Easter Sunday. It is the anniversary, or yearly celebration of the coming of the Holy Spirit. Read the history of this event in the 2d Chapter of Acts; and relate its principal features to your class.

*Pentecost* is a Greek word and means the *fiftieth day*—counting from the resurrection of Jesus. *Whit-Sunday*—*White-Sunday*—*Whitsuntide*. In olden times the catechumens were received into the church on this Lord's day, arrayed in *white* garments. Hence the name. *Tide* means season or time.

In what are called Christ's last discourses with His disciples—His farewell words, which are preserved for us in this Gospel, Chapters xiv; xv; xvi and xvii—the promise of the Holy Spirit forms the chief consolation which our Lord offers to His followers in their sorrow over His departure. It plays like sunshine over the dark ground. He tells them, that he must leave them, indeed; but that he will go to our heavenly Father; that he will open Heaven: and that he will come back again in a different manner, to be the way, the truth and the life for his people. All this he fulfilled on the day of Pentecost. Like the Sun, while it is in the heavens and yet shines on the earth, so is Jesus gone up on high, to be always with us.

VERSE 26. *The Comforter—Whom the Father will send.* In Chapter xvi. 7, our Lord says: *I will send him unto you.* This is no contradiction. The Father and the Son sent the Holy Spirit. The little phrase—in *my name*—reconciles both sayings. The Father sent Him, by and through the Son. They both willed and acted together. *Teach, and bring all things to your remembrance.* He would enable them to understand the Gospel, and refresh all things that might have grown dim in their minds. Only by the light of the Holy Spirit can men understand the spiritual world, and the plan of redemption.

VERSE 27. *Peace I leave with you.* He now rose from the table, and was about to pronounce a blessing. It was customary to utter a short prayer at the close of a meal, as well as at the beginning. Some pious Germans are used to say *Geregete Mahl-Zeit* on rising from

the table. In meeting and in leaving His disciples, our Lord used this phrase—*Peace be with you*. It was a greeting and a farewell saying, at once. *My Peace—Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.* The every-day salutations, our greetings and parting words, are very formal and hollow. No one lays a great stress on them, because we feel them to be empty things. But Jesus puts a real sustaining power into His benedictions. This mysterious grace kept the disciples from despair, until He come again from the grave and the region of the dead. It was by virtue of this peace-element which He left with them, that their hearts were not *troubled* with too heavy doubts, nor *afraid*, that the cause of their Lord was wholly lost in his death and departure. At the close of worship the congregation receives the benediction with heads bowed down. Then we do have some sense of the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, it seems.

VERSE 28. Again he recurs to His departure; but immediately reminds them of His return, too, so that the sting of His going might be removed by the thought of His coming again. *I go away, and come again unto you.* He went away by His death; and came again in the resurrection. So He went away by His ascension; and came again in the Spirit. This was not a mere vanishing and re-appearing, though. In each departure he was changed into a more glorious form, and returned nearer to them, accordingly,—*If ye loved me.* This means: if ye had attained to the fulness of love, *ye would rejoice* at this happy change which I am to pass through, in order to dwell nearer at home with you. *Because I go unto the Father.* Because I shall leave the narrow limits of my earthly, human body, and ascend to the Father Almighty, so that I may work in union with Him, and after His infinite manner. *For my Father is greater than I.* In Chapter x. 30, He declares: *I and my Father are one.* In His divine nature He is one with the Father. In His human nature He was willing to be less. But now He was about to be lifted up and admitted into the closest intimacy with the Father again, in order that from His holy and heavenly exaltation, He might work after a fuller measure



upon and in them. The natural sun goes down, only to go up again more grandly. So did Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, come down, in order to go to the Father, that He might send us greater blessings—the fulness of the Holy Spirit.

VERSE 29. *And now I have told you before.* In Chapter xiii. 19, we have a similar saying. As He knew that his death, resurrection and ascension would prove stumbling blocks to them, He foretells these events frequently, *that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe.* Though they were not strong enough to withstand all perplexity and doubt, yet was their sorrow and unbelief greatly mitigated by His cautioning exhortations beforehand. It was by virtue of His frequent and direct foretellings, that they were at all able to *believe* during their trying, evil hours.

VERSE 30. *Hereafter I will not talk much with you.* His time was growing short. Very little time was left for private, confidential talk. *For the prince of this world cometh.* This is Satan, (2d Cor. 4, 4; Eph. 2, 2.) Through Satan's agents was Christ taken, to the cross and death. *And hath nothing in me.* Here He assures us, that Satan has no right or power over Him; that He had the power to escape the might of Satan; but that He voluntarily suffered such contradiction against Himself, as to be slain as a malefactor. And yet, though He submitted to all the power of the Devil—still Satan should *have nothing in Him*—not a hair on His head dare remain under his yoke.

VERSE 31. *But that the world may know.* May know what? How great His love to the Father is, that He should submit to all this humiliation, in order to finish the work of redemption, which His Father had intrusted to Him. The love of Jesus towards the Father is stronger than death. And this love He showed for us, too. To what grade does our love for Jesus rise? *And as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do.* Here the filial obedience to His Father is emphasized. Having once consented to enter upon the work of redeeming the world from the power of Satan and sin, He “became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.” (Phil. ii, 5–11.) *Arise, let us go hence.*

Now, perhaps after another blessing, they sung the usual hymn, (Matt. xxvi, 30; Mark xiv, 26,) they rose from the table, left the city, and went into the garden of Olives, or Gethsemane, on the road to which a part of the following words was spoken. It was midnight—about the time the Jewish passover was to be slain.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. The Holy Ghost came from the Father and the Son. By the light of the Holy Spirit we believe in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. God dwells in us by the Spirit, and works peace within us, with our fellow-men and our Father. It was all wisely planned, that Christ should thus depart, in order that He might dwell all the closer with us, by the Spirit. But alas! the suffering of Jesus! The way of the cross was our only way of obtaining the Holy Spirit. What love and obedience, on the part of our Lord! Of a certain saint it is written, that he could never get on farther in his pious meditations than—THE LOVE OF GOD! To what degree has our love to God ascended?

Dear Lord! And shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
*Our* love so faint, so cold to Thee!  
And Thine, to us—SO GREAT!!!  
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quick'ning powers!  
Come shed abroad a Savior's love—  
And *that* shall kindle ours.

Men may escape the law, but their own conscience they cannot flee from. Many years ago a young man in this city was guilty of an offense against the law, an offense which brought social ruin upon himself and family. The man and his offense are forgotten by the public, yet he lives, and lives here in Boston. But from the day his offense was discovered—although, having escaped the law, he is free to come and go as he pleases—he has never been seen outside of his own home in the daytime. Sometimes, under the cover of night, he walks abroad to take an airing and note the changes that thirty years have wrought, but an ever active conscience makes him shun the light of day and the faces of men, and he walks apart, a stranger in the midst of those among whom he has always lived.



JUNE 8.

LESSON XXIII.

1879

Trinity Sunday. Genesis i. 1-5.

THE SUBJECT.—THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness *was* upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4. And God saw the light, that *it was* good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

## QUESTIONS.

By whom was the Book of Genesis written? Moses. When? About 2000 years after the Creation. What does its Name signify? The Beginning or Generation. Of what does it treat? Of the first things. How large a period of time does it embrace? 2369 years. What is its best proof of truthfulness? Its simplicity. Of what does this Lesson treat? Of the Creation of the World.

VERSE 1. Who created the World? What does the word GOD mean? The Good Being. What does *in the beginning* signify? In the morning of Time. Do we know when that was? No. What is it to *create*? To call into being. How are we told elsewhere, that the world was made? Psalm xxxiii. 9; Heb. xi. 3. Through whom are we told, in the New Testament? Eph. iii. 9; John i. 3; Rev. xix. 13.

2. What does *without form and void* mean? Not in form, and empty of life. Do we know how long this state of confusion may have lasted? No. What do you understand by the *Spirit of God* here? God's agents—air—wind, fire, &c. How may we read the word *moved*? *Brooded*, like a hen over her young. Do we know how long this process of fermentation continued? No.

3. What was God's first creature, then? Was

this likely such light as came, on the *fourth* day, when the sun was placed in right relation to the earth? Likely not. Are we told *how much* light there was so early? No.

4. Why is light spoken of here as *good*? It was an emblem of His own nature, (1 John i. 5). It was necessary to the life of the world and its creatures. Where else do we read of light being good? Eccles. xi. 7.

5. How may we think day and night came now? By the earth turning on its own axis. How does that motion produce them? By bringing different portions of our globe under, or away from the sun. Why is it said—Evening and Morning were the first day? Because all had been night before, it was more natural to say so, than to speak of Morning and Evening.

Can you relate the work of God on each of the six days? What did God do on the seventh day? He rested from the work of creation.

N. B.—As this is Trinity Sunday, it is well to remark, that the word *Elohim*, which we translate God, implies *more than one Person*. The Father was engaged in this work. So was the Son, (John i. 1-2). And the Spirit is mentioned too. The Triune God was active in the first creation, as He is also in the new.

## CATECHISM.

## XXIII. Lord's Day.

59. But what doth it profit thee now that thou believest all this?

That I am righteous in Christ, before God, and an heir of eternal life.

60. How art thou righteous before God?

Only by a true faith in Jesus Christ; so that, though my conscience accuse me that I have grossly transgressed all the commands of God, and kept none of them, and am still inclined to all evil; notwithstanding God, without any merit of mine, but only of mere grace, grants and imputes to me the perfect satisfaction, righteousness, and holiness of Christ; even so,

as if I never had had, nor committed any sin; yea, as if I had fully accomplished all that obedience which Christ hath accomplished for me; inasmuch as I embrace such benefit with a believing heart.

61. Why sayest thou that thou art righteous by faith only?

Not that I am acceptable to God on account of the worthiness of my faith, but because only the satisfaction, righteousness, and holiness of Christ is my righteousness before God, and that I cannot receive and apply the same to myself any other way than by faith only.

1. Jesus, God and Man,  
On this Thy holy day,  
To Thee for precious gifts of grace  
Thy ransomed people pray.

2. We pray for childlike hearts,  
For gentle, holy love,  
For strength to do Thy will below,  
As angels do above.



INTRODUCTION.—The book of Genesis was written by Moses, about two thousand year after the beginning of our time. He would not have written it, had not God directed him. Its *name* means the Beginning—the Generation. It contains a history of the creation of the world; of its earliest inhabitants; of the original state of man, and his fall; of the first religions; of the commencement of the sciences and the arts; of the corruption of the human race; of the flood; of the re peopling of the earth; of the rise of nations and kingdoms; and of the Patriarchs, from Adam to Joseph's death. It covers a period of about 2,369 years, and is the oldest history we have. It is so simple, consistent, and impartial in its narratives, that the best men take it as a correct and truthful account of the first things.

COMMENTS.—The Mosaic account of the creation of the world is remarkable for its grand simplicity of language. The child and the philosopher can both read it with interest. After reading the heavy, tiresome volumes of ancient and modern world-makers, they gladly turn to this man of God for rest. Let us so study this old, but true story, then.

VERSE 1.—GOD—His Name signifies THE GOOD BEING. *In the beginning.* This marks the commencement of time; but we do not know how long ago it was. *The heavens and the earth.*—By this phrase is meant the whole natural world—the universe. *Created*—This world did not always exist; but it had a beginning—no matter when; and that beginning was in God its Creator. He called it into being. We may, of course, not ask *how* He created all things. Could we understand *that*, then we might ourselves make a world. We know, however, that all was done by the word of Jehovah, (Psalm xxxiii. 9; Heb. xi. 3.). We are also informed in the New Testament, that God created the world by His Son Jesus Christ, (Eph. iii. 9; John i. 3; Rev. xix. 13.

Now think, whether it is possible for any one to tell so great a fact in fewer or plainer words. Many learned and pious writers contended that this single verse is a section by itself; and that a long, very long period elapsed, before

the *arrangement* took place which is so minutely described in the other part of this chapter. They teach that the material out of which the universe was formed was created at once; but that ages and ages went by, before the ordering and framing of the world occurred out of chaos. How long a time intervened between the calling of matter into being, and the preparation of it for life, Moses does not say.

VERSE 2—*Without form and void.* This means, *without shape, and empty of living things.* It would hardly be necessary to tell us of the earth's waste and desolate condition, if no interval had occurred between the Creator's original creation, and the subsequent ordering of it. But if such a period had intervened, it is natural that such a description should precede the history of its later adorning, with light, life and beauty. It was *Chaos*—or a reign of disorder and confusion. Water and vapor surrounded and pervaded the globe. Neither do we know how long this period of chaos continued, before light was extracted. It may have been a great while.

*And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.* This may have been the *wind, fire, or air*, which were God's agents. *Moved* can be taken in the sense of *brooding*—as a hen fosters her young. God was at work, by His mighty operations, during this period, preparing and ripening every part of the earth, for such results as were to come forth successively, as are afterwards mentioned. This embryo-world was in a state of fermentation and digestion, we may say.

VERSE 3.—*Let there be light.* This was the first result of order—God's first creature, indeed. We may conceive of it as *warmth, heat, or primitive light*—as the Sun is not yet mentioned. Doubtless, the sun, moon and stars, were also in process of formation already now, though they were only brought in right relation to the earth on the fourth day. This early light, then, we may suppose to have been only a twilight, contending with the surrounding darkness. We are told—*and there was light*; but not that there was a fulness of it.

VERSE 4.—*God saw the light that it was good.* It was a mirror, or symbol



of Himself. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all," (1 John i. 5.). Besides, this latent heat, warmth, or primitive light, was good, for vegetable and animal life that was to be. Without it there could have been no existence or growth. It was an agent necessary to the carrying on of nature. We see this illustrated in the decay and death of plants and animals from which the light is shut out. "Truly, the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." (Eccl. xi. 7.).

VERSE 5. — *Day—Night.*—Probably the rotation of the earth around its own axis is here indicated. This necessarily caused a division of light from darkness, by bringing different portions of our earth under or away from the light of the sun. Strange that the learning of geographers and astronomers is only confirmed by this early saying of Moses!

*And the evening and the morning.—The first day.* He does not say "The morning and the evening," &c. All had been night first; now, for the first time, there was a dawn of day. Therefore he counts from the former and earlier state, to the later. So the Jews reckoned their time afterwards.

We will present but a picture of the *six days' creation*, now—in questions and answers:—

What did God do in the *first day*, or period? He created light, (vs. 3–5.). What was His work on the *second day*? The firmament by which the waters under, that is, oceans, lakes, rivers, &c., from those above, that is the clouds, (vs. 6–7.). What did he do on the *third day*? He separated land from water, and made trees and herbs to grow, (vs. 9–12.). What was the work of the *fourth day*? The sun, moon and stars were adjusted, to fix days, months and years, (vs. 14–18.) What was the work of the *fifth day*? Birds and fishes, (vs. 20–22.). What was made on the *sixth day*? Creeping things, beasts and man, (vs. 24–30.). What did God do on the *seventh day*? He rested from the work of creation, (v. 31.).

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Dare to be upright, honest, and sincere, for God is all-sufficient; he can defend, deliver, or supply.

### Speaking too Soon.

It has been common to say that scripture makes a mistake in speaking of the ant as storing up its food, that in reality it only stores up its eggs; but Colonel Sykes discovered at Peonah a species of ants (*Atta Providens*) which regularly stores up the seeds of millet for its food in stormy weather. The objectors did not know enough when they corrected the science of scripture. They have been equally premature when they have objected to the scripture statement regarding the ostrich abandoning its eggs, for late researches have proved that the ostrich quits her eggs during the day, and abandons them altogether if there has been any intrusion upon them, thus furnishing an admirable type of carelessness regarding offspring.—*Dr. Howard Crosby.*

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"We did not bring any novels with us to the country this summer, and now the members of the family are reading Motley, Macaulay, Irving, and other authors. They seem, too, to be more than usually interested." So said a friend. We are quite in agreement with Emerson that if the bulk of modern literature could be burned up, our boys and girls would be immensely the gainers. The reading of light, trashy, sentimental, sensational, silly and sickly novel and novelettes has neutralized to a great extent the purpose of a universal system of popular education. Instructive reading requires the use of brains, demands reflection, stores the memory, and develops faculty. But who are they who now read solid books?

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SOME years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon inquiry, that these children were in the habit of faithfully setting apart *at least one-tenth* of all the money which came into their hands and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put into it and paid out of it. Their father said that they themselves invented the expression, "sacred money." They would give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.



JUNE 15.

LESSON XXIV.

1879.

*First Sunday after Trinity. Genesis i. 26-31.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE CREATION OF MAN.

26. ¶ And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind; and God saw that it was so.

27. So God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the

air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29. ¶ And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which *is* upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which *is* the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

30. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein *there is* life, *I have given* every green herb for meat: and it was so.

31. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, *it was* very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

## QUESTIONS.

What creature was created last? Do Revelation, or the Bible, and Science, or human learning, agree on this point? They do. How long ago was man created? About 6000 years. Is there any other record that tells us as clearly of our origin? No. Where may we read of the creation of our first parents? In Genesis, Chapters one and two. Of what two parts is man constituted, according to Chaps. two and seven? Of body and soul. Whence is his body formed? Whence is the soul?

VERSE 26. Does God speak when man was to be created, as He did in creating the lower orders? Compare His saying here with the language in verses 1, 21; 7, 16, 25; 3, 6, 9, 11, 14. Whom do you understand by *us*? Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Does this language imply counsel and development in the Godhead? Yes. What do you understand by *image of God*? God is a Spirit, and man's inward nature was made after Him. To what does *likeness* refer? To his *form*, which was patterned after Jesus Christ. What was to be given to man? Dominion over the world. Why does Moses speak of "*them*" when Adam only is mentioned? He refers to the first human pair. In what did this *dominion* consist? 1. In his lordship over the lower creatures—verses 26—30; 2. He names them, which implies Knowledge and Language,

(Chapt. ii. 19-20). 3. In intercourse with his Maker, (Chap. ii. 15-17, and Chap. iii. 8-9). What kind of a being do you suppose Adam in Paradise to have been? A perfect man.

27. Was all now done as God had planned?

28. What did God's blessing do? It installed man in his position and office.

29-30. What kind of food was allotted to man in Eden? Was the same meat assigned to the other creatures in the Garden? Does this spot seem to be exempt from violent death, then? Did not animals prey upon each other elsewhere, and before man was created? Moses seems to speak only of Adam's dwelling-place. See Chapt. ii. 8-15.

31. How did the Jews speak of the *Evening*? As embracing the entire Night. How of the *Morning*? As extending over the whole Day. What do both constitute, then? A whole day of 23 hours, 56 minutes, and 4 seconds. How was everything *very good*? The work of creation glorified God.

What does this Lesson impress upon us? Our high origin. Are we not fallen beings? We have a Saviour, too. Will the thought of our high origin, likely help us to attain to it again through Jesus Christ? It will. Whom did this thought help to return home? The Prodigal Son.

## CATECHISM.

## XXIV. Lord's Day.

62. But why cannot our good works be the whole or part of our righteousness before God?

Because that the righteousness which can be approved of before the tribunal of God, must be absolutely perfect, and in all respects conformable to the divine law; and, also, that our best works in this life are all imperfect and defiled with sin.

63. What! do not our good works merit,

which yet God will reward in this and a future life?

This reward is not of merit, but of grace.

64. But doth not this doctrine make men careless and profane?

By no means; for it is impossible that those who are implanted into Christ by a true faith, should not bring forth fruits of thankfulness.



COMMENTS.—That man was the last creature created by God is taught us in the Bible. Human learning, as far as it has come, must confirm this truth. Revelation and Science, both place the creation of man about *six thousand years* back. No discoveries have ever been able to prove that a longer period has passed by, since our first parents lived. We ought to be thankful for this record of our origin. Cast this saying of Moses aside, and we are left in total darkness as to the beginning of our race. How silly to doubt its truth, when men are not able, with all their learning, to contradict it, or prepared to give us a better account!

In the first and second chapters of Genesis we have brief but plain statements of man's creation. In chapter 2, verse 7, we read: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." It may also read: "And the Lord God fashioned *the man*," (*the Adam*)—that is—the head of mankind. Here we learn, that man's *body* was formed of the ground; and that a *soul* was breathed into him. *The breath of life* is sometimes read—the *breath of lives*—that is—*natural, mental and spiritual* life. That is man's constitution to this day, consisting of body, soul and spirit. Why should we not believe gladly all that Moses writes of our Father Adam, when our eyes see the same things in ourselves?

VERSE 26. *Let us make man*.—We notice a change of language here. When man was to be created, it is not simply written, "God created," (vs. 1, 21), or "God made," (vs. 7, 16, 25), or "let there be," (vs. 3, 6, 9, 11, 14, 10, 24); but a very different style is adopted. *Let Us*. The Father, Son and Holy Spirit are here represented as counseling and acting together. That a new order of creature-being is to come forth, is also implied by what follows:—*In Our image, likeness*. The word *image* is generally taken to describe man's inner being—his mind, soul, spirit; his conscience and will. Since "God is a Spirit," it is best to understand the word *image* to apply to his interior constitution, which *images* his Maker. *Likeness* may there be understood of man's *form*, which was fashioned after our Lord Jesus

Christ. An old writer says: "For God made man after the pattern of Jesus Christ." The Creator adopted the best model after which to form His last creature—His master-piece.

*And let them have dominion*. Although but *one* being is spoken of, the word *them* may be used here, since in verse 27 we read, *male and female created He them*. Moses speaks of the first human pair. The higher nature of man shows itself in his kingship over all the lower orders of creation. His lordship over the earth and its creatures is plainly taught us, in detail now. See verses 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, in connection. *This* dominion of man over the world is further taught us in chapter 2, verses 19, 20, where we see how Adam *named* all living creatures. This implied a wonderful *knowledge* in Adam, and a power and use of *Language*, too. He called them by suitable and proper names. And still further may we see something of Adam's exalted and ruling position in chapter 2, verses 15–17, where we learn that he stood in direct intercourse with his Maker. Read also verses 8, 9, in chapter 3.

From this account we may be sure that our race did not begin in a weak parentage, which gradually grew stronger and developed into its present state; but, plainly, that its origin was a lofty one. There never was a child of Adam equal to its great father in Paradise. Doubtless his body, mind and spirit constituted him a perfect human being, which cannot be said of any of his offsprings.

VERSE 27. As the foregoing relates what God had planned in His own mind, we are now told that it was all duly executed. Adam and Eve were created in God's image, after the model set for them in the divine mind.

VERSE 28. *And God blessed them*. This Benediction was of such a nature as to endow them with a due supply of wisdom, power and grace for their exalted position and office. We may call it the inauguration of man, as God's agents on earth. How, but by their Maker's blessing could man be properly inducted into his royal station?

VERSES 29, 30. It is to be noticed that neither man nor animal was to eat any food but *vegetables*. Herbs and fruit were allotted to the former; fowl and beast were to be confined to the growth



from the earth, for meat. Before sin entered the world, it is a question whether there were any *violent* deaths in the Garden of Eden. We are not to suppose that plants and animals lived always, long even, before man was created; neither are we told of the state of the world outside of Eden, or that death did not reign there. Likely animals devoured each other, during the foregoing ages, and all around the garden-spot which God had prepared for man. This Eden was for him the world. There death did not reign, except in so far as the will of the Creator permitted it to embrace the vegetable kingdom. See chapter 2, 8-15.

VERSE 32. God had so created and arranged all things that He was glorified in all, *by all and through all*. *Evening-Morning*. The Jews extended the term *Evening* over the entire night, and the term *Morning* over the whole day. The two constituted one day—*twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds*, we calculate.

PRACTICAL THOUGHT. Let us remember our high origin, and the pattern after which we were formed, True, we are fallen; but we have a Saviour, too. God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He that forgets not *whence* he is, will not soon forget *whither* he ought to be going. The Prodigal son first forgot his father before he wandered not knowing whither. But as soon as he recalled his father's house he hastened homeward. The *Gott-loss* man is the *lost man*, in life and death.

### What a Boy Did.

About two hundred and sixty years ago, a poor lad of seventeen was seen traveling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old purse with a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road, a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but honest and pious people, and had six

brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard for a living. He was a goodly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and with his parents' consent set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the bookseller's window, a strong desire sprang up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University of Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a hay-stack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived at the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do.

He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and there he went, and to his great delight was engaged to carry fuel into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might often be seen reading a book.

His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants.

He studied hard and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very successful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were glad to see their son not only a great scholar, but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux.—*Selected*.

WHEN he had called the meeting to order brother Gardner arose and said: "Gem'lin, if it wasn't for de wheels on a wagin de wagin wouldn't move. When de wheels am on, den what?" "Greese!" solemnly exclaimed an old man. "K'rect!" whispered the president, softly rubbing his hands together. "We hez de wagin an' de wheels. We will now pass de hat aroun' for de greese."



JUNE 22.

LESSON XXV.

1879.

*Second Sunday after Trinity. Genesis ii. 1-3.*

THE SUBJECT—THE SABBATH.

1. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

2. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God had created and made.

## QUESTIONS.

What does the word *Sabbath* mean? Rest. Who instituted the Sabbath? God. When? When He had finished the work of creation. Does mankind seem to have some sense of a *weekly* period of time everywhere? Christians observe *Sunday*; Grecians, *Monday*; Persians, *Tuesday*; Assyrians, *Wednesday*; Egyptians, *Thursday*; Turks, *Friday*; Jews, *Saturday*. How may we account for such a wide-spread knowledge of this division of time? It is by quartering the month—which gives us the number seven, if we do not break a day into fractions. Is this knowledge of the moon the only way by which we can account for the origin of a *week* and the *Sabbath*? It is said, that the nature of man reveals such a seven-day movement, too. When does such a law reveal itself in us very plainly? In cases of fever or other diseases. Is not the *ninth* day generally considered the *critical* day? Then, perhaps, the change only becomes manifest to us.

Do then Revelation, Nature and the constitution of man unite in proclaiming the need of a Sabbath? They do. *Why* was the Sabbath instituted? For man's good. How does such a stated resting-day promote man's good? In order to revive his powers. Does not the *night* season answer for him sufficiently? If man were like unto an animal, in its natural state, it would. Do even animals need this day? All working beasts do. How does man differ from animals, even? In his higher nature. Does man's mind need this resting-day? Does his spirit? Verily.

Is the institution of the Sabbath, then, no arbitrary regulation of God? God appointed the day for man's benefit. Where are we so taught? Mark ii. 27.

Ought we not to keep every day aright? That is only done, by obeying the laws of nature, which are God's. May we then regard the law of the Sabbath as one of God's laws? Where does He proclaim it? In Nature; in Man; in Revelation.

VERSE 1. What do *heavens and earth* signify? The World. What do we understand by the word *host*? The creatures.

2. How may we read—*on the seventh day God ended His work*? By the seventh day God had made, &c. From what did God rest? From creation's work. May we conceive of God as an idle Being? He works in Providence and Grace hitherto. (John v. 17).

3. What do you understand by God *blessing* the seventh day? He declared it a day intended for man's benefit. What does *sanctified* mean? To separate or set apart. Is this day, then, separated from the other days of the week, in a peculiar way? Verily. Where are we charged to observe the Sabbath? In the Fourth commandment. Ex. xx. 8.

What three things impress themselves upon us concerning the Sabbath now? 1. That it is a regulation of God's instituted at the creation of the world. 2. That it is a day, the observance of which is for the benefit of man and the race. 3. That it is a standing promise and type of the heavenly rest. (Heb. iv. 1-11).

## CATECHISM.

XXV. *Lord's Day.*

## OF THE SACRAMENTS.

65. Since then we are made partakers of Christ, and all His benefits, by faith only, whence doth this faith proceed?

From the Holy Ghost, who works faith in our hearts by the preaching of the gospel, and confirms it by the use of the sacraments.

66. What are the sacraments?

The sacraments are holy visible signs and seals, appointed of God for this end, that by the use thereof He may the more fully declare and seal to us the promise of the gospel, viz., that He grants us freely the remission of sin, and life eternal, for the sake of that one sacrifice of Christ, accomplished on the cross.

57. Are both word and sacraments then ordained and appointed for this end, that they may direct our faith to the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, on the cross, as the only ground for our salvation?

Yes, indeed; for the Holy Ghost teaches us, in the gospel, and assures us by the sacraments, that the whole of our salvation depends upon that one sacrifice of Christ, which is offered for us on the cross.

68. How many sacraments has Christ instituted in the new covenant or testament?

Two, namely, Holy Baptism, and the Holy Supper.



GENERAL REMARKS.—The word *Sabbath* is a Hebrew name for *rest*. God fixed a day of rest in the beginning of the world, and in all time and among all nations, there seems to be some knowledge of it. Christians observe *Sunday*; Grecians, *Monday*; Persians, *Tuesday*; Assyrians, *Wednesday*; Egyptians, *Thursday*; Turks, *Friday*; Jews, *Saturday*. Why is it, now, that mankind takes so generally to a weekly method of counting time? If we say, it is because of a *revelation* of God, we are told, that many nations have lost that entirely, or perhaps never knew of it, and still preserve some sense of a seven-days reckoning. If we say, it is because of a pious *tradition*, which handed down from age to age, and generation to generation, this information which God originally gave to Adam; then, we are asked to tell, why all people are so ready to remember and obey this command of the Creator, and yet so forgetful of His other sayings? What shall we answer, then, that will satisfy us all?

1. The WEEK is a natural *quartering* of the month. The moon makes the month; and as the moon is seen everywhere, all people have the month. Divide the month into halves—for example,  $30 \div 2 = 15$ . Now divide this half into halves again, and you have 7—if we do not reckon the fraction. Or, the fourth of a month is a week—unless we break a day into parts. This is one reason, no doubt, why we find some knowledge of our weekly manner of measuring time spread all over the world.

2. But, others tell us too, that the ground for such a general knowledge of a weekly or seven-days reckoning *lies in man's nature*. Six hundred years before Christ, a great physician—Hippocrates—taught, that a certain series of facts repeat themselves in us, once every week. In later days the famous doctors—CLEGG, HORN, BALFOUR, JACKSON and WOOD—taught the same idea. The fact is best seen in certain *diseases*. They attack the patients anew every seven days, it seems—at the end of the first, second, and third week. Hence we hear men speak of “critical days,” or “the crisis of the disease.” People afflicted with “chills and fever,” for instance, are advised to continue the use of medicines till the eighth day—the day after the full

week; or, to apply their remedies on the sixth day—the day before the full week. We think the *ninth day* is the critical one, I know, but that is, perhaps, the time in which men *notice* the change most plainly. A learned and scientific physician recognizes the change before the people see it.

But if such a weekly law reigns in us during sickness, learned men say, it must also work regularly within us, in health, or always. Is this so, or not? That there is a *daily* law governing us we know. We awake, work, and go to sleep; and awake, work, and go to sleep, again. This is a law asserting itself regularly, all through life. It governs animals too; and even plants. May there not be a *weekly* law, then too?

But if we are asked—What is the use or benefit of such a seven-days' cycle?—what shall we say? If there is such a weekly law, it must certainly be for our good, or the Creator would not have placed it there. The daily change from work to rest and sleep to awakening, we know, is good and necessary for us. And if man were only an animal, or like a plant; if he were as free and uncontrolled as flowers, birds, and beasts, *in their natural, wild state*; then, perhaps, this daily “changing-off” from daily work to nightly rest, might answer for our healthy existence and growth. Gardens, forests, bees, birds and wild animals—they need no *Sabbath*, or special day of rest. The night is rest enough for them. But man is more than a *body* only; and even so far as his body merely is concerned, he is not in a free, natural, and uncontrolled condition. Life is for him a constant service; and a service of toil, too. The duties of life impose hand-work, head-work, heart-work. These are too much and too heavy to be borne from the opening to the close of our history, without a stated series of resting-days. Hence man's whole constitution, his body, mind and spirit—demands the Sabbath. And this is another reason, why mankind takes so readily to its observance. It is not because God arbitrarily requires one-seventh of our time and service for himself, that nations are so ready to obey this law; but man himself feels the necessity of such an arrangement, from an inward sense as it were. The Fourth Commandment meets his



want. It was written inside of him, before it was engraved on stone. It was because man's nature proclaimed it from within, that God gave expression from without. God *and* man, therefore, say:—"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, \* \* \* \* On the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of work." Our Lord, who knew what was in man, accordingly, said: "The Sabbath *was made for man*," (that is, for the good and blessing of man;) "and not man for the Sabbath," (or, for man's observance simply because it was so ordered without a reason.)

It will not do to say, that every day must be kept holy unto the Lord. This is true; but the only way to live aright at all times, is, to order one's life in accordance with nature's laws, which are God's. In the new heavens and the new earth, where a redeemed humanity will dwell, there every day will be a Sabbath—The Saint's everlasting Rest.

VERSE 1. *The heavens—earth—and all the hosts of them.* This is a summing-up and finishing word to the history of the natural creation. The expression embraces our own earth and all the heavenly bodies, as well as the creatures dwelling therein.

VERSE 2. *And on the seventh day God ended His work.* Let us read this:—"And by the seventh day God *had ended his work*."—*Rested on the seventh day from all His work which he had made.* He ceased the process of creation. The world was now established as a system, and in perfect order, harmony and regularity. Still, God is not an idle being. He is ever employed in governing and blessing His creation. By His Providence and grace, worketh hitherto—even now—in countless ways. But there is a point when He may well be said to have finished His undertaking—when He enjoys a *Sabbath*—a rest.

VERSE 3. *God blessed the seventh day.* He spoke well of this day, and declared it for man's benefit. No man that *works* during six days, but feels how truly it is a blessing to observe God's Sabbath. *Sanctified it.* This word means, *to set apart.* It is a day separated from the other six, as a season in which toil is to cease. Men and nations that join it as a day common with the rest always suffer by it. What God joins we dare not

separate; and what God separates we may not join together, either. Those who habitually disregard the Sabbath are not regarded as good men—not good examples for others. Just think, if all were to follow them. What would become of society, or of our Christian civilization? No wonder God tells us in the fourth commandment—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." (Ex. xx, 8.) *Because that in it He had rested.* Moses sets the Creator, as it were, before us, after which we should endeavor to pattern our history—that is—we shall work and rest; labor and worship.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. 1. The Sabbath is an old institution. It dates from the morning of creation.

2. The Sabbath is good for man and the race. As a social or political regulation, it operates for the benefit of mankind.

3. The Sabbath is a standing promise and type of the *rest which remaineth for the people of God.* Read Heb. Chap. iv, verses 1-11.

SAID President Chadbourne, of Williams College, to the Massachusetts teachers at their recent meeting: "If all moral and religious education is neglected, we shall some day be swallowed up by corruption. We want the same deep sense of responsibility and moral honesty that the Puritans possessed, though we want by no means to go back to those days. Enforcements of the principles of honesty, love of law, respect of labor, should never be forgotten, and we should ever aim to develop honest manhood and womanhood. Education does not consist in mastering languages, but is found in that moral training which extends beyond the school-room to the play ground and street, and which teaches that a meaner thing can be done than to fail in a recitation."

"WHY don't you wheel the barrow of coal along more lively, Ned?" asked a coal dealer of his hired man. "It's not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ay, master," quoth the man who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."



JUNE 29.

LESSON XXVI.

1879.

*Third Sunday after Trinity. Genesis ii. 8-9 and 15-17.*

THE SUBJECT.—MAN IN EDEN.

8. ¶ And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

9. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

15. And the Lord God took the man, and put

him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

16. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat:

17. But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

## QUESTIONS.

To what famous spot are we brought in this Lesson? The first home of man. What name is given to this locality? The Garden of Eden. Can we still designate its location? No. Where is it supposed to have been fixed? In Armenia, Asia. What do we know of its character? That it was adapted for the well-being, happiness and holiness of man. How long was the first human pair permitted to dwell there? As long as the state of innocency continued. Whither did they then go? Chap. iii. 24.

VERSE 8. What do you understand by the term *Garden*? Valley—pleasant, fertile, healthy. What does *Eden* mean? Happiness. What other word is often used instead? Paradise.

9. What is said of the nature of the soil? Fertile and self-productive. What class of trees were those *pleasant to the sight*? Flowering shrubs and trees. What kind were those *good for food*? Fruit trees. What remarkable tree is now spoken of? Tree of life. Why is it so-called? Its fruit was a remedy against decay and death. What other tree is likewise mentioned? Tree of good and evil. What other name may be given it? Tree of death. How did it effect a knowledge of good and evil? By the sense of *guilt* which it produced in our first

parents. Does *guilt* always awaken such a knowledge? It does.

15. Why did God place man in this garden? To dress and keep it. Why was this necessary? It was to serve for the beautifying of the garden and the well-being of its keeper.

16. What large freedom was granted to Adam? What do we learn of Adam's lordship in Chapters xxviii. 3, and ii. 19-20?

17. What restraint was placed on him? Why was this precept imposed? To remind him of his accountability. Could he have readily obeyed this law? Indeed. What penalty was threatened in case of a disobedience? That he should become mortal. How do you understand the words—*thou shalt surely die*? Thou shalt become mortal, and dying, die. How long did Adam continue to die? Chap. v. 5. Was he likely the first man who died a natural death? It is so thought. Of what is the Garden of Eden a type? Of the Paradise of God. Is this open for us? Yea. Who opened its gates for us? Our Lord. How happened it, that our first parents were driven out of the earthly Eden? Through their unbelief and disobedience. How may we enter the heavenly Eden? By faith and obedience.

## CATECHISM.

XXVI. *Lord's Day.*

OF HOLY BAPTISM.

69. How art thou admonished and assured, by holy baptism, that the one sacrifice of Christ upon the cross is of real advantage to thee?

Thus, that Christ appointed this external washing with water, adding thereunto this promise, that I am as certainly washed by His blood and Spirit from all the pollution of my soul, that is, from all my sins, as I am washed externally with water, by which the filthiness of the body is commonly washed away.

70. What is it to be washed with the blood and Spirit of Christ?

It is to receive of God the remission of sins, freely, for the sake of Christ's blood, which He shed for us by His sacrifice upon the cross; and also, to be renewed by the Holy Ghost, and

sanctified to be members of Christ, that so we may more and more die unto sin, and lead holy and unblamable lives.

71. Where has Christ promised us that He will as certainly wash us by His blood and Spirit, as we are washed with the water of baptism?

In the institution of baptism, which is thus expressed, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:" "he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." This promise is also repeated, where the Scripture calls baptism "the washing of regeneration, and the washing away of sins."



COMMENTS.—We are now brought to man's first dwelling-place, the Garden of Eden. That there was such a place, we dare not doubt. The description given by Moses is too definite and particular to interpret it in a fanciful way. If we believe our first parents, Adam and Eve to have been real persons dwelling on the earth, then they must have had a real home. But it is impossible to tell at this day, in what region of the world Eden lay. It is most likely, that the country known as Armenia, in Asia, was its locality, near the great Rivers, Euphrates, Tigris, Phasis and Araxes. This opinion is founded on the account which is given us of the river with four heads, in verses 10–14. Whilst this view will not harm us, we are still not sure of its correctness.

From what is told us of the Garden of Eden, we may believe it to have been a delightful place, where neither decay nor death could enter, and where everything was adapted for the well-being, happiness and holiness of the first human pair. The privilege of dwelling there lasted only so long as our first parents remained innocent and obedient. When sin entered there, they were driven out, their home fell in ruins, and cherubims and a flaming sword seems to forbid us to approach near enough to know where it once lay. (Chap. iii, 24.)

VERSE 8. *And the Lord God planted a garden.* We may conceive of this original dwelling-place of the first human pair as a valley, pleasantly situated, very fertile, and of a delightful climate. It was a spot especially fitted up for man, and wholly different from the outside world. *Eden* signifies *pleasure*, or *happiness*. The word *Paradise* is used instead, which likewise means a garden of the blessed. In the eastern portion of Eden the first residence of man was fixed.

VERSE 9. *And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow.* The soil was so fertile and productive, that vegetation grew forth readily and without cultivation, or, as we say, *spontaneously*. *Every tree that is pleasant to the sight.* This saying may embrace all the *flowering* shrubs, and trees, which delighted the senses in color, fragrance and shape. *And good for food.* Here we have all fruit-bearing trees indicated. We may

include in this class, vegetables, fruits, nuts, etc. *The tree of life also in the midst of the garden.* By the will of the Creator man's whole constitution was to be preserved against decay and death. This must have been secured to him by means of this wonderful tree. Its very name implies, that the power of preserving health and life lay in its fruit. There is nothing in the account which prevents us from thinking or believing that this tree served as a defence against disease and death. Whatever else we may attribute to this glorious tree of life, we must not abandon this principal meaning. *And the tree of knowledge of good and evil.* We need not go far to find the meaning of this tree either. It was a real tree too, no less so than the former. But the effect of its fruit was just the opposite of the tree of life—it caused disease and death, as we learn in the 17th verse. “To know good *and* evil” is a phrase by which our *experience* of the results of obedience and disobedience is taught us. This is a double sort of knowledge. We realize a sense of right and wrong, at the same time, by it. That is what *guilt* teaches us—a knowledge of the ‘good’ we have forsaken and the ‘evil’ we have plunged into. Thus it is really a knowledge of good *and* evil. And now by eating of this tree our first parents learned this sense of guilt or—knowledge of ‘good *and* evil.’

VERSE 15. *And the Lord God took the man, and put him in the garden of Eden.* Gardening is the first kind of employment on record. This was man's calling during his state of perfection and innocence. How well the man and the office correspond! *To dress it, and to keep it.* Though the garden produced freely of itself, without labor and sweat, yet dressing, or ordering, and tilling, or pruning it, were calculated for both his and its good. It maintains the garden's perfection and beauty, and promoted the man's bodily, mental and spiritual health and happiness.

VERSE 16. *Of every tree of the garden, thou mayest freely eat.* Here we are taught the large *freedom* of the first man. He was lord of the garden of Eden. Of his lordship we have already learned in the account of his installation over the earth, (I. verses 28–30.) The *enjoyment* of his high station and office is expres-



sive under the letter and figure of a banquet here.

VERSE 17. "But the tree of knowledge of good and evil—*thou shalt not eat of it.*" But free as he was, he dare not forget that the Lord stood over him. Though Adam was exalted above all creatures, he still stood under the Creator. Though he was the world's sovereign, yet God was *his* sovereign. To Him Adam was accountable and responsible. Though he governed, yet did he rule under authority. His conduct, accordingly, was to be measured after God's law. And this law was expressed in this *precept*—*thou shalt not eat of it.* God said:—"There is a certain tree; thou shalt not eat of its fruit." No matter now, what the nature of its fruit was, it was in man's power to abstain. His liberty lay in his obedience—as it does with all of us.

*Thou shalt surely die.* "From the moment, thou shalt become mortal—fall into a dying state." Adam's body was created conditionally immortal; while he would abstain from the tree of death, and enjoy the gift of the tree of life. But by placing himself in a wrong relation to his Maker, he fell into the power of death. And though he lived 930 years, he was still dying daily, and the first who tasted death in a natural way. God's declarations are all true, His threats no less so, than His promises.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. The Garden of Eden is for us a type and pledge of the Paradise of God. Though we read with sadness of a Paradise lost, we may still rejoice in the faith of a Paradise regained through Jesus Christ.

Though our first parents were driven out of Eden in consequence of their unbelief and disobedience, we may enter it again by faith and obedience.

Though cherubims and a flaming sword warn us away from the Eden of earth, Jesus Christ invites us to the Eden above. "Come unto me, etc."

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It is estimated that the population on the continent of America averages five to the square mile; that of Europe, seventy-nine; Asia, thirty-five; Africa, six; Oceanica, five; and of the whole earth the average is about twenty to the square mile.

## Children.

Come to me, O ye children!

For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplex me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look toward the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;  
But in mine is the wind of autumn,  
And the first fall of snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more!  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That were ever sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

—Longfellow.

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Greece is about the size of Vermont.  
Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindustan is more than 100 times as large as Palestine.

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1879

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN entered upon its XXXth volume, on the first of January 1879. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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This Magazine will be mainly devoted, as heretofore, to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

JULY, 1879

No. 7.

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”  
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*SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE AND THE SOCIAL, LITERARY,  
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Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.  
—

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

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# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

JULY, 1879.

NO. 7.

## Editorial Notes.

There was a time when a high, hairless forehead was in great demand. Well informed people deemed it an index of intellectual force. It was admired and coveted. Indeed we have known young men of puny minds who would shave their foreheads, so as to make them look high. All this seems to have changed now, at least among young ladies. The fashion of frizzing the forehead with hair fringes gives it a low and unintellectual look. A prominent religious paper calls these fringes "a badge of insane and idiot asylums." We do not say that, still it seems a strange freak of fashion, and strange too that anybody should adopt it. Queen Victoria is making a brave effort to teach the daughters of England sense, on this and on another still more important practice. It is stated that she instructed the bridesmaids who appeared at the recent wedding of her son that they would not be permitted to wear their locks in that fashion, nor to don high-heeled boots, nor to wear tied-back gowns. Last year, it is reported, one young lady who came to a Drawing-Room with her hair over her eyes, was informed by the Lord Chamberlain that until her hair had grown she need not attend any more at the Palace.

Less than one hundred years after the death of our Saviour, a writer of that day thus describes the followers of Christ: "The Christians are not distinguished from other men by country, by language, nor by civil institutions. For they neither dwell in cities by themselves, nor use a peculiar tongue, nor lead a singular mode of life. They dwell in the Grecian or Barbarian cities, as the case may be; they follow the usage of the country in dress, food and the other

affairs of life. Yet they present a wonderful and paradoxical conduct. They dwell in their own native lands, but as strangers. They take part in all things, as citizens; and they suffer all things, as foreigners. Every foreign country is a fatherland to them, and every native land is a foreign. They marry, like all others; they have children; but they do not cast away their offspring. They have the table in common, but not wives. They live upon the earth, but are citizens of heaven. They obey the existing laws, and excel the laws by their lives. They love all, and are persecuted by all. They are unknown, and yet they are condemned. They are killed and are made alive. They are poor and make many rich. They lack all things, and in all things they abound. They are reproached, and glory in their reproaches. They are calumniated, and are justified. They are cursed, and they bless. They receive scorn, and they give honor. They do good, and are punished as evil-doers. When punished, they rejoice, as being made alive. By the Jews they are attacked as aliens, and by the Greeks persecuted; and the cause of the enmity their enemies cannot tell."

A decent burial of the dead is a Christian duty. It is proper that we should bestow certain marks of affection and respect upon the mortal remains of our dear departed. A neat shroud, a nicely furnished coffin, a quiet and cleanly-kept burial lot, with a few flowering plants, are in place. A few plain bouquets or wreaths laid on the corpse, are emblematic of useful lessons. But the rivalries of fashion and wealth have invaded even the domain of the dead. Piles of costly floral wreaths and emblems, often bought with the money of people who can ill spare it, are very



much out of place. Expensive caskets, and long lines of funeral equipages, make a parade of the occasion which is more Pagan than Christian. Many people spend more money, in extravagant efforts to outshine their neighbors in the burial of the dead, than they ever give for the relief of the living poor around them, or for the salvation of souls. Said a certain man to us: "I have had a hard time to get along the last year. I needed all my savings to pay off the bills for the burying of my child." It is hard enough, we thought, but could not the expenses have been reduced by a plainer funeral. In this, as in other things, the moderate or medium course is the proper and true one. The late Bishop Ames, of the Methodist church, deplored this evil and tried to remedy it. Several days before his death, he said to General John S. Berry: "I desire no display at my funeral. I would have a plain coffin made of live oak and trimmed plainly with trimmings of galvanized iron. Let there be no flowers placed on it. The tendency to extravagant and useless parade at funerals in this country is getting to be a great and growing evil, and I wish my example, as far as possible, to inaugurate a different state of things."

"Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching," we used to sing during the war. Now the word "tramp" has come to be used in a widely different sense. Still, would the country be over-run with tramps had the civil war not occurred? These hordes of roving idlers give one much to think about. We see them at their present end of life's road. In sooth, they look bad enough: forlorn, friendless, filthy waifs of society. Could we see them at the other end of life, when they were children and boys with perhaps neither parent nor friend to start and guide them aright, we would perhaps judge them more leniently. They have come down to this present over a rough and perilous path. Possibly a path not always of their own choosing. And now, without character or money, their idle thriftless habits fixed, without hope either for this world or that which is to come, they remind one of the surly, snarling dogs of Eastern villages, growling and being growled

at by everybody. Old gray-headed men, with red faces and fetid breath publishing their sottish habits; ragged, filthy and stiff in every joint, slowly and shyly limping along the public highway, feeling that they are despised by every person they meet; younger men, in the prime of life, wearing linen that has never been washed, and some no linen at all; homeless wanderers, bearing their dirty bundles, who feel that neither Church, State nor Society care anything about them! O, it is a sad sight to witness the do-nothing, don't-care, aimless life of so many immortal beings! The bulk of them are doubtless desperately wicked; thieves, burglars, barn-burners, and the like. After farmers kindly give them food and lodging, they set their property afire. One lately had his valuable barn destroyed by the man whom he had kindly fed the night before. Another caught one with a lighted match in his hand, searching among the hay in the barn for a few pennies he had dropped. Another beats a lady senseless to the floor while she is in the act of getting him something to eat. And so on to the end of the chapter. But what causes have produced these thousands of ulcers on the social body? They are not all imported criminals. Some of them are born Americans. Do any of them hail from Christian homes? Have any Sunday Schools or Churches tried to start them in the right way? Would we be much better had we been sent adrift in the wide world, as they have been? Even in their present estate, could nothing be done to christianize them? If it is possible to convert the red man, the Bedouin and the Fejee Islander, would it not be possible to convert a tramp by the use of the proper means?

A short time ago a lot of drunken tramps were found in an old unoccupied building on the outskirts of a certain town in New York. In front of a fire they had kindled, lay the body of a youth of less than twenty years, who had just died. Died like a dog, amid the whoops of unfeeling drunkards. Was there not some one somewhere whose heart would have kindled in kindly sympathy at the sight? Had he no father, no mother, no sister, no brother, whose hearts still felt for him though



an outcast? Another one died suddenly in a county jail, with none but God to witness his dying struggle.

State laws are important for the protection of property and life. The jail and the gallows are necessary in their place; but the State laws, the jail and the gallows are ineffectual reformatory measures. They do not change the disposition of the vagrant. Society must be protected; but what is society doing for the moral renovation of these bearded, bronzed outlaws? Is society fully supporting the Christian Church in her efforts to rescue boy and girl tramps from the fate of such a life and such a death? Were half the money which is spent on courts, jails and other institutions to chain criminals, given for the support of Christian institutions and efforts, which aim to teach and train the young, the tramp question would soon be, at least partially, solved. Stop the supply and the nuisance will abate. Has modern society nothing better than the life of an outcast, or extermination, for the tramp?

Seventy years ago, two poor boys, one in Connecticut, the other in Massachusetts, lived in humble homes and honest poverty. The older, William Lloyd Garrison, born in December, 1804, was the son of a widowed mother. The younger, Asa Packer, was born in December, 1805. Both had the spirit of energy and enterprise, peculiar to New England. At ten years Garrison was apprenticed to a Lynn shoemaker. A year later he went with his mother to Baltimore, Md., where he served twelve months as an errand boy. Next he became a printer's apprentice in New England. Fifty years ago he became the odious leader of a despised and weak cause. Timidly he began to write anonymously for newspapers. At twenty-two he attempted to publish one himself; failed, and then worked as a journeyman printer. E're long he again embarked in the newspaper business. Became a radical anti-slavery man, when few were so bold as to advocate abolitionism. He started the *Liberator*, with the motto, "My country is the world; my countrymen all mankind." In his introductory he said: "I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromis-

ing as justice. I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retract a single inch, and I will be heard." He started without money, but others came to his aid. The political sentiment of the country, with few exceptions, was against him. His fearless thrusts against slavery provoked violent opposition. In Boston he was mobbed, and barely escaped with his life. In Baltimore he was fined and imprisoned. At public meetings he was battered with brick-bats and pelted with rotten eggs. And yet he spoke and wrote at the risk of stench and stones. He created an anti-slavery public opinion. In the course of time John Quincy Adams, Seward, Sumner, Stevens, Lincoln, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and many others, valiantly defended the cause of freedom. But Garrison was their political master, the pioneer of negro emancipation. They were his disciples and followers. "To no mortal, living or dead, not even excepting Lincoln, is the black race so much indebted for its emancipation from slavery, as to William Lloyd Garrison, lately deceased." For without his work Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation would not have been possible. He was extreme, radical, and by his extraordinary zeal for his cause, was brought into bad company; into company with anti-slavery people of anti-Christian creeds. Like all men of one idea, he kept pounding away at his one great life-work, and seemed at times to forget that there were other causes of equal importance. His sympathy and zeal for the black man amounted to a monomania. What a contrast was the heroic life of this unselfish man, to that of the truculent political parasites of our day, to whom politics is simply a sharp trade and speculation; in many cases a species of gambling. He sought no office and no political or pecuniary favor of any kind, but purely and exclusively the liberation of the slave. On April 14, 1865, thirty-four years after he started his little paper advocating the then unpopular doctrine of emancipation, he saw the triumph of the cause for which he did and endured so much. The Secretary of war invited him in the name of the nation, to assist in the raising of the stars and stripes on the battered walls of Fort Sumter. He after-



wards said in reference to this occasion: "I began my advocacy of the anti-slavery cause at the North in the midst of her brickbats and rotten eggs. I ended it on the soil of South Carolina, almost literally buried beneath the wreaths and flowers which were heaped upon me by her liberated bondmen." Garrison was a man of sturdy principle, for which if need be, he would have laid down his life. Like all sincere reformers, he wrought at the root of things, and hence was called a radical. Such a character commands the admiration and respect of the civilized world.

Asa Packer from a boy had nothing but what he earned with his hands. At the age of seventeen he travelled from his native place, on foot to Susquehanna County, Pa. All his worldly goods were tied up in his knapsack. He served his time here as a carpenter's apprentice with his uncle. He worked several years at his trade. Then cleared a small tract of land in what was then a wilderness, built a small log cabin, and married Sarah M. Blakeslee, whose father had a small farm here. In this little cabin he and his bride began their humble home life. Fifty years later, in January, 1878, both celebrated their "golden wedding" in their palatial home at Mauch Chunk, Pa. During that time the little log cabin had been expanded into a princely home. Packer was an energetic working man. He built himself a canal boat in which he and his family lived part of the year. For two years he ran this boat, as master and owner, between the coal regions and Philadelphia. After that he became interested in Rail Roads, amassed a great fortune, meanwhile dispensing charities in large sums. His enterprise furnished many thousand people with work and an honest living. The capitalist that employs his means to give work and wages to the laboring man, is to that extent a benefactor. He acquired the reputation of an honest, God-fearing millionaire. Simple in his habits, generous in his impulses, just and pure in his principles, he never forgot his humble birth and early toil. During his lifetime he gave liberally to benevolent objects—sometimes as high as half a million at a time. And the more he gave the more he got. In his will he

bequeaths between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 to objects of charity, education and religion. We commend the above examples of a printer's and a carpenter's apprentice of sixty years ago, to our young readers. Their industry, honesty, and integrity of character throughout life are pleasing to contemplate. The one the apostle of liberty to 4,000,000 of bondsmen; the other the energetic developer of vast natural resources, thereby giving bread to thousands, and at last consecrating millions of his estate to the cause of Christ. All cannot become millionaires, but all can strive to become God-fearing men and women, to whom principle and justice are objects of higher value than riches and applause. The world of the present day bows the knee to the golden calf, worships mammon. Many adore wealth as the god of their hearts. First and last and always seek the kingdom of God and its righteousness, then all other things shall be added unto you. And if in the Providence of God among these "all other things" come riches or poverty, we are to use them for His glory. "All things are yours, ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." Judge Packer touchingly alludes to his wife in his will. She shared the burdens and toils of his honest poverty, and the affluence of his princely fortune. She is to have whatever she wishes out of his great estate, and the bequests and legacies are to be made in consonance with her wants and wishes.

### Russian Protestantism.

BY THE EDITOR.

The leading Reformation Churches are represented in Russia. In Odessa there is a strong Reformed congregation, served during many years by Rev Mr. Bonekemper, and lately by his son. The latter studied theology at our Theological Seminary, when yet at Mercersburg, Pa., and served as pastor of one of the Reformed Churches in Philadelphia. In St. Petersburg is an influential Reformed congregation, of which Dr. Hermann Dalton has for many years been pastor. But outside of a few large cities the Reformed Church has no congregations in Russia. The Lutheran



Church is said to have between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 members. In some sections its members exercise a considerable influence. Protestantism, however, in its more strictly evangelical sense, has comparatively a small representation in the empire. For the Church of Russia has been more prolific in sectarian offshoots than any other ecclesiastical organization in the world. An official report of the Holy Synod says, that the year 1878 alone produced fourteen new sects in Russia. One of these requires its members to be baptized with a mixture of water and blood. Another compels its children to drink the warm flowing blood of the mother along with the milk. From the borders of Germany to Kamchatka, whithersoever she has borne the cross, the principle of schism has attended her. Philaret, the Metropolitan of Moscow, in his History of the Church of Russia, gives a sad picture of these fanatical extravagances. Despite the most severe laws against them, they have been increasing all over its vast territory. Hosts of the schismatics are willing to suffer exile, imprisonment, and death for their errors.

These Russian Protestants or sectarians are different from similar religionists of other countries. Elsewhere they are often distinguished for their intellectual vigor; for their spirit of inquiry and individual investigation. The Russian dissenters, as a rule, are the opposite of these. Blind belief, a tough adherence to numerous ceremonies, an exaggerated reverence for little non-essential matters; laying superstitious stress upon trifling things, are peculiarities of Russian dissent. The strong autocratic arm of the Russian Government has not been able to prevent schism. Out of the 80,000,000 of its inhabitants, 15,000,000 are outside the fellowship of her state church.

Russia was Christianized long after Western Europe. It received the gospel from Greece. And for a long period Greek Christianity prevailingly ruled over the Russian Church. And Greece scattered the seeds of the early heresies, which brought a rich harvest on Russian soil—especially in the convents, which were the fruitful fields of spiritual and carnal excesses.

Then, too, the great Mongol invasions

entailed a curse on the nation. Mongol rulers degraded the Russian masses into a state of barbarism. The nation was left without schools. There were no books; and had there been, there were no people that could read them. A priest able to read was a rare exception. For several centuries before the reign of Peter the Great, Russia was the least civilized nation in Europe. During this period of Mongol tyranny, and of ignorant and depraved priests, the foundation of Russian sectarianism was laid. Ignorant and morally unfit persons were employed to transcribe the sacred books—books of devotion and of Church laws. The texts were corrupted. Foolish and unscriptural additions were foisted in. The word of God and the teachings of the Church were perverted. When Maximus, and later, in the 17th century, the Patriarch Nikon, tried to reform these abuses, and revise the vitiated writings, a large part of the superstitious people opposed these efforts, and set up for themselves. These original sects have brought forth a numerous offspring, and have entailed upon Russia wierd and wild species of semi-pagan religious fanaticism. Some have no priests; some no sacraments; some but one sacrament. Some hold it a great sin to belong to a congregation, or to pray for the Czar, whom they regard as Anti-Christ, the head of the "Satanic Kingdom." Some bruise and cut their bodies, calling themselves self-mutilators. Others, the self-burners, hold that a voluntary death by burning oneself is the only way to attain spiritual purification. The Wanderers are divided into two classes; those who flee from all associations with the world and their fellow-men, and those who furnish asylums. The "Milk-eaters" partake of milk during the orthodox period of fasting. The spirit-fighters, are a sort of spiritualists very zealous in their creed. The foregoing sects are uncontrollable by the civil law. Efforts at coercion or restraint only develop them the more rapidly and make matters worse.

The old Ritualists are a strong party of conservatives, which for several centuries have opposed every attempt to change. They violently protested against Peter the Great's shaving laws. Spelling the name of Jesus with one letter



less than the older liturgies had it, they regarded as a mortal sin. In copying, or transcribing the Scriptures, many errors of spelling and of accent had crept in, which the authorities had corrected. For dropping the O, in "O Lord have mercy," or not repeating the word Hallelujah often enough, the people were denounced as worthy of damnation. In 1687, nearly 3 000 persons suffered martyrdom for these trifling matters. Persecution helped to energize and organize these heroes of literal conservatism. In the marshes and forests of Northern Europe they found refuge from their tormentors. The Ritualists have again been divided into different sects, which contend against each other. The Molokáni are a large body, numbering several hundred thousand people. They bear a resemblance to some of our Protestant sects. They claim to copy strictly after the early Apostolic Church, as represented in the New Testament. All later authorities, religious rites and usages they reject. They have no ordained pastors or priests, no paid clergy. Each congregation chooses a Presbyter or Elder, with two assistants from among their own number, to watch over the religious interests of the flock. These must be men of good report as to their piety and knowledge of the Scriptures. They have no churches; indeed are not allowed to build any. On Sundays they hold religious meetings at private houses. Usually they spend two or three hours here in singing psalms, reading the Scriptures, prayer and friendly conversation. If any one has a doctrinal difficulty he states it, and others help him to solve it as best they can. Unlike the Russian Church, they enforce strict discipline. For drunkenness, licentiousness, dishonesty, and other vices the members are reprimanded, and, unless penitent amendment follows, expelled. When one is poor, or in pecuniary trouble, the others will help him. Their sober upright life, cleanly habits and homes, and prosperity in worldly affairs are in pleasing contrast with the coarse and immoral practices of many Russian Orthodox Christians. They are eager to learn the Scriptures, but have few men of biblical learning who are able to instruct them.

The "Stundisti" are a sect who, in

their faith and practice, have much in common with Evangelical Protestants. Some of them have fallen into fanatical extravagances, or religious idiocy. A number of smaller sects practice severe asceticism—fasting and self-inflicted bodily mutilation. In some sects men and women assume to be prophets and teachers. By long fasting and mortifying of their inclinations, they claim to be very holy; some even to be the Saviour or His mother. One sect, after engaging in religious exercises, indulge in wild jumping, led by the chief. "The men and women alike yell like enraged savages." When all are exhausted the leader announces that "he hears the angels singing."

The "Wanderers," or "Christ's People," as they call themselves, rebel against Church and State. They hold it a sin to live among or have any dealings with members of the Russian Church. They condemn the paying of taxes, and resist the call to service in the army. As Christians are to be pilgrims and strangers in the earth, they hold it sinful to have a house or a fixed home, and that all true people of God must wander from place to place. As this sort of life brought on them suffering and want, they have at length allowed a privileged class of their people to live in towns and villages, where their business profits help to provide for their wandering brethren.

Uniformity in religious belief is an object of difficult attainment. Governments cannot coerce all the people to think and believe alike. The stocks and thumb-screws are unavailing in the cure of heresy. Trying to suppress a heresy by violence, is like cutting down a willow tree. Dozens of sprouts will grow up in place of the one tree. These wild and unregulated religious strivings are very sad to witness. Underlying them is a real longing after a higher help, a sense of soul-want.

Strolling through a certain city on the Rhine, on Sunday afternoon, I was carried along by a great stream of people I scarcely knew whither. Stepping aside to the street corner, and watching the hilarious noisy throng, going to their beer-gardens and merry-makings, I felt very sad and lonely. Near by I saw grand old Churches towering high



above the dwellings of these burghers. But they were all closed. And had they been opened, as they were in the morning, but a few dozen would have entered them. I thought of the quiet Sundays at home, with their cheerful services and peaceful rest. Wending my lonely way through a more quiet side-street, I heard singing within an humble dwelling. The door and windows were closed. The sweet sound of a familiar German hymn and tune held me aside of the door-step, as if by a charm. As by stealth, I felt greatly comforted with their singing and praying. Meeting a friend, living here, I asked who these people were, that sang and prayed thus. *Es sind die Frommen* (they are the pious), he replied. This is a term of contempt applied to people who seek to edify themselves by extra religious services. Upon further inquiry, I found that they were "Plymouth Brethren." Feeling their souls in famishing need of more devotional services, and of a more living kind of faith, they spent their Sunday afternoons in singing and prayer, instead of going to places of amusement. I admired the large church buildings, the grand hymns and sound doctrine of the established congregations, but just then and there felt that my heart was with the despised "Plymouth Brethren." How much of so-called sectarian and schismatic movements must be laid to the door of stately, lifeless religious forms and rites. The best creed and most elaborate liturgical services may fail to bring the soul any nearer to God. How sad these millions of blind, unguided people, who in their religious fanaticism and phrenzy, feel after the true God, if haply they may find Him.

The Mennonites are numerous among Russian Protestants. They are nearly all of German descent. At different times they emigrated from Prussia to escape conscription into the army, and taxation. Many came from the neighborhood of Dantzic. Then as now their Church rules forbade them to serve as soldiers. To escape a law in Russia, which is to be enforced in 1880 compelling them to enter the army, thousands of Mennonites have come to this country of late years. And many more are said to be coming. The creed and

cultus of the Russian Mennonites are in the main the same as those of this sect in the United States. They, however, seem to have a more educated ministry. And many of their people are mechanics, whereas in this country a Mennonite mechanic is rarely found. Nearly all American-born Mennonites are farmers.

Russian Mennonites, like ours, are industrious, frugal and thrifty. Their villages are models of cleanliness and good morals. Many of them are built along streams of water, as the most of the older Mennonite houses of our country are near springs or streams. The village consists of two long rows of high-roofed houses, half-concealed among trees. These trees are mostly of their own planting. "The houses are large, well-arranged, and kept in such thorough good repair that they always appear to be newly-built. The rooms are very plainly furnished, and very clean. Near the house is the barn. In front is a large yard, which looks as if it were swept several times a day. Back of the house is a garden, well-filled with vegetables. The people are plain, honest, frugal and somewhat sluggish of intellect." They are shrewd in matters concerning their business, but are little concerned about things of the outside world. Aside of the ordinary peasant village of Russia, this Mennonite home looks like an earthly paradise. The people are noted for their good farming, wherever found. They know how to make farming pay; and the money they make they know how to turn to the best account.

The Mennonites can teach older Church organizations, an important lesson. From the origin of the sect, whenever driven from their country by persecution, they have always emigrated in colonies. Thus they originally migrated from Holland to Prussia. Later they fled to Russia in colonies. Now several large colonies have come from Russia, bought large tracts of land in Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, where they build villages and form influential communities. And the Mennonite emigrants that came to this country in the last and the beginning of this century settled in colonies in Lancaster and other counties of Pennsylvania. As a consequence



whole townships in Lancaster County are mainly owned and controlled by the descendants of this people.

If the members of the Reformed Church migrating to other States would move in colonies of fifty or one hundred families, very little missionary money would be needed to establish prosperous congregations. By their combined efforts they could found self-supporting Churches. If the Mennonites would have migrated in a straggling way, letting every man go on his own accord wherever he listed, they would long since have become extinct. As it is, with no missionary help—for they raise no money for missions—this little sect has not only perpetuated itself for several centuries, but has increased in numbers and influence. And all this in spite of its lack of an educated ministry, and its unprogressive attitude towards educational and missionary work.

Besides the above dissenting Russian sects there are many smaller ones. One corresponding to our Millerites, which claims to know the time of the world's approaching end. Wallace classes Russian sectarianism as follows:

1. "Sects which claim to be based on the Bible, as explained by the occasional inspiration or excitement of its leading members.
2. Sects which follow supposed inspirations without the teaching of the Bible.
3. Sects which believe in the reincarnation of Christ.
4. Sects which lay great stress on bodily and nervous excitement. Which claim to produce prophetic inspirations by dancing, jumping or self-castigations, somewhat like the 'dancing dervishes' among the Mohammedans."

This medley of religious dissent and fanatical excesses is evidently spreading in Russia. The best means to check it would be the vitalizing of the National Church; purifying its doctrine and ritual from unscriptural additions; giving the people a purer and more faithful class of pastors, in all respects capable to care for souls; training them in the learning of the Scriptures, and thus elevating the standard of public morals and piety. The spiritual apathy of the national Church is forcing many of its best people into the ranks of dissenting sects, just as the deadness of the Anglican Church, a hundred years ago, occasioned the rise

and rapid growth of Wesleyanism in England and Methodism in America. During his lifetime millions of Russians held Peter the Great as the prince of heretics, although the founder of modern Russia and its greatest Reformer in Church and State. Hence to our story of Protestantism in Europe belongs that of Peter the Great.

Near Amsterdam, Holland, is the village of Saardam, with 9,000 inhabitants. Its chief attraction is a small building of rough planks, with two rooms. It is enclosed in a frame case to preserve it from damage and decay, and leans to one side from the weight of years. In this carefully-preserved shop Peter the Great worked in 1696 as a ship-building apprentice. He wished to construct a Russian navy, and to superintend the building of it. He came here to learn the trade of a ship-wright, with a rich merchant of the name of Calf. While here he went by the name of Peter Baas, or Master Peter, among his fellow-workmen. He wore the common, coarse clothes of a mechanic, and as an able-bodied workman made the chips and shavings fly in a lively manner. When the people learned who this hardy mechanic was, crowds came from all countries to stare at him, to his great annoyance. This intrusion upon the privacy of his earnest work shortened his stay in Saardam. He retired to the shops of the East India Company in Amsterdam, where he could work in uninterrupted privacy. In one room is a cupboard, closed with doors in front, in which Peter slept. A ladder leads to a small loft above the rooms, whither he retired by himself to pray. The walls of the room are covered with names of people, great and small, from all parts of the world. There is scarcely a square inch of vacant space left. Among the rest is the name of Alexander, a successor of Peter. Over the chimney-piece this monarch had a marble tablet placed, with the inscription: "Nothing is too small for a gentleman." In St. Petersburg is another small wooden house, somewhat like this. It looks like the hut of a slave or tramp. There Peter wrought like a giant during the early building of St. Petersburg, to the great disgust of his proud nobles. It is a Russian shrine, to which millions have made pilgrimages.



Peter was a rough-and-ready Emperor. He violated the rules of courtly manners and refined social propriety. Descended from a long and noble line, he selected his counsellors and ministers of state from the common people, solely on the ground of fitness and merit. The nobles were slighted and enraged. He was determined to raise Russia out of her old ruts, and therefore selected only the most capable for his servants. He was prepared to learn from anybody, however humble, who could teach him anything. He visited every court and country in Europe to learn.

Frederick the Great said: "If I wanted to punish a nation, I would select its rulers from philosophers." Peter seemed to be of like mind, for in selecting men for important places he discarded many men of known ability and learning. He passed by the old Russian families. He had no patience with respectable greatness or with learning which could not be used to benefit society. It mattered little how great and good a man's father or grandfather was; the question was, what kind of stuff was he made of. Greatness under ground he had no use for beyond the veneration with which he cherished the memory of greatness. He made Counts of the son of a poor sexton, of a Portuguese cabin-boy, of a Jew, of a baker's apprentice, indeed, of a negro. And all proved themselves good Counts and fit for their posts. He had the rare talent of foreseeing a man's undeveloped powers. Before Peter's reign; there was much silly etiquette and meaningless ceremony and routine. He made havoc with it, "like a bull in a china-shop," as one puts it. Walked over their cherished rules of high-breeding with his coarse, patched ox-hide boots. Whether natural or put on for political ends, his tastes were those of the common people. His sympathy was with the lowly. He founded schools, trades, industrial pursuits for the elevation and support of the middle and lower classes. He asked nothing from others which he was not willing to do himself. In garments and person he was as filthy as any of his serfs. His rude manners at table and elsewhere shocked his refined courtiers. Yet on proper occasions he could endure the cleanliness of Holland and the splendors of London and Paris and of the stately

levees of the British court. Despite his rugged manners, Southey, one of the most highly-cultured of English writers, calls him the "illustrious Peter":

"Wise traveler he, who over Europe went,  
Marking the ways of men;  
That so to his dear country, which then rose  
Among the nations in uncultured strength,  
He might bear back the stores  
Of elder polity,  
Its sciences and arts."

An Orthodox Russian, he was eager to learn from every religious belief and usage. He wandered over London with Bishop Burnet, to study the tenets and life of the Anglican Church; dined with Archbishop Tennison, and witnessed an amateur service, with which he expressed himself pleased. He attended a Quaker Meeting and cordially received a deputation of Quakers. He devoutly listened to a Lutheran sermon at Dantzic, and visited Wittemberg, the home of Luther. There he asked to have Luther's drinking-cup as a relic. The refusal of this request so enraged him that he dashed the cup in pieces. Despite his passion, he admired the monument of Luther, and said the great Reformer was worthy of it. He sent two ship-loads of Dutch translations of the Bible to Russia for the spiritual benefit of his subjects. He sent a messenger to Rome to study and report to him the state of the Latin or Roman Catholic Church. This royal learner among the Churches of Europe excited their proselyting zeal. Each hoped and vainly tried to convert him to its own creed. At home his seeming affiliation with other confessions caused the suspicions of the Orthodox. The man who went about the world with a shaven face, associating with heretics, was by many regarded as an arch-heretic. To Peter it mattered little. Indeed, for patriotic ends he rather seemed to enjoy such a reputation. He hated cant and empty pretence. With heartless ceremonies he had no patience. Doubtless he often proceeded against religious abuses too bluntly. Sometimes even turned the laugh on sacred things. But his design was to strike at the human sham performing their functions. He would kick at a venerated bubble with his coarse boots to let the wind out of it, so as to rate it at its true value. He was a rough



reformer, but still a reformer of no mean powers.

Like all strong characters, Peter had glaring faults. For many years he was addicted to the Russian vice of drinking. In his later life he ceased drinking strong liquor altogether. What a shameful scene was that at Wittemberg, which broke Luther's cup. Worst of all, from mere jealousy, it is supposed, he imprisoned, tortured, tried and condemned to death his first-born son. Aside of him, in the church where the royal family are buried, lies his martyred wife, the Princess Charlotte. She died the victim of Peter's brutal neglect. At the age of five years, Peter was frightened in his sleep by the roaring of a cascade. For many years thereafter the sight of a body of water threw him into an epileptic fit. By many remedies and years of careful training, near a little stream, he was at length cured of it. Perhaps he retained a nervous infirmity from this malady. Peter grieved over his faults. He said: "I know well my faults, my bursts of passion, and therefore it is that I wish to have those near me, like Catharine (his wife) who will warn and correct me. I can reform my people, but I cannot reform myself." This he repeatedly said, after one of his passionate explosions. Regarded by many as a heretic, in reality he was a zealous Orthodox Russian, in his own way. He may not have regularly worshipped in public as others of this faith. But he is said to have known the Epistles of Paul by heart, and daily read the Psalter in devout retirement. To this day one of three rooms in his little frame hut in St. Petersburg is a closet or room for secret prayer. It is still fitted up as a small chapel, and is daily crowded with worshippers. On the loft of his shop in Saardam, you still find his small closet where he used to engage in secret prayer. After an absence of twenty years, when many of the great acts of his eventful life had been achieved, he revisited Saardam. Entering the cabin he was moved to tears. He climbed up the ladder into the prayer-loft, where he remained alone with his Maker for half-an-hour, very likely engaged in devout meditation and prayer all this time. On the blade of the sword which he wore at Pultowa, a prayer is inscribed. In battle

he always carried one of the pictures of Trinity Convent with him. In all his wars his motto was: "For the Faith and the Faithful." With the free-thinking infidels of Amsterdam he had no patience. He held them as mere impostors and said: "They despise the Fathers of the Councils, but the least of those Fathers are better and wiser than they."

At twelve years his mother, pursued by the Stretlitzes, fled with him to the Tiaitza Monastery. Behind the sacred screen, aside of the altar, she tried to hide herself and child. The altar has been sacredly preserved in the same spot to this day. Five soldiers, with uplifted swords, were on the point of slaying them, when one of the two assassins cried out: "Comrades, not before the altar." At that moment a troop of cavalry entered and rescued the royal fugitives. This providential deliverance in his impressible youth, he often called to mind in later years. In great peril he always showed remarkable calmness and courage. On the Gulf of Finland his sailors were greatly frightened in a storm. "Never fear," he said. "Whoever heard of a Czar being lost at sea?" In a like peril in his youth, a terrified ambassador asked how he (the ambassador) could account to his master, the Czar, if the boat should sink? "Make yourself easy," replied Peter; "if we go down we shall go down together, and there will be no one to answer for your Excellency." From his childhood his life abounded in hair-breadth escapes. In his journal he often thanks God for the good Providence which has so often preserved him; and that he even hoped much from his future.

In many respects Peter reminds us of Constantine the Great. He continually cuts out new paths. He restrains the monasteries, and tries to utilize them more generally for educational purposes. When mild and persuasive measures will not suffice, he goads his phlegmatic people forward by blows, kicks and cuffs. As a Russian poet says: "Russia was the anvil and Peter was the hammer." Yet this once unpopular monarch has become the royal idol of Russia. "The Little Grandsire," the first boat which he built, is kept as a sacred relic. Once a year the whole Russian navy does



homage to it. His old wooden workshops, his palaces, with their plain furniture, are popular shrines. Multitudes daily stand with uncovered heads before his rude tools, as he left them scattered about his shops, in the St. Petersburg Museum. A pair of shoes made by him, poorly made it is true, but still his work; an iron bar forged by him; brass cylinders turned by his own hands, covered with scenes of battles, are objects of popular veneration. Was there ever monarch who could show his toiling subjects such marks of sympathetic interest!

His features and form are accurately preserved in wax. Thus, "his countenance, stature, manner and pursuits are absolutely kept alive in our sight. We see the upturned look, the long black hair falling back from his fine forehead, the fierce eyes glancing from beneath the overhanging brows, the mouth clothed with undoubtable power. We gaze at his gigantic height, his bold, rapid movements, the convulsive twitches of his face and hands, the tremendous walking-staff, almost a crowbar of iron, which he swings to and fro as he walks, the huge Danish wolf-dog and his two little companions which run behind him. We are with him in his Dutch house, and the rough pieces of wood which he has collected as curiosities, the tools, the lathe, the articles of wood and iron that he has turned. No dead man so lives again in outward form before us as Peter in St. Petersburg."

The close of his life was marked with deep contrition and prayerful wrestlings for pardon. His sole trust seemed to be in the atoning merits of Christ. When dying, crowds of officers and people entered the room, and with tears and howlings kissed his hand. He feebly saluted them with his looks, and at length gasped the significant word, *hereafter*, in the hearing of all. It was his last word on earth.

Peter was no saint; no model Christian. Indeed, a rough Christian. Yet mixed with his passionate, stormy life are many noble, manly traits, heroic self-sacrifice and burden-bearing for others, which shine all the brighter out from among their dark surroundings. Better men than Peter have lived. Taken all in all, whether any man lived

that day who could have rendered Russia a better service than he did, we question.

Peter is a grand figure in Russian history. A master mind heroically striving to bring order out of a chaotic state of society—with a strong arm ruling a barbarous people, becomes a historic benefactor. Among such a people republicanism would be natural ruin. In certain states of society a monarchy is better than a republican form of government. If the monarch be a good man, he can be a father to his subjects. Such a paternal or patriarchal government, if rightly administered, possesses great advantages. Our own Prescott says: "There is no position which affords such scope for ameliorating the condition of man as that occupied by an absolute ruler over a nation imperfectly civilized. From his elevated place, commanding all the resources of his age, it is in his power to diffuse them far and wide among his people. He may be the copious reservoir on the mountain-top, drinking in the dews of heaven to send them in fertilizing streams along the lower slopes and valleys, clothing even the wilderness with beauty."

### Eccentricities of Ruskin.

BY PROF. WM. M. REILY.

*Continued.*

In resuming this subject, we fear that the reader may be somewhat disappointed. We have nothing now to present so startling as the assertion which Ruskin makes that "Turner is the only landscape painter that has ever lived." What is now to be said revolves around another position of the distinguished critic, which many may regard as resting upon grounds altogether rational.

In the third volume on modern painters, the author has occasion to put forth the character of thought in the three great periods of history, namely, the ancient, the mediæval, and the modern. In order to accomplish his purpose he finds it necessary to select one leading mind as representative of each.

He is at no loss so far as the first is concerned. Few will dispute the su-



premacý of Homer. Scarcely any books could be named beside the Iliad and Odyssey, whose loss would have occasioned such a great gap in the history of secular literature. For Dr. Johnson is not far out of the way when he says that "nation after nation, century after century has been able to do little more than transpose Homer's incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

Nor will any one charge Ruskin with eccentricity in the relation of a representative of the second period. Not a few will agree with him in regarding Dante as the greatest poet of all times. Carlyle seems inclined to rank him above Shakespeare, and according to Hegel, "in depth of contents, energy, original invention and execution, and especially in epic reality, Milton falls entirely beneath him."

But where are we to find the exalted intellect which is to represent the modern period? If there is anything that distinguishes the character of the mind of the present age, it is the tendency to metaphysical research. The selection would be naturally made, one would suppose, from the number of the great independent thinkers of these later centuries, who have brought so many hidden principles to light, and who have constructed systems of science so helpful to all who are in earnest in the search after truth. Of these Emerson is enthusiastic in his admiration. He says: "But I cannot recite, even thus rudely, laws of the intellect, without remembering that lofty and sequestered class who have been its prophets and oracles, the high-priesthood of the pure reason, the *Tris-megisti*, the expounders of the principles of thought from age to age. When, at long intervals, we turn over their abstruse pages, wonderful seems the calm and grand air of these few, these great spiritual lords who have walked in the world,—these of the old religion,—dwelling in a worship which makes the sanctities of Christianity look *parvenues* and popular; for 'persuasion is in soul, but necessity is in intellect.' This band of grandees . . . have somewhat so vast in their logic, so primary in their thinking, that it seems antecedent to all the ordinary distinctions of rhetoric and literature and to be at once poetry, and

music, and dancing, and astronomy, and mathematics."

But in this constellation according to Ruskin, is not to be found "the bright particular star" which is to shed glory upon the firmament of the post-Reformation age. He dare not be a man like Coleridge, who whilst, being a master of the philosophy of his time, gave color to the thinking of his nation and was at the same time in many respects a poet after Ruskin's own heart. He dare not be a Schiller, who whilst he aided in the solution of some of the profoundest metaphysical problems which engaged the minds of some of the first thinkers of later days, wrote songs as sweet and rich as any that adorn the pages of literature, and composed dramas which deserve a place beside those of Sophocles and Shakespeare. No! the great leading mind we are seeking dare not have been spoiled by contact with philosophers and philosophy, and when found he will appear as one "who had the blessing of a totally neglected education."

"The more I think of it, I find this conclusion more impressed upon me,—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one.

"Therefore, finding the world of Literature more or less divided into thinkers and seers, I believe we shall find also that the seers are wholly the greater race of the two. A true thinker, who has practical purpose in his thinking, and is sincere, as Plato, or Carlyle, or Helps becomes in some sort a seer, and must be always of infinite use in his generation; but an affected thinker, who supposes his thinking of any other importance than as it tends to work, is about the vainest kind of person that can be found in the occupied classes. Nay, I believe that metaphysicians and philosophers are, on the whole, the greatest troubles the world has got to deal with: and that while a tyrant or bad man is of some use in teaching people submission or indignation, and a thoroughly idle man is only harmful in



setting an idle example, and communicating to other lazy people his own lazy misunderstandings, busy metaphysicians are always entangling *good* and *active* people, and weaving cobwebs among the finest wheels of the world's business; and are as much as possible, by all prudent persons, to be brushed out of their way, like spiders, and the meshed weed that has got into their Cambridgeshire canals and other such impediments to barges and business. And if we thus clear the metaphysical element out of modern literature, we shall find its bulk amazingly diminished, and the claims of the remaining writers, or of those whom we have thinned by this abstraction of their straw stuffing much more easily adjusted."

Carlyle would have proposed Goethe to Ruskin as a man in all respects corresponding to his requirements. The former regarded him as "the notablest literary man of the nineteenth century." He was no metaphysician in the sense that Schiller was, but was a seer according to Ruskin's conception of the word. He was an assiduous student of natural science, and made important discoveries in botany, anatomy, and optics. Emerson says all of Goethe that Ruskin could expect in his man. He had mastered all the multiplicity of the sciences and systems of the age. "Hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with this rolling miscellany of facts and sciences, and, by his own versatility to dispose of them with ease; a manly mind, unembarrassed by the variety of coats of convention, with which life had got incrustated, easily able by his subtlety to pierce these, and to draw his strength from nature, with which he lived in full communion." "He was the soul of his century." "He has said the best things about nature that ever were said." "The old Eternal Genius who built the world has confided more to this man than to any other." Of Wilhelm Meister he says:—"It is a novel in every sense, the first of its kind, called by its admirers the only delineation of modern society, as if other novels, those of Scott, for example, dealt with costume and condition, this with the spirit of life. It is a book over which some veil is still drawn. It is read by very intelligent persons with

wonder and delight. It is preferred by some such to Hamlet, as a work of genius. I suppose no book of this century can compare with it in its delicious sweetness, so new, so provoking to the mind, gratifying it with so many and so solid thoughts, just insights into life, and manners, and characters; so many good hints for the conduct of life, so many unexpected glimpses into a higher sphere, and never a trace of rhetoric or dullness." It is so crammed with wisdom, with knowledge of the world, and with knowledge of laws, the persons so truly and subtly drawn, and with such few strokes and not a word too many, the book remains ever so new and unexhausted, that we must even let it go its way, and be willing to get what good from it we can, assured that it has only begun its office, and has millions of readers yet to serve." But Goethe is a German, and all Germans, whether philosophers, poets or painters, evince in their works a sickly habit of body, and therefore says Ruskin "I do to the utmost of my power dissuade (my readers) from meddling with German books."

In making his selection Ruskin is well aware that there will be many to disagree with him, and accordingly he expresses himself cautiously. The following is his language: "I think it probable that many readers may be surprised at my calling *Scott* the great representative of the mind of the age in literature. Those who can perceive the intense penetrative depth of Wordsworth, and the exquisite finish and melodious power of Tennyson, may be offended at my placing in higher rank that poetry of careless glance, and reckless rhyme, in which Scott poured out the fancies of his youth; and those who are familiar with the subtle analysis of the French novelists, or who have in any wise submitted themselves to the influence of German philosophy, may be equally indignant at my ascribing a principality to Scott among the literary men of Europe, in an age which has produced De Balzac and Goethe." Still "having, therefore cast metaphysical writers out of our way, and sentimental writers into the second rank, I do not think Scott's supremacy among those who remain will any more be doubtful . . . . He is the



greatest man among us, and intended for the enduring type of us all."

Now let us hear the reasons for this choice. These are three. The first is the author's humility. This Ruskin regards as "the first test of a truly great man," and adds that "the *slightest* manifestation of jealousy or self-complacency is enough to mark a second-rate character of the intellect.

Next the absence of affectation,—"that is to say of any assumption of manner or behaviour in the work in order to attract attention." "I hardly know any other literary work which is not in some degree affected."

Third, "the appearance of ease with which the thing is done." "Where the case is manifest as in Scott . . . and the thing done is very noble, it is a strong reason for placing the men above those who confessedly work with great pains." Think of "Scott writing his chapter or two before breakfast.

Add to these now if you choose the fact that he was no thinker, but a seer, and you have the sum of the distinguishing excellencies which constitute Sir Walter's pre-eminence. It all amounts to this, that he was humble, that he was free from affectation, that he composed readily, and that he thought little and saw much. If these are the qualities which constitute greatness in the sphere of literature, the great literary men may be scarce on the British Isles, but plenty of them may be found on this side of the Atlantic.

No one ever thought of putting Cowper in the place to which Ruskin has elevated the distinguished Scotchman. Yet where will you find an humbler writer, or one freer from affectation, or one who wrote with more ease? We would not be surprised, that if the facts could be ascertained that the author of *The Task* was in advance of Scott in all these particulars, only perhaps he was a little more of a thinker.

Many other writers there are of whom all this is true, some of whom, further, may be said to be in a great measure free from the four great faults, which, as characteristic of the age, Scott could not escape. These are unbelief, a fond, yet purposeless dreaming over the past, ignorance of the true nature of art, and melancholic sorrowfulness.

We do not wish to underrate the merits of one, who take him all in all, is the greatest of novelists, and perhaps the most popular writer of modern times. We are ready to acknowledge that we have found passages of his, which, more than those of any other author reminded us of the *vivida vis animæ* of Homer. But we attach far more importance to the following remarks of Carlyle than to all Ruskin could possibly say about Scott:

"Into the question whether Scott was a great man, we do not purpose to enter deeply. It is, as too usual, a question about words. There can be no doubt but many men have been named and printed great who were vastly smaller than he; as little doubt, moreover, that of the specially *good* a very large portion, according to any genuine standard of man's worth, were worthless in comparison to him. He for whom Scott is great may most innocently name him so, may with advantage admire his great qualities, and ought with sincere heart to emulate them. At the same time it is good that there be a certain degree of precision in our epithets. It is good to understand, for one thing, that no popularity, and open-mouthed wonder of all the world, continued ever for a long series of years can make a man great . . .

"Shorn of this falsifying *nimbus* (of popularity,) and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Walter Scott and what we can find in him: to be accounted great or not great, according to the dialects of men. Friends to the precision of epithets will probably deny his title to the name "great." It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth, earthy. A love of picturesque, graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him. His power of representing things too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, not *in intenso*. In action, in



speculation, broad as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, he for the most part transcended but a little way the commonplace . . . . .

"Yet, on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality, or distortion dwelt in him; no shadow of cant. Nay, withal, was he not a right brave and strong man according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed it, invincible to evil fortune and to good! A most composed invincible man; in difficulty and distress, knowing no discouragement, Samson-like, carrying off on his Samson-shoulders the gates that would imprison him; in danger and menace, laughing at the whisper of fear. And then with such a sunny current of true humor and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things; what of fire he had, all lying beautifully latent, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life; a most robust hearty man."

The true reason for Ruskin's admiration for Scott is quite apparent to us. But we have not space to dilate upon it now. It may come up in another paper. Suffice it to say that his predilection in this respect is a most striking example of how an intelligent and thoughtful man, may allow his judgment to be pushed all away by *preconceived* and arbitrarily adopted opinions and theories.

### **The Bee-Master's Sermon.**

WE may carry from the hive to the cottage-hearth a lesson of industry. During work the bees are so intensely absorbed in their duty, that they can think of nothing else. They have learned well a text that their masters would do well to copy: "Not slothful in business." There is no getting on in this world of ours without hard work. It is not work that kills people, but worry.

Bees are immensely attached to their homes. "They are keepers at home." No mother of a family gets on by gadding about, and gossiping from house to house.

Bees are models of cleanliness. The care with which they remove filth of all kinds is something remarkable. They plainly believe what many Christians say, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

The cottager cannot, in this matter, do better than follow the example of those admirable sanitary philosophers.

Bees set a beautiful example of sympathy. I have seen a wounded bee, accidentally hurt, carried out from the hive and laid tenderly on the bee-board in the warm sunshine. One bee would lick the sufferer with his tongue from head to foot, another would roll him over and over in the sunshine; and at sunset they would carry him into his sick-bed.

Bees are very fond of fresh air. A hive is one of the best ventilated houses. In a hot and sultry day, I have seen successive lines of bees take up their position at the mouth of the hive, and joining the tips of their wings, work these fanners for ten minutes and then retire, and the second parallel line come to the front and continue the same process. This example is not efficiently followed in city or cottage. People who are most careful about what they eat and drink and put into their stomachs, are utterly careless what they allow to enter their lungs. Now the truth is, it is easier to poison a man through his lungs than through his stomach. My bees would die in a London bed-room in twelve hours.

Bees are very early risers. The first ray of sunshine is their matin-bell, and by seven o'clock in the evening they are most of them at home. People who live long and are healthy differ in many of their habits, but generally agree in being early risers. "Early to bed and early up," is an admirable maxim among bees, and it should be a habit among rational men.

Bees are peaceful and peace-makers. This will appear a hasty statement to all who remember that bees have stings. But a little thought will justify what I say. Bees never attack those who do not attack their queen or their home-stand. Their stings are purely defensive. This is a very curious fact, and very suggestive also. If they had no stings at all, they would be an argument for the Peace Society; but as it is, they show that the best defence of home is a



good preparation to repel the aggressor.—*Selected.*

To which the GUARDIAN would add the following:

1) Bees make honey while the sun shines. They know when is the best time to work, and they are sure to improve it. They "improve each shining hour." They seize the right opportunity, and make the most of it. They know that June and not January is the time for bees to work. So rational beings ought to know that we must improve the present to be happy in the future.

2) Bees know how to find good in the most forbidding places. From flowers and plants, offensive and poisonous, they extract honey, albeit in small particles; still it is worth going after and preserving. Some good there is in all people, had we but an organ to appreciate and improve it. And no error is purely and totally evil and false, but ever has some truth underlying it.

3) Bees are prodigious workers. In proportion to their bulk and brain they do more hard and telling work than any other useful creature. How many thousand miles must they travel to build a comb, and fill it with honey? Far heavier proportionately than the burden of a hod-carrier tottering up his ladder is the burden of a bee, bearing her bales of wax and honey over long distances, to the hive. They get their honey by hard and honest work. No shirking or shoddy tricks, but solid substantial toil they give for all they get.

4) Bees are thoroughly fitted for their occupation. Their cells are built with great exactness. The thickness and angles of the walls will stand the test of the closest examination. Bees are born mathematicians, and use such tools as God gives them to apply their knowledge. Close attention to little things, and great accuracy and precision in the smallest details, enables them to succeed so well.

5) Bees are model disciplinarians. They have a kindly sympathy for the sick and infirm, and nurse them with tender care; but with willful wrongdoers they have no patience. They will not tolerate idle people in their city. Drones are tumbled out of doors without mercy. They cannot read the Bible, yet they obey many of its precepts better

than some people who can. If any among them will not work, which are disorderly busy bodies, neither shall they eat. (2 Thessalonians iii. 10).

6) Bees are unselfish toilers. The best fruit of their labors, an article which no human ingenuity or skill can equal, they give up to others, without getting an equivalent. Every bee buzzing busily through the air, is a protest against the selfish, greed, the mammon worshipping spirit of the age.

7) The most skillful artisans among the material creation are the bees. The daintiest dish, which adorns the feasts of man is the honey; clean, and clear, like the fabled nectar of the gods; pure and pleasant to the taste.

The seven divisions of the Bee-Master's Sermon, and the seven which we add, make this a long discourse. Go to the bee and see how she puts to shame the imperfections of beings capable of a higher destiny.

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### Home Politeness.

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A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of others and caring too little for the good opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.—*S. S. Classmate.*



## The Sunday-School Department.

It is pleasant to read the reports of the many Sunday School Conventions held in the Reformed Church. Almost every number of our Church papers contains the proceedings of such held in different parts of the country. Every Classis has been divided into two or more Sunday School districts, each of which holds two or more Conventions a year. These meetings fill large churches with parents and children, teachers and scholars. Pastors and Sunday School workers, men of learning and zealous in good works, deliver addresses on different subjects bearing on the work. Never before has this cause received so much attention. The best minds in the Church are helping to infuse a spirit of system order and Gospel efficiency into these nurseries of Christ's family, to which is committed the religious instruction of the young.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church ordains that every Sunday School should be under the control of the Session (Consistory) of its congregation. This is the only correct plan. Many congregations permit the religious training of their children to be in the hands of irresponsible persons, who carry on matters as they list, without being amenable to the authorities of the Church. In the selections of books for the library or for worship not even the pastor is consulted. The only body competent to control and govern the Sunday School is the Consistory—the pastor and the other ordained officers of the Congregation. These must help to work, and must be consulted in all matters affecting the vital interests of the school.

At the late anniversary meeting of the American Baptist Publication Society this afternoon, an animated discussion was had on the following resolution, which finally passed:

WHEREAS, The Southern Baptist Conven-

tion, appreciating the importance of the catechetical instruction of the people in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, has appointed a committee to prepare a catechism, and as the need of instruction is by no means sectional, and as it is eminently desirable that our doctrinal teachings be uniform, therefore

*Resolved,* That the board of this society be and is hereby instructed to proffer co-operation with said committee, if, after correspondence, it be deemed advisable to co-operate with the committee of the Southern Convention, that such catechism, when published, may be approved, endorsed, and recommended for use throughout the whole land.

But this effort to prepare a Catechism, and introduce practical catechization shows how experience is teaching uncatechetical denominations a better way. We remember the time when the Reformed, a part of the Lutheran and the Episcopal were the only Protestant Churches which practically catechized the young. In this the papers of their Churches denounced them as having nothing but a Catechism-Religion. Now nearly all the former opponents of the system have adopted it. The Methodists, Congregationalists, United Brethren, Evangelical Association, and even the Baptists are doing their utmost to introduce catechetical instruction. And the Presbyterians are complaining of the practical neglect of the old Westminster Catechism.

Daniel Webster has been called the Demosthenes of America. He was a grand man, with a grand mind. His finest productions were the result of long and severe labor. Yet some of the gems in them came from the inspiration of the occasion. The best thing he said at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument in Boston, was of this character. The military was ordered to keep a certain space around the Monument clear,



and when the immense concourse of people saw Webster appear on the platform, those in the rear pressed the whole mass against the structure, despite the desperate efforts of the soldiers. There was danger to human life! A certain official asked the orator to admonish the crowd to be more orderly. As he did so, one of the officers replied; "Mr. Webster, it is impossible. We cannot keep the crowd back." Slowly waving his hand he replied with his clear majestic voice which all could hear: "To Americans nothing is impossible at Bunker Hill." The short, eloquent sentence sent a patriotic thrill through all hearts, and calmed the people into obedience and order. The saying reminds one of another person and place of power. To a Christian nothing is impossible at the cross of Christ. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Webster had a little grandson, a namesake, whom he loved dearly. He wrote letters to him from Washington, in the midst of his many mighty labors for his country. When all the world was admiring him, on Feb. 10th, 1845, he wrote the little boy the following letter:

"My dear Grandson,—This is your birthday. You are now five years old. You were born at Peru, in the State of Illinois, on the 10th day of February, 1840. Your father and mother left Illinois and came to Washington, in February, 1841. You were then one year old. You were christened in Washington. You had a dear little sister, Grace. She was born at Detroit, on the 29th. of August, 1837, and she died at Boston on the seventh day of February, 1844. She was a beautiful and amiable child, greatly beloved by us all. Your father and mother are now here. They are anxious about your health; but more anxious that you should grow up to be a good man. You bear my name. My friends will all be kind to you if you behave well. You must love and obey your parents: strive to learn; be kind and gentle to all; do nothing which you think to be wrong; always speak the truth; and remember your Creator in the days of your youth. You have a dear little sister, whom you must love, and take care of, as she is younger than you are. Cotter met with great hurt in taking care of you. You must remember

to be good to him, and always treat all members of the family kindly.

Your father and mother will leave Washington to-morrow, and will be in Boston in a few days; I hope they will find you all well.

This letter is from your affectionate grandfather,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Five years later Webster wrote another letter to his grandson. His simple language and good sound advice are pleasant to read. Let us hear what he has to tell the boy now:

"My dear Grandson,—Your father writes me from time to time, informing your grandmother and myself of the health of the family. But I wish to hear oftener, and to know more of you. You are now ceasing to be a mere child. You are ten years old, and it is time that you turned your attention seriously to your books, as I presume you do. This time you should write to me every week, and give me an account of your studies.

You must now, my dear namesake and grandson, think less of play and of childish sports, and begin to pursue manly objects. I hear no complaint of you, and believe you are doing well. I expect to find you when I see you next, not a mere child, thinking of nothing but play and amusements; but a manly boy, fond of the company and conversation of your father and mother, and laboring to improve your mind.

Two or three things I wish now to impress on your mind.

First. You cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might.

In the second place. Be of good character, and good behaviour; a boy of strict truth, and honor, and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that be, always to act right; and fear nothing but to do wrong.

Finally, "Remember your Creator, in the days of your youth." You are old enough to know that God has made you, and given you a mind, and faculties; and will surely call you to account. Honor and obey your parents; love your sister and brother; be



gentle and kind to all; avoid all peevishness and fretfulness; be patient under restraint, and when you can not have what you wish.

Look forward, constantly, to your approaching manhood, and put off every day, more and more, all that is frivolous and childish. Providence has taken from us your dear uncle Edward, in the full vigor of his life. It is an awful affliction to us all; but we must submit to the will of God.

Now you must see how soon you can become what he was, a companion to your father and mother, and a comfort to us all.

May heaven bless you my dear grandson, and may you continue an object of warm affection to all your family connections, and all your friends.

Your affectionate grandfather,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

### A Great River from a Little Rill.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer; she only wept. He ascertained that she had no Bible in which to look for the text. And this led him to inquire whether her parents and neighbors had a Bible; and this led to that meeting in London in 1804, of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor of Wales with the Bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a society which has already distributed more than fifteen million copies of the Bible; its issues now reaching nearly one million five hundred thousand annually. And this in turn led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world which are so many trees of life, scattering the golden fruits of immortality among all nations of the earth. This mighty river, so deep, so broad, so far-reaching in its mighty branches, we may trace back to the tears of that little girl. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"—*Read's Hand of God in History.*

A LITTLE HERO.—A little boy of seven years old broke a leg, and was brought home on a stretcher. His poor mother, who was at that time ill in bed, tried to get up but presently sank back almost fainting. They had to put the poor little fellow to some pain before they could set his leg, for the flesh was torn as well as the bone being broken, and the wound had to be sewed up. But not a single cry did the dear child give; and when asked why he had borne his suffering so patiently—if it was because the pain had not been so very great?—he answered quietly, "It hurt a good deal, but I would not cry out, because I thought it might make mamma worse to hear me cry."—*Luth. S. S. Herald.*

### How They Went to Church.

"If you would take us both to Church  
We'd sit so *very* still  
We wouldn't speak a single word,  
Mamma, please say you will."

So coaxing cried my little girls,  
But then they were so small—  
One was but four, the other six—  
It wouldn't do at all.

So I was forced to shake my head—  
"The day is warm, you know,  
You couldn't keep awake, my dears,  
Some other day you'll go.

"But you can sing your pretty hymns,  
And Nursie by-and-by,  
Will read a story. Kiss me now,  
My darlings, and don't cry."

In coolest corner of the pew  
I listened to the text,  
When something rustled in the aisle—  
I started, half perplexed,

For many faces wore a smile,  
And turning, lo! I spied  
Those naughty, tiny little sprites  
Advancing side by side!

And oh! each carried in her hand, ]  
Her parasol of blue  
Held straight and high above her head,  
And both were *open* too!

No wonder that my neighbors smiled!  
While I, with crimson face,  
Caught and shut up the parasols  
Then helped them to a place. ]

I tried to frown upon the pair—  
Each gazed with wondering eyes,  
Each hugged her precious parasol,  
And looked demure and wise.



### The Hero.

"Oh, dear!" said Willie Grey as he sat down on the saw horse and looked at the kindling wood which he ought to have been splitting for his mother; "I do wish I could do something for the world—some great action that every one could admire and that would make the country and the world better and happier. I wish I could be a hero like Washington, or a famous missionary like Judson; but I can't do anything or be anything."

"Why do you want to be a hero?" asked his cousin, John Maynard, who, coming up just then, happened to overbear the soliloquy.

"Oh," said Willie, coloring, "every one admires a hero, and talks about him and praises him after he is dead."

"That's the idea, is it?" said John. "You want to be a hero for the sake of being talked about?"

Willie did not exactly like this way of putting it: "Not only that, but I want to do good to people—convert the heathen—or—or save a sinking ship, or save the country, or something like that."

"That sounds better; but believe me, Willie, the greatest heroes have been men who have thought least about themselves and most about their work; and as far as I can recollect now, the greatest—I mean according to the Christian standard—have always begun by doing the nearest duty, however small;" and here John took up the axe and began to split the kindling-wood.

Willie jumped off the saw-horse and began to pick up the sticks, without a word; but though he said nothing, he thought the more.

"I've wasted lots of time in thinking what great things I might do, if I only had the chance," he thought; "and I've neglected the things I could and ought to do, and made lots of trouble for mother. I guess I'd better begin my heroism by fighting my own laziness."

Will any boy adopt Willie's resolution and carry it out in his daily life?—*S. S. Visitor.*

**HIS EARLY HOME.**—A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It happened to me to be born in a log cabin,

raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist.—I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations, which have gone before them. I love to dwell on tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the narration and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family above.—*Daniel Webster.*

### Suggestive to Fault-Finders.

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear our preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it that I don't want that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my cow Thankful—she can teach you theology?"

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see! I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick—you know sticks will get into the hay—and see how she tosses it to one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it to one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and she leaves them, and—goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she, too, would 'grow lean,' and my milk would dry up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood silent a moment, and then turned away, saying: "Neighbor, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."—*Dr. Dodd.*



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

JULY 6.

LESSON XXVII.

1879.

*Fourth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis iii. 1-6.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE FALL OF MAN.

1. Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?

2. And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:

3. But of the fruit of the tree which *is* in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

4. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die:

5. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

6. And when the woman saw that the tree *was* good for food, and that it *was* pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make *one* wise, she took the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.

## QUESTIONS.

What is the subject of the Lesson? The Fall of Man. Has all mankind some sense of this event? Men speak of a Golden Age that was. Is this a confession of man's fallen condition? It is. Do men likewise hope for a restoration? They cherish hope of a good time coming. Where may we alone read of our original state—of our present condition—and of our prospect? In the divine record. What does revelation say? That man fell through Satan's temptation, and his own disobedience. How did we leave our first parents, in the last lesson? In happiness. Where do we find them now? In misery. What does this lesson teach? How they fell.

VERSE 1. How is the word *serpent* to be understood? In a general sense. Need we not confine it to its present signification? No. It was a creature of the serpentine order. What remarkable features does the account exhibit of it? 1. It was artful and wise—"more subtile," &c. 2. It stood upright and walked, (chap. iii. 14). 3. It did eat food of a different kind, (chap. iii. 14). 4. It was endowed with speech, (vs. 1 and 4). Can we, then, point it out? We cannot. Can we recognize Eden in the fallen earth? No. Can we know the original man from his fallen offspring? Need we wonder, then, why we cannot know this creature now? Just as little. Who possessed this serpent? Satan. See 2 Cor. xi. 3; Rev. xii. 9; xx. 2. Need we be concerned, then, about the agent, when we know the principal actor? No.

2-3. What do these verses show? That Eve knew and remembered the divine precepts well. Did this knowledge increase her guilt? It did.

Is learning a safe-guard against sin? By no means.

4. How did Satan try to show, perhaps, that they would not die? By telling them that they were created immortal, and could eat of the fruit of the tree of life. Did he likely have them to touch the fatal tree, to show how harmless it was? Very likely.

5. Were their *eyes opened*? Alas! Yes. How were they to be as gods? Very wise. Did they learn good *and* evil by obeying Satan? They did.

6. What three things did Eve recognize in this tree? See the text. How did Satan show her that its fruit *was good* for food? The creature was, perhaps, moved to eat of it. How did she realize that it *was pleasant to the eyes*? By an exhibition of its appearance and flavor. How was its power to *make one wise* a temptation to her? Wisdom is hungry for more wisdom. Was it wrong to desire to grow still wiser? Not, if after God's way of learning. Was it wrong to seek it in a forbidden path, and from such a teacher? Indeed. Where may we read that sin always enters the soul by these three steps? In the 1st Epistle of John, chap. ii. 16. What does St. James say? chap. i. 14-15. How may we best learn the way by which Adam and Eve sinned? By considering how we fall into sin. Did Adam and Eve fully obey Satan? They did. What word shows how fully they consented? *Eat*. In what three directions did man fall? 1. Away from God. See verses 8-9-10, and 2, 3-4. 2. Under the power of Satan. 3. Into disorder within himself. Is then the Fall of man a reality? Indeed.

## CATECHISM.

XXVII. *Lord's Day.*

73. Why then doth the Holy Ghost call baptism "the washing of regeneration," and "the washing away of sins?"

God speaks thus not without great cause, to wit: not only thereby to teach us, that, as the filth of the body is purged away by water, so

our sins are removed by the blood and Spirit of Jesus Christ; but especially that, by this divine pledge and sign, He may assure us that we are spiritually cleansed from our sins as really as we are externally washed with water.



NOTES.—Though men sing of a “Golden age” that was, sigh over the present, and indulge great hopes of the “good time coming,” they cannot tell the reason why. The Bible alone relates the original state of man, his present condition, and his future prospect. There we learn that man was created good and happy; that he fell; and that he may be redeemed. The plain record of Moses is:—*Man fell through his own disobedience, under the temptation of Satan.*

In the former lesson, we saw Adam and Eve in Eden innocent and happy. To-day we find them disobedient and in ruins. *How* this change was brought about we may now see.

VERSE 1.—*The Serpent.* It is not so easy to point out the creature here named. It certainly belonged to the order which the Hebrew word, translated “Serpent,” covers. But our English name is hardly wide enough. It was 1) a creature that was wise and cunning above all others, excepting man. *More subtle than any beast of the field.* It 2) stood upright and walked—*upon thy belly shalt thou go*, (v. 14). It must 3) have eaten a different food—*and dirt shalt thou eat*, (v. 14). It must 4) have been endowed with speech, (vs. 1. 4). If this creature still exists, it is so changed as to be hardly traceable to its original. Nor need we wonder over this fact, since a lost Eden can but with difficulty be seen in the earth as it is; nor are the children of our first parents like them before the Fall. The term *Serpent* is a general one, and it embraces many families and groups, now no longer thought of as at all of the serpentine kind—even the *ape, baboon* and *orang-outang*.

*And he said . . . . Yea, hath God said, &c.* This reads like a portion of the conversation only. More had been said before. The creature shows reason and gift of language. How is this? It seems like a fable, rather than a truthful narrative. But we must remember what other parts of the Bible tell us about this incident. This creature was only the agent of Satan who possessed it. See 2 Cor. xi. 3; Rev. xii. 9; xx. 2. He is called *the Serpent that deceived Eve—the old Serpent*. We need not think of the creature any longer then, but of the Evil One who had entered it. The sick man is more concerned

about the poison which he drank than for the cup that contained it. So let us do here. Let us not worry over the cursed thing.

VERSES 2, 3.—How well Eve knew and remembered God’s precepts. Her knowledge was clear and positive. This made her transgression all the greater. But we see from this fact, that knowledge is no defence against the rise and mastery of passion. The learned are not always good. By parleying with the Evil One, her desire was inflamed and her judgment overpowered.

VERSE 4.—*Ye shall not surely die.* He tells her that they are immortal; that they may enjoy the fruit of the tree of life, which might protect them against death. An old legend says, that Satan gently pushed her against the fatal tree, to show her that she might *touch* it without the least danger—and why not eat of its fruit, then, without dying?

VERSE 5.—*Your eyes shall be opened.* Instead of experiencing a loss, it would be a gain to them, Satan tells them. The artfulness of his speech is taught us here. He edges along the truth, as is always Satan’s way. Their eyes were opened, indeed! *And ye shall be as gods.* Another glow of truth lies here. They learned to know more; but to their sorrow! *Knowing good and evil.* Before they knew *only* good, now they learned its opposite, too—Evil.

VERSE 6.—*Saw that the tree was good for food.* Perhaps Satan moved the creature to eat of it before her eyes. Its appearance and flavor were thus made known to Eve. *And that it was pleasant to the eyes.* The woman was charmed by its looks. She stood and gazed and longed for it. *And a tree to be desired to make one wise.* There was in our first parents a hunger and thirst to know and learn more and more. God planted both the inclination and capacity in man to learn. But He had shown them the proper way of gaining knowledge too. His will and revelation were the book for them to study wisdom. He would teach them aright. They were not to hunt wisdom in forbidden paths and under a wrong teacher.

St. John (1 Epist. ii. 16), speaks of the three steps by which sin enters the soul; and they are the very steps by which Satan deceived Eve. These are:



*the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.* St. James, likewise, says: "But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust." ch. i. 14. The best way to realize how our first parents sinned is, to think how *we* sin. The way of sin is one and the same for all souls.

*And she . . . and he did eat.* After a full persuasion had been effected, and their own wills were swayed to a consenting, they disobeyed God's command. They did *eat*—that is: they made the will of Satan their own, and did as he said. And this was their fall. The effects of their sin we will see hereafter.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—Adam and Eve fell. But in what way? Fell, *how*? They fell in *three* ways: 1. *From God.* They are spoken of as removed from God's presence afterwards. "Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden," (v. 8). God called him, (v. 9). "I hid myself," he says, (v. 10). The removal of our first parents from Paradise is intended to show, how far man fell away from God. That's what the word *Gott-loss* means—*loose from God.* 2. *They fell under the power of Satan.* The curse which God is represented as pronouncing upon the guilty pair, upon the earth, and the creature, is not so much intended to show God's wrath, as the woe into which the whole world was now plunged. To fall away from God is to fall into the power of the devil. 3. *They fell in ruins within themselves.* Disorder and confusion reigned in their nature now. The guiding and governing principle of God's Spirit, which they had so fearfully grieved, forsook them, and darkness and doubt dwelt, where harmony and order had been.

Ah! *The Fall of Man* is not a meaningless phrase. Let men tell us, that the Bible account of our first parents' sin is a *picture*—it is a very real one.

### Webster and Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and as a mark of her respect, and with a view to the *eclat*, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the cabinet, Mr. Clay and many other distinguished members

of both houses of Congress. It happened on that day several members of the cabinet and senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian minister. His good dinner had kept the party so late that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay and Crittenden and others came in; whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they looked somewhat flurried. After the applause with which these gentlemen were received had subsided, and silence was restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia." This took place during the height of debate and excitement on the slavery question and the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay, and this air as a part of the programme was considered peculiarly appropriate for a concert where the head of the government and a large number of both branches of the legislative department were present. At the close of the first verse Webster's patriotism boiled over, he could sit no longer, and rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous voice to the chorus, and, I venture to say, never in the whole course of her career, did she ever hear or receive one-half of the applause as that with which her song and Webster's chorus were greeted. Mrs. Webster who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was no earthly use, and at the close of each verse Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster or the audience was the most delighted. I have seen Rubini, Lablache and the two Grisis on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the national air of "Hail Columbia" as Jenny Lind's tenor and Daniel Webster's bass we shall never hear or see again. At the close of the air Mr. Webster rose with his hat in his hand and made such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind courtesied to the floor, the audience applauding to the very echo. Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again, Miss Lind recourtesied, the house reapplauded and this was repeated nine times.



JULY 13.

LESSON XXVIII.

1879.

*Fifth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis iii. 9-15.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE FIRST PROMISE OF A REDEEMER.

9. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where *art* thou?

10. And he said I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I *was* naked; and I hid myself.

11. And he said, Who told thee that thou *wast* naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?

12. And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest *to be* with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

13. And the Lord God said unto the woman,

What *is* this *that* thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

14. And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou *art* cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life:

15. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

## QUESTIONS.

Were our first parents immediately conscious of their sins? They were. How did they know it? verse 7. Was their bodily state a picture of their souls? It was. Of what were these disrobed? Of innocence. Is it likely that stated hours of worship were observed in Eden before the fall? It is so thought. How is this inferred? From the phrase, *presence of the Lord God*, we believe that God manifested Himself to receive their adoration, (verse 8). Did the Lord appear, as usual, after their fall? He did. Were Adam and Eve there?

VERSE 9. What did God do? Why did He call Adam? To challenge an acknowledgment of his sin.

19. What did Adam answer? Why was he afraid? Because of his stripped moral excellence. Did this hiding shield him from God's eye?

11. What does this question mean? How he had learned of his unhappy condition. Why does God refer to the forbidden tree? To induce Adam to confess his folly and crime.

12. Did Adam acknowledge having eaten thereof? Does he take the fault home to himself? On whom would he cast it? On God and the woman. Why did God not at once pronounce his penalty? He will hear all parties first.

13. How did God question Eve? Did she confess that she had eaten? On whom did she cast the blame?

14. Why did God not examine the serpent, or Satan? He was the source of the temptation. Is this sentence of a double nature? It is. On whom does the first part fall? On the creature. On whom the next? On Satan. What does the enmity between Satan and the woman signify? The conflict between the kingdom of God and Satan. To whom does the *seed* of the woman refer? To Christ. How shall He bruise the serpent's head? He shall destroy Satan and his works, (Heb. ii. 14; 1 John ii. 14). How will the serpent *bruise the heel* of Christ? By persecution. What is this saying called? The first promise of a Redeemer. Where is the *second* prophecy recorded? Gen. xviii. 18, and xxii. 18. Where do we find the *third*? Gen. xlix. 10. And the *fourth*? Deut. xviii. 18. Where do we find still others? In the Psalms and Prophets. Was then the Redeemer foretold from the time of the fall to the coming of Christ? God never left Himself without such a testimony. Will the plan of redemption reopen Paradise again? Ought all men to accept this Redeemer? Heb. ii. 3.

## CATECHISM.

XXVIII. *Lord's Day.*

OF THE HOLY SUPPER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

75. How art thou admonished and assured in the Lord's Supper, that thou art a partaker of that one sacrifice of Christ accomplished on the cross, and of all His benefits?

Thus, that Christ has commanded me, and all believers, to eat of this broken bread, and to drink of this cup, in remembrance of Him; adding these promises, first, that His body was offered and broken on the cross for me, and His

blood shed for me, as certainly as I see with my eyes the bread of the Lord broken for me, and the cup communicated to me; and further, that He feeds and nourishes my soul to everlasting life, with His crucified body and shed blood, as assuredly as I receive from the hands of the minister and taste with my mouth the bread and cup of the Lord, as certain signs of the body and blood of Christ.



NOTES.—As soon as our first parents had sinned, they knew what they had done. Conscience is very quick in reporting our crimes. It is an inside telegraph. They felt that they were stripped of their moral character, as their *eyes were opened*. Their *naked* bodies were types of their disrobed souls.

It is very likely that stated times of the day were fixed for worship in some certain spot of the garden, before the Fall. We take it, that the expression, *the presence of the Lord God* means that. The evening was such a solemn hour. *The cool of the day* had now come again; God was in waiting, under some visible form, at the usual holy spot; but alas! the worshippers were absent for the first time, for they *had hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden*. It is noteworthy that we resemble our guilty parents in this respect, too, and copy their example exactly. After the commission of a moral crime we absent ourselves from worship the following Lord's day!

VERSE 9.—*Adam, \* \* \* Where art thou?* More fully expressed, this means, "Here am I; but where art thou—Adam?" God knew all, only too well. But he hereby challenges Adam and Eve to acknowledge and confess their crime. In this way an opportunity was afforded them thereto.

VERSE 10.—*I heard thy voice*. Though the fall had been a deep one, they had not yet sunk so low as no longer to remember or know God's voice. There was hope for them still, as there is for all who yet hear the voice of the Lord. *I was afraid*. Conscience had called to mind the penalty foretold—*in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die*. They had not known *fear* before. "Perfect love casteth out fear." (1 John iv. 18.) *Because I was naked*. Their bodies were a type of their disrobed, uncovered and exposed spirits. *And I hid myself*. This was the reason of their absence from the place of worship.

VERSE 11.—*Who told thee that thou wast naked?* Let us read this thus: "How didst thou learn thy nakedness?" Only in one way was this possible. *Hast thou eaten of the tree?* He was to tell all, in order to realize the manner of his fall. This direct question brought out a direct acknowledgment.

VERSE 12.—*I did eat*. There was a noble heroism in his answer, such as a wholly lost being would not have made. He does not lie, as Satan would have done. But that he is no longer an upright being is shown by the excuses which he frames. *The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree*. He did not cry, like the Prodigal, *I have sinned*. His clouded mind, and confused judgment, and spoiled heart suggest the thought of casting the blame upon God and the woman.

There is no condemnation passed upon Adam just now; it is deferred until the case is fully gone over.

VERSE 13.—*What is this thou hast done?* In fuller words, the woman is asked, How is it that thou hast done this? May we not learn from this narrative that God will not condemn the sinner until he has led him over his whole course of sin, and enabled him to see it all?

*The serpent beguiled me*. Both had fallen as we may see from the *like manner* in which they try to excuse themselves. The woman casts the blame on the cunning and stratagem of Satan. Both confess to the *eating*; but both will have a scape-goat. Something of the deceitfulness of the Old Serpent seems to have entered them. They try to disguise the sinfulness of their sin; they avoid a self-accusation, and seek for excuses. A true penitence would have suggested the taking of it upon themselves.

VERSES 14–15.—*Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed*, etc. Satan, under the form of the creature he possessed, is not first examined, as Adam and Eve had been. Why not? For the reason that sin originated in him; he is the source of it; it is his nature. Satan sins from the love of it, and has no outside temptation to plead. Hence his sentence is at once pronounced. The penalties are now declared on all the parties—one by one, (vs. 15–19.) Satan's is of a twofold character, affecting, first, the *Serpent*, and secondly, *Himself*. Whether the creature was of our common serpentine kind, or one now no longer to be found, we know not. Concerning the Evil One, it is foretold: *I will put enmity between thee and the*



woman \* \* \* thy seed and her seed. This means that Jesus Christ shall be born of a woman, (1 John iii. 8). Eve understood it to have such a meaning, since at the birth of her first-born, Cain, she exclaimed, *I have gotten a man from the Lord*. But the Saviour was not to be born so soon. *It shall bruise thy head*. We may read, "*He shall bruise thy head*." He came to "destroy the works of the Devil;" "that He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," (Heb. ii. 14.)

*And thou shalt bruise his heel*. This refers to the sufferings and dying of Christ, and to the persecution of His kingdom and Church. There is a conflict foretold, and a glorious victory, too, (1 Cor. xv. 57.)

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—This is regarded as the first and earliest prophecy of Christ (Gen. iii. 15.) The second promise of a Saviour is found in Gen. xviii. 18 and xxii. 18. Here God tells Abraham, that in him and in his seed *shall all the nations of the earth be blessed*. This saying was repeated to Isaac and Jacob, (Gen. xxvi. 4, and xxviii. 14.) Another promise was uttered in Jacob's dying words, (Gen. xlix. 10.) "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." Another was uttered by Moses, (Deut. xviii. 15.) Then follow the pointed sayings of David, Solomon, the Prophets down to John the Baptist. Thus we learn that from the day of the fall of Adam, until the coming of Christ, God never left the race without the hope of a Redeemer. When Christ's grand plan of redemption will be finished there will be a new and more perfect paradise. *How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation!* (Heb. ii. 3.)

### Greece—Its Recent Past and Present.

Modern Greece does not stand very high in the estimation of even those who are tolerably well-informed. Joseph Cook, in the "prelude" to one of his recent Boston lectures, incidentally refers to the present condition of Greece, as compared with what it was a generation

ago, and gives a very interesting view of affairs, which casts some of the "foremost nations" of the world into the shade. We quote:

What has happened in Greece since she was liberated from Turkey? Forty years ago not a book could be bought at Athens. To-day one in eighteen of the whole population of Greece is in school. Fifty years of independence and the Hellenic spirit have doubled the population of Greece, increased her revenues five hundred per cent., extended telegraphic communication over the kingdom, enlarged the fleet from 440 to 5,000 vessels, opened eight ports, founded eleven new cities, restored forty ruined towns, changed Athens from a hamlet of hovels to a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and planted there a royal palace, a legislative chamber, six type foundries, forty printing establishments, twenty newspapers, an astronomical observatory, and a university with fifty professors and twelve hundred students. King Otho's German court, when he came from Nauplia to Athens in 1835, lived at first in a shed that kept out neither the rain nor the north wind. On Constitution Place in Athens, in 1843, the Hellenic spirit, without violence and by the display of force for but a few hours, substituted for personal power in Greece a constitutional government as free as that of England. George Finlay, the historian of the Greek Revolution, and who fought in it, affirms that, even before that event, degraded as the people were politically, a larger proportion could read and write than among any other Christian race in Europe. Undoubtedly long bondage, acting on the native adroitness of the race, taught the Greeks dissimulation. The old blood produced an Alcibiades as well as a Socrates, a Cleon as well as a Phocion; there was in it, as in American veins to-day, a tendency to social, commercial and political sharp-dealing. But after fifty years of independence the Hellenic spirit devotes a larger percentage of public revenue to purposes of instruction than France, Italy, England, Germany, or even the United States. Modern Greece, fifty years ago a slave and a beggar, to-day, by the confession of the most merciless statisticians, its enemies, stands at the head of the list of self-educated nations.



JULY 20.

LESSON XXIX.

1879.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis iv. 4-12.

THE SUBJECT.—THE SLAYING OF ABEL.

4. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering:

5. But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell.

6. And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?

7. If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door: and unto thee *shall be* his desire, and thou shalt rule over him.

8. And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the

field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.

9. ¶ And the Lord said unto Cain, Where *is* Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: *Am I* my brother's keeper?

10. And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

11. And now *art* thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.

12. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength: a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.

## QUESTIONS.

Under what form does Death confront us now? In the form of murder. What is the slaying of a brother called? A *Fratricide*. Who was the murderer? Who was the victim? Was there a difference in their ages? They are supposed to have been *twins*. Of what callings were they? verse 2. Did God, likely, instruct Adam and his descendants in religion after the Fall? It is known as the *Adamic Religion*. Do we know much about it? No. How do we know there was such a code? From the sacrifices offered. Where were these skins of animals obtained? Chap. iii. 21. From such as were sacrificed. Would man have learned of himself the idea of sacrificing animals for sin? Never. To what did they point? To the Lamb of God. Were the two brothers about to enter upon such a sacrifice now? verse 3.

VERSE 4. What offering had Cain brought? verse 3. How did Abel's differ? Did it differ only in *kind*? In *number*, too. How may we know this? From the word *also*, which means *additional*. Where else may we see it? Heb. xi. 4—where it speaks of *gifts*, which means more than *one*. How, now, may we distinguish the offerings of both? Cain brought only a *Thank-offering*, whilst Abel brought this and a *Sin-offering*. What does Abel show by the latter? His feeling as a *sinner*, and his faith in the Lamb of God. How did God show respect

to Abel's? By consuming it with fire, (1 Kings xviii. 38).

5. Was Cain's consumed? No. How was Cain affected now?

6. Why did God ask him these questions? To warn and exhort him.

7. How does God tell him to do? What does the word *sin* mean here? Sin-offering. Might he still have brought it? Yes. Why should he then rule over Abel? Because he was the *first-born*.

8. Where were the brothers now? What did Cain do?

9-10. Why does God ask Cain these questions? To call him to account. What does Cain show? No regard for God or his brother. Was any one near the murder? No. How was it discovered? God will bring all sin to light.

11-12. What was Cain's punishment? Is this the fate of all murderers while living?

What does the Lesson teach? 1. The ripe fruit of the Fall. 2. The danger of anger and hatred, (Matt. v. 22-6; 1 John iii. 15). 3. The necessity of joining *Penitence* with *Thanksgiving* in our worship. How may we do that? By worshiping God *in and through* our Lord Jesus Christ. What parallel case have we in the New Testament? That of the Pharisee and Publican, (Luke xviii. 10-14).

## CATECHISM.

XXIX. Lord's Day.

78. Do then the bread and wine become the very body and blood of Christ?

Not at all; but as the water in baptism is not changed into the blood of Christ, neither is the washing away of sin itself, being only the sign

and confirmation thereof appointed of God; so the bread of the Lord's Supper is not changed into the very body of Christ, though, agreeably to the nature and properties of sacraments, it is called the body of Christ Jesus.

1. Come, Kingdom of our God,  
Sweet reign of life and love,  
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad  
And wisdom from above.

2. Over our spirit first  
Extend Thy healing reign;  
Then rise and quench the sacred thirst  
That never pains again.



NOTES.—We learn to-day of the first death in the human family; and of death under a violent form—*fratricide*, or the murder of a brother. The first-born children of Adam and Eve were Cain (*Gotten*) and Abel (*breath* or *feeder*.) From the accurate reading of the brief account of the second-born, it is supposed that they were *twins*—*she added the birth of Abel*, (v. 2.) As Adam had been a *gardener*, Cain became a *tiller of the ground*—a *farmer*, (v. 2); but later a *founder of a city*. (v. 17.) Abel was a *shepherd*—a *keeper of sheep*. These were the earliest employments we know of.

Though a fallen family, God would redeem them by revealing to their faith a coming Saviour, and the manner of worship. We are not told what system of religion God instituted after the fall of man. It is called the *Adamical dispensation*, and reaches to the time of Noah and the flood. They were taught to worship God as before, and besides to offer sacrifices, to exercise repentance and to believe in the promised redemption. From these sacrifices the skins were had in which they were clothed, (chap. iii. 21), as we are not told that any permission was given yet to kill animals for their flesh. But the slaying beasts for offerings unto the Lord reminded them of their own deserved death, on the one side, and of the great sacrifice of the Lamb of God, which must take away the sin of the world. God must have told Adam more than is told us, since the idea of killing, cutting and burning beasts, in order to take away guilt, did not come of man. WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD IS NO REMISSION, (Heb. ix. 22). This is a lesson which God taught man.

*And in the process of time*, (v. 3) that is, by-and-by, *it came to pass*, perhaps on the Sabbath when the season of worship was at hand again, *Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord*. He brought a *thanksgiving offering*. This was right and proper. It is meet and right for all men to praise God, the Creator and Giver of all good, in words and works. But Cain thought this was enough—all that was necessary. And here Cain was wrong.

VERSE 4:—*And Abel he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat*

*thereof*. That little word *also* tells us much. He had his Thank Offering, just as Cain had; but besides this offering of *flour, oil, herbs and fruit*, he offered *also* an animal, whose blood he had shed and whose flesh he had laid on an altar of stone. This was a *Sin-Offering*. He took of the *firstlings* of his flock, that is, a *choice, best or first-born* sheep or lamb, thereby prefiguring Christ, the Lamb of God—the promised Messiah. He acknowledged his sinfulness, and the necessity of a washing in the blood of Jesus. In Hebrews xi. 4 we read of Abel's *more excellent sacrifice* than Cain's \* \* \* *God testifying of his gifts*. The word "gifts" shows that he brought more than one.

*And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering*. It is supposed that God sent down fire from heaven to consume the offering, as He did for Elijah, (1 Kings xviii. 38).

VERSE 5.—Cain's offering lay untouched. For this he was *very wroth*—his heart was filled with jealousy and anger against his brother. Men become jealous when some one proves more successful than they are, and are filled with envy, or pain, on account of it. They feel like destroying the prosperous rival. So it was with Cain, and so it still is, (1 John iii. 12). *And his countenance fell*. If the muscles wrinkle the eyebrows and pull the corners of the mouth down, the face becomes sad and cross. Hence the expression, "He had a down-look;" and the more common but truthful one, "down in the mouth."

VERSE 6.—God's questions were addressed to him by an angel perhaps; or, it may be, that God manifested Himself in a way not told us, on such occasions. He would warn and exhort Cain against the meditated crime. God saw the coming murder in his heart, (1 John iii. 15).

VERSE 7.—*If thou doest well, shalt thou not be acceptable?* "If thou obeyest my mandate and believest my revelation, it shall be well with thee, too."

*And if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door*. This is thus understood: Though thou hast not done well in thy worship; yet thou canst remedy all, since the *sin-offering* is in thy hand. Offer it yet." *Unto thee shall be his desire and thou shalt rule over him*. "As



thou wast born first, thou shalt claim and enjoy precedence over thy younger brother, if thou wilt show thyself worthy of thy position." It was a kindly word of encouragement addressed to him.

VERSE 8.—*And Cain talked with Abel, &c.* These words are frequently read thus: "And Cain said unto Abel, his brother, Let us go into the field. And it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him."

VERSE 9.—*Where is Abel thy brother?* God calls all sinners to answer before Him, sooner or later. *I know not.* Here is a direct lie. Why should he not lie, if he had been a murderer? Who does not, when so far on in crime? *Am I my brother's keeper?* He that is separated from God, feels himself also loose from his fellow-man.

VERSE 10 — *The voice of thy brother's blood cries unto me from the ground.* He had probably buried his body. But it seems the blood of every murdered man "cries to be avenged." Murder will out.

VERSES 11-12.—These strange words are being fulfilled in our own day. A murderer is like the famous "Wandering Jew" in all time. He finds no rest, and wanders ever. The very earth repudiates him. Cain's subsequent history was a dark one. He was banished from God's presence and his kindred, and his descendants were a godless class.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—1. This is an account of the first death in the human family, and of a death under the form of murder. 2. What a loud warning is given us against cherishing anger and hatred, (Matt. v. 22-6); (1 John iii. 15), 3. The narrative teaches us, that in order to have God to accept our worship, it must consist not alone of *Praise* and *Thanksgiving*, but of a *Sin-Offering* as well. We must approach God, not only as *grateful creatures*, but as *penitent sinners*, too. There is all the difference in the world between coming to God *in*, or *out of* Christ—the Lamb of God. This distinction is plainly shown in the primitive sacrifices of Cain and Abel, and this it was that distinguished the worship of the Pharisee and the Publican, (Luke xviii. 10-14). The two narratives are parallels the one to the other, and mutually illuminate each other.

## Legends of Cain and Abel.

It is pretended in the *Targums*, or Translations of the Old Scriptures in the Chaldee dialects, to give us the substance of the conversation between Cain and Abel on the field of murder. It is curious and reads thus:

*Cain.*—I once believed the world to have been created in mercy. But it is not so. It is not governed after the merit of good works; there is no judgment or judge, nor any reward or punishment in the future. There seems to be an unrighteous partiality *now*, however. Else, why was thy sacrifice accepted and mine discarded?

*Abel.*—The world was created in mercy. It is governed on the principle of good works. There is a judge, a future world, and a coming judgment, where good rewards shall be given to the righteous, and the impious punished, and there is no respect of persons in judgment. But because my works were better and more precious than thine, my oblation was received.

Whilst thus contending, Cain struck a stone into Abel's forehead and killed him.

CAIN'S MARK.—What this *mark* was, has given rise to many opinions. It is said that he became *paralytic*—a trembling being. Others say, Cain became *invulnerable*, or proof against all wounding. "The sword could not intercept him; fire could not burn him; water could not drown him; the air could not blast him; nor could thunder or lightning strike him." One author makes the mark the circle of the sun. Another says, "Abel's dog followed him." A learned writer makes it the letter T on his forehead—the initial letter to the Hebrew word for *repentance*. Rabbi Joseph says, "a horn grew out of his head!" But any such thought misses the *mark* indeed. The plain meaning is that a *sign* or *token* was given Cain, by which to convince him that no one would slay him. The rainbow was given to Noah as a token that the world should not be destroyed by a flood again.



JULY 27.

LESSON XXX.

1879.

*Seventh Sunday after Trinity. Genesis v. 21-32.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE PATRIARCHS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

21. ¶ And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah:

22. And Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters:

23. And all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years:

24. And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.

25. And Methuselah lived a hundred eighty and seven years, and begat Lamech:

26. And Methuselah lived after he begat Lamech seven hundred eighty and two years, and begat sons and daughters:

27. And all the days of Methuselah were

nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died.

28. ¶ And Lamech lived a hundred eighty and two years, and begat a son:

29. And he called his name Noah, saying, This *same* shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed.

30. And Lamech lived after he begat Noah five hundred and ninety and five years, and began sons and daughters:

31. And all the days of Lamech were seven hundred seventy and seven years: and he died.

32. And Noah was five hundred years old: and Noah begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

## QUESTIONS.

Of whom does this Lesson treat? What means the term *Patriarch*? Head or Father of a family. Are all the Fathers known as Patriarchs? Only those who formed the line of Christ. How many are usually counted in this line before the flood? Ten. Who are these? Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah. How many of this number are more prominent? Five.

VERSES 21-24. What does *Enoch* signify? Dedicated. To whom was he devoted? To God. How is his life described? He walked with God. What does this mean? He was obedient to His laws, and held personal communion with Him. What was his end? God *took him*. What does this mean? He was translated to Paradise. Who else was taken? 2 Kings ii. 11-12. Who will be so taken at our Lord's second coming? 1 Cor. xv. 51-52. Would all men have been so changed, had sin not come? Yes. How old was Enoch? Does this age correspond to the number of days in the year? What does this indicate? A perfect life. What are the translations of Enoch and Elijah proofs of? Of a resurrection, and real human life beyond.

25-27. What does *Methuselah* mean? Dying and ending. What meaning is there in this? He died in the year of the flood, which ended the old world. What is he noted

for? As being the oldest man. How old was he?

28-31. What does *Lamech* mean? A Follower? Was there another of this name? Chap. iv. 18-24. Do we know much of him? No. What *do* we know? That he was the son of Methuselah, and father of Noah.

32. What does *Noah* mean? Rest. To what does this name point? To the rest of the earth after the flood, (Chap. viii. 21). What is told us of his character? (Chap. vi. 8-9). What does St. Peter call him? 2 Pet. ii. 5. For what is his history remarkable? Its connection with the flood. How old was he when he built the Ark? Six hundred years. Who were his sons? What prophecy did he utter concerning these? Chap. ix. 25-27. How old was he when he died? Chap. ix. 29.

Who was the most pious of all these Patriarchs? Enoch. Did he live the longest? He died the youngest. Who was the first that died of them? The first man—Adam. Who died next? Enoch. How many died before the flood? Nine. How many *women* are mentioned before the flood? Four. Who are they? Eve, Adah, Zillah, and Naamah. For what were all the Patriarchs remarkable? For their long lives. Did this longevity tend to the good of humanity? They became very wicked. Is it the principal thing to live *long*? No. To live well. What is needed for this? The Grace of Jesus Christ.

## CATECHISM.

XXX. *Lord's Day.*

80. What difference is there between the Lord's Supper and the Popish mass?

The Lord's Supper testifies to us, that we have a full pardon of all sin by the only sacrifice of Jesus Christ, which He Himself has once accomplished on the cross; and that we by the Holy Ghost are ingrafted into Christ, who, according to His human nature, is now not on earth, but in heaven, at the right hand of God His Father, and will there be worshipped by

us:—but the mass teacheth that the living and the dead have not the pardon of sins, through the sufferings of Christ, unless Christ is also daily offered for them by the priests; and further, that Christ is bodily under the form of bread and wine, and therefore is to be worshipped in them; so that the mass, at bottom, is nothing else than a denial of the one sacrifice and sufferings of Jesus Christ, and an accursed idolatry.



NOTES.—*Seth*, the son of Adam, rose, as it were, out of the blood of Abel, and stood in his martyred brother's place. "For God," said his mother, "hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel whom Cain slew," (chap. iv. 25). The line of the Messiah was determined and preserved from the beginning. Noah, who was the tenth descendant of Seth, was saved, whilst all the other families were destroyed. In this line, one or more sons was carefully watched over and pointed out, as the continuer of the blood from which God's Son should be born. In the family of Adam, Seth was chosen; in that of Noah, Shem; in that of Abraham, Isaac; in that of David, Solomon. Hence St. Luke, in tracing the genealogy of Christ, (chap. iii. 23-38), runs back to Adam. This is surely not accidental, but of God's special providence.

*Patriarchs* means—*The Chiefs, Heads or Fathers of Families*. The Antediluvian Patriarchs, or Fathers before the Flood, are ten in number: *Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah*. Of this number five are of special note, if we count Seth.

VERSES 21-24.—*Enoch*. His name signifies *dedicated*. His life was an explanation of its meaning, being wholly devoted to God. *Enoch walked with God*. This means, 1. That he walked in constant obedience to God's law and will. 2. It may mean, too, that God frequently appeared to him, as he had to Adam in the garden, or to Abraham, and other pious men. God is more anxious to walk with us, than we are to walk with Him.

*And he was not; for God took him*. He was translated to Paradise, so greatly was God pleased with him, (Heb. xi. 5). So Elijah went away, too, (2 Kings ii. 11-12). So all men would have been changed, had sin not entered the world. So men will again be changed, when Christ's plan of redemption is finished, at His second coming, (1 Cor. xv. 52.)

*Three hundred sixty and five years* constituted his age—just as many years as there are days in a year. Does this not mean a full, ripe and perfectly rounded life? Such a soul ought to go direct to Paradise! Both Enoch and

Elijah are witnesses of the resurrection of the body, and of a true human existence in glory. They are supposed to be "the two witnesses," (Rev. xi. 3, etc.)

VERSES 25-27.—*Methuselah*. This name means, *He dieth and endeth*. As he lived till the very year in which the Flood came, it is thought that God meant to foretell the end of the old world by his death. This is the longest life mentioned in the Bible, and probably the longest ever lived. He lived *nine hundred and sixty-nine years—thirty-one years of one thousand!* And yet—he died. Perhaps it was in consequence of his father's great piety that he saw so great an age. And yet what was this period of time to God, with whom one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.

VERSES 28-31.—*Lamech*. His name means *a follower*. Two persons bore this name—the fifth descendant of Cain, (chap. iv. 18-24), and this Patriarch. We know little of him. Still the fact that he was the son of Methuselah and the father of Noah, renders him remarkable. To have so distinguished a father and son renders him illustrious.

VERSE 32.—*Noah*. This name signifies *rest or comfort*. It seems to allude to the fact that God would let the earth rest after the Flood, and curse it no more, (chap. viii. 21). His father, by an inspiration, spoke the strange prophecy concerning him, when yet an infant. Of his character we read in chapter vi. 8-9. St. Peter calls him "a preacher of righteousness," (2 Pet. ii. 5). He built the Ark, and was six hundred years old when the Flood came. He was the father of the three sons, Shem, (*renown*) from whom the Saviour descended; Ham, (*black*); Japhet (*enlargement*). Noah, with his three sons and their wives, survived the Flood and were the seed of a new race. Then commenced a different religious system, called the *Dispensation of Noah*, which reached down to Abraham. After the Flood he gave himself to farm-life and planted a vineyard. From the juice of the grape he became intoxicated, in consequence of an ignorance of its effects, no doubt. Recovering from his fall, he utters a remarkable prophecy concerning the several branches of his



family. After this we are told the sum of his years and death, (chap. ix. 29).

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—1. Of all the Patriarchs before the Flood, Enoch was, perhaps, the best man. And yet his life was the shortest. From what is told us, his life seems most beautiful. 2. That Adam was the first man who tasted natural death, just as he was first in life, and first in sin. This we learn from the fact that he lived to see Lamech, the ninth degree, in the fifty-sixth year of whose life he died. 3. That Enoch was taken after Adam. 4. That nine Patriarchs were taken away before the Flood came. 5. The life of every Patriarch ends with the words—*And he died*, except Enoch's. 6. That but four women are *named* before the Flood: EVE and the *earlier* Lamech's two wives, ADAH and ZILLAH, with his daughter, NAAMAH, (chap. iv. 19 and 22). And, finally, we learn the remarkable longevity of men before the Flood. Let us not believe that the year was shorter, as some would persuade us, nor ask inquisitively why it is so no longer with us. If we believe the divine record we know the fact, that the race lived longer than at our age; and if we consider how wicked humanity became, we may think the shortening of human life is for the good of mankind, surely. The thing is not to live so long, but to live *well*. For this we need the Grace of Jesus Christ now and evermore.

### Effects of Too Much Sleep.

The effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled, and the sensations and moral and intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed; the functions are exerted with less energy; the digestion is torpid, the excretions are diminished; whilst, in some instances, the secretion of fat accumulates to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of hebetude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted when sleep is too prolonged or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they

are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; that is, they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that over-indulgence be not permitted. Where the habit is for children to lie in bed until 8 o'clock in the morning, the last two hours, at least, do not bring sound, dreamless sleep, where the hour for retiring is 8 or 9 in the evening, but are spent in "dozing," and in fact, such excess cannot fail to insure the harmful results described by the authority quoted.

### Our Book Table.

THE WREATHED CROSS; and other poems, æsthetic and religious, by Rev. D. Y. Heisler, A. M. Author of "The Fathers of the German Reformed Church in Europe and America," and "Life Pictures of the Prodigal Son, a Gift Book for the Million." Easton, Pa., Free Press Steam Publishing House, 1879. Pp. 196, Price \$1.00.

The poems of this neat volume on a large number of subjects have been written during the author's ministry of nearly thirty years. Some have been published in the periodicals of the Church; quite a number of them in the Guardian, to which Mr. Heisler has been an acceptable contribution since the issue of its first volume in 1850. "Quite a number of them were composed on special occasions, and by request; some of them for children and young persons, which, accordingly, are gotten up in a style and language adapted to the tastes and capacities of the parties for whom they were designed." Not a few of these poems have decided poetic merit, all breathe a spirit of Christian piety. The sentiment is pure, the style clear, simple and terse, free from poetic vagueness and vapor. These flowers of our friend's imagination are unfading. It is but natural that he should gather and arrange them in a varied colored wreath, and publish them in a very neat book, that their pleasant fragrance may be diffused for others' pleasure and profit. And that he should meekly hang his "Wreath" upon the "Cross" fitly expresses the piety of the author and the spirit of the poems. The volume is for sale by the author, Easton Pa., and at the Publication Rooms of the Reformed Church, 907 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.



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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1879

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN entered upon its XXXth volume, on the first of January 1879. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be mainly devoted, as heretofore, to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

AUGUST, 1879

No. 8.

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”  
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THE  
GUARDIAN:

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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

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# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

AUGUST, 1879.

NO. 8.

## Editorial Notes.

HON. GEORGE W. McCRARY, of Iowa, Secretary of War under President Hayes, is the son of a Kentucky farmer. As a boy he went to the common school till fifteen. He had a great desire to learn, but neither father nor son had means to enable him to prosecute his studies. The father gave him his time to earn money for this purpose. He hired himself out to a bricklayer to carry brick and mortar. In this way he earned money to take him through the first term in a classical school, aided somewhat by his father. After this he earned his way by teaching, until he was admitted to the bar. His old father, now over eighty years of age, says that his son "dug his way up" to his present position.

ACCORDING to an old-time custom, college commencements, haymaking and harvest come at the same season of the year. In the sweltering heat of mid-summer the applauding friends of colleges and graduates flap broad-brimmed hats and fans in their vain efforts to keep cool in crowded and ill-ventilated halls. During a whole year professors and students have toiled, and it is but right that their friends should cheer them with their presence at the close of their collegiate year. Especially the graduates, who, after years of sowing, at length reach the ingathering of their harvest, should be greeted by the presence of loving friends. But intellectual harvests ripen as well in January as June; why must they always come when the heat is the greatest? Does a successful graduation need a temperature of 100 degrees to liquidize its ore of thought, so as to cast it in suitable moulds of rhetoric? At such times, listening to the oft-told tales of Greece and Rome, of Egypt and Babylon, of

Homer and Horace, Herodotus and Tacitus, one's imagination runs wild with fancies of fiery furnaces, from that of Nebuchadnezzar down to the liquid ore running in sparkling streams from the modern furnace-blast. For many years, commencements have been associated in my mind with exceeding great heat endured under great disadvantages. The editor of the GUARDIAN passed through these commencements. The greeting of many friends and the intellectual entertainments were highly pleasing, but the heat—*whew!*

IN the earlier days of Marshall College at Mercersburg, Pa., commencement came in September. With the change of time came other changes. Sitting lately in a certain uncomfortable yet delighted commencement-assembly, on one of the hottest days of June, my mind divided its attention between the commencement of now and of twenty-five years ago. Then we had a plainer church, and more pleasant weather. The students' "Glee Club" furnished the music, under the able leadership of student W. H. Super—now Dr. W. H. Super, of Ursinus College. Some of the graduates were members of this "Glee Club," and had to come down from the choir-gallery on to the stage to deliver their speeches. The Mercersburg band, led by Mr. Super, would usually furnish part of the music, plain but pleasing. Now, bands, brass-horns, and the booms of bass drums fairly make the pews creak and the windows rattle with their classical renderings. All the smoothly shaven graduates flourish a moustache in the most approved style; here and there the downy growth of a youthful face is scarcely visible without glasses. But all do as well as they can in this pleasing idea of physical manhood. In former days the moustache was by many considered a mark of bar-



barism. The cleaner the upper lip the more genteel. But the commencement of to-day, after all, has much in common with that of a quarter of a century ago. We find in both a certain unavoidable sameness and monotony in the delivery and substance of the orations. Attempts to handle great themes in a great style. That is to say, many try to discuss subjects which puzzle the ripest scholars. Indulging in philosophic and scientific terms, which their average hearers know nothing about; drawing too much on ancient history for their material; Greece and Rome; the fortunes and failures of Babylon and Egypt are the burden of many good orations. But to the faithful visitor of commencements, the best pieces composed of kindred material become monotonous. I state this simply as a fact, probably an unavoidable fact. For my class did the same, and those before and after us, after toiling through ancient history and the classics for many years, naturally draw on this interesting treasure of their learning. All will agree with me, that a monotonous vein runs through the average class of commencement orations. But, withal, they are very enjoyable, despite the mid summer heat and close atmosphere. It is pleasing to behold a group of young people, after long and faithful study, appearing before a large audience, each with a well-written oration. And the friends of each may well travel many miles to cheer them with their presence, and applaud them with floral wreaths.

The old-time graduate received fewer floral tributes. A bouquet or two perhaps, and that often was flung over the heads of the audience. And as you watched its flight you were not sure whether it would alight in the lap of Dr. Nevin or on the head of the graduate.

But such a floral profusion as graduates now receive, and give, too, was not thought of. Flowers, vegetable and rhetorical—baskets, bouquets, harps and all manner of devices are borne by men appointed, to the feet of the honored student. Five young men, tall, stately and strong, have I seen filing through the crowded hall with such floral hurrahs. I think it is much better to bear them decorously than to hurl them at

the heads of the faculty and of the graduating class.

These floral greetings are beginning to annoy certain institutions. Married graduates or those who may lack gallantry and gracefulness, whatever their other merits may be, receive no flowers, as a rule. The poorest speaker of a certain commencement I attended, the poorest in manner and style, received the most flowers. One of the best, because he happened not to be a lady's man, received scarcely any. I have known young ladies, who stood near the head of their class, read excellent essays on commencement day, without receiving a single floral tribute. Possibly their friends took no interest in them, or they may have had no friends. Imagine the feelings of a timid, faithful school-girl, to be thus marked before a large audience, when each of her twenty or thirty classmates receives showers of gifts! It is a species of refined cruelty which ought, if possible, to be stopped.

In noticing the commencement of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., the *New York Observer* commends the young lady graduates, and adds:

"We observed with great pleasure one feature of this occasion. The usual tributes of flowers were not offered on the stage, but were displayed in the library; a card attached to each bouquet indicated the person to whom it was presented, and after the exercises were over the happy girls carried them off. This plan saves much *feeling*, and is altogether the best way."

TWENTY-THREE years ago the people in Paris indulged in wild rejoicings over a new-born babe. Its coming into the world was proclaimed by the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the pompous parades of a royal army. The most brilliant writers in France taxed their genius to describe the costly clothing and cradle of the child. The rulers of the earth sent their congratulations to the then Emperor and Empress of France—Napoleon III. and Eugenie. The press of France duly reported the growth of the child to the civilized world. He enjoyed all the blessings usually given to royal children. As he was the first-born, indeed the only child, and therefore heir to the crown of



France, his life and training were deemed of great importance. When his father lost the crown of France, the young prince followed his parents into exile, to Chiselhurst, in England. The death of Louis Napoleon sadly affected the youth. Aside of his stricken mother, who leaned upon his arm, he wept tears of filial love at the bier of his father, as any loving son would have done. Since then the Queen of England and her family have taken a tender interest in the ex-Empress of France and her son. Indeed it was rumored that the marriage of the prince to one of Victoria's daughters was an event not improbable. Of late years the general public heard less of him. Although living in exile, as the son of Napoleon III. he had a large following in France. The Monarchists or Bonapartists held him as their leader, and watched for the first opportunity to secure to him the throne. As the ruler of France must be thoroughly versed in the art of war, he attached himself to the army of England in South Africa, chiefly to perfect his training in the bloody art. There he endured the hardness of a common soldier, and seemed to enjoy the adventurous life of Oriental warfare. Whilst on duty, a band of Zulu warriors pierced his body with their deadly weapons where his comrades in arms soon thereafter found his remains. It is an inglorious ending of a life so gloriously begun. The British war against the poor African Zulus is held by the civilized world as very unjust. It is an effort at national plunder; an act, which if committed by an individual, would brand him as a thief, and consign him to a felon's cell. The French worship glory; but there is no glory in the death of the son of the widowed Eugenie. The same nation that doomed the First Napoleon to an ignoble death on a lonely isle of the sea, gave the son of his nephew an inglorious death among the mountains of Africa, after having given him a refuge in his exile. The doubly bereaved mother, almost distracted with grief, needs and receives the kindly sympathy of all right-feeling people. But the death of her son sounds the knell of the Napoleon dynasty. The surviving Napoleons are either too remote or too uninfluential to regain the

crown of France. The following extract from a letter of Washington Irving's, written to his niece in 1853, just after the Emperor had been married, is peculiarly interesting in the light of recent events:

"Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of the French! one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knees at Grenada. It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris had been the theatre during my lifetime. I have repeatedly thought that each *coup de theatre* would be the last that would occur in my time, but each has been succeeded by another equally striking. The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid. \* \* \* Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of such stuff as dreams are made of? \* \* \* I consider it as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas' novels." He did not live to see that catastrophe, but it came.

HAIR-SPLITTING distinctions often lack common sense. The plainest questions of morality are befogged with a multitude of high-sounding phrases, so that matters which once seemed perfectly clear become unintelligible to you. We have been interested in the following, which may serve to point a moral to the readers of the GUARDIAN, if they will not adorn a tale:

According to the Rev. M. Scudder, a missionary in India, four men bought a quantity of cotton in co-partnership. That the rats might not injure it, they bought a cat, and agreed that each should own one of its legs. Each leg was then adorned with beads and other ornaments by its owner. The cat accidentally injured one of its legs, and the owner wound a rag round it, soaked in oil. The cat by chance set the rag on fire, and, being in great pain, rushed among the cotton-bales, where she had been accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton was totally burned. The three other partners brought a suit against the owner of the invalid leg to recover the value of their cotton; and the judge decided that, as the injured leg could not be used, the cat carried the fire to the cotton with her three remaining legs. They only were culpable; and their owners were required to compensate the owner of the injured leg for his share of the loss.



ALFRED TENNYSON, the poet laureate of England, is doubtless known to many of our readers through his works. He is now in his seventieth year, and lives in retired ease on the Isle of Wight. He has always been simple and retired in his habits. During his earlier years he lived a sort of recluse life in, or near London. At his Island home he is often greatly annoyed at the impertinence of curious tourists, eager to stare at the great man. He morbidly shrinks from being lionized, and in order to evade the vulgar gaze of obtruding admirers, he is tempted to become a recluse. Like many men of genius, he seems to pay little attention to his external appearance. He has never been a society man in the English sense of that term, but sought enjoyment in his library, and his communings with nature. Meeting him on the street no one would suspect that he were England's great poet, who officially writes the poetry for all occasions and events of joy and sorrow in the royal family and of the nation. A certain correspondent, who recently met him in a London park, says:

"He looked tall, somewhat stout, round-shouldered, and he walked with a stick, as though the gout were hanging about his legs or feet. He had a long beard which almost buried his face, and wore a pair of large, round, Chinese-looking spectacles. He had on a very broad-brimmed, weather-worn felt hat, dark trousers, gaiters, several undercoats or jackets, covered over all by a thin, shabby-looking, red tweed dust coat, buttoned very tightly, as though it were much too small for him. Dangling outside, from what should have been a clean white shirt front, was a pair of large, gold-rimmed nose-spectacles. He was one of the oddest-looking creatures I have ever seen out of a Mormon meeting."

IN MORALS and religion the interval between seed-time and harvest is often long. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." This is the law and order of growth, under the guidance of Divine Providence. True faith learns "to labor and to wait." Our duty is to faithfully scatter the seed, and water it with our prayerful care. Like Paul and Apollos, we can only

plant and water; God must give the increase in His own good time. Work on, faithful soul. Even though in thy life-time the results may seem trifling, the fruitage, the harvest, must surely come.

DR. JUDSON was at his station in Syria six years before he baptized a convert to the Christian religion from Mohammedanism. After three years he was asked, in view of his apparent little progress, what evidence he had of ultimate success. "As much," he replied, "as there is a God who will fulfill His promises." His faith had not grasped a shadow. Years have elapsed since the first baptism, and now there are seventy churches, averaging one hundred members each, on the former field of his labors.

"THE world owes me a living," is the mistaken motto of tramps, young and old. Our Creator has ordained that in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." Young people fearful of bronzing their delicate hands by working as their parents had to do; fond of fine clothing and costly jewelry, without caring who pays for them, are the material tramps are made of. The world owes you a living, but you must earn it by honest toil. The same is true with our spiritual living. God has promised to give us life, but we must enter and labor in His vineyard to get it. "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling."

LOOKING at the rich colors of stained windows from the outside of a church, one sees but blurred and confused shades on the glass. But seen from the inside, the full figures, with all their marvellous colors are clearly seen. So may persons fancy that they can fully understand the power and glory of Christ's Church without entering or becoming living members of it. They see nought but defects from without, and enlarge upon them. But as soon as with sincere penitence and faith they enter Christ's fold, they see the glorifying light and loveliness of the Saviour's presence. No one can form a correct opinion of the Church from an outside



view. Only an inside view reveals things in their proper light.

PASCAL says every great painting can be seen only from one particular point of view. No matter how well-lighted and large the room in which it is hung, not until you take a place at the right point of vision can you get a correct idea of it. So Calvary is the only point from which we can view aright the condition of lost man. In the light of the cross of Christ all temporal good dwindles into insignificance. All science and art, all civil government and national life, all philosophy, poetry, and general literature; all manufactures, commerce, and secular pursuits, can only be truly estimated from Calvary.

A HIGH authority warns us not to speak evil of dignities. Yet when dignities demean themselves in an undignified style, truth requires that we designate them as they are. How disgraceful and mortifying are the many scenes witnessed in our state and national legislatures. Doubtless, some good men and true are there found along with many who are always open for a bid, a bribe, and a brawl. No young man can enter political life without endangering his character. We know of many who went to Harrisburg and Washington as inexperienced persons of no known vices. They returned depraved by the impure moral atmosphere of political life. Many years ago, Dr. Colenso was made Bishop of Natal, Africa, by the authorities of England. He was sent out to convert the heathen to Christianity, but it happened that the heathen converted him to their way of thinking. For now he denies the plain teachings of the Bible, and writes learned books to disprove the very religion which he was ordained to teach the Africans; a veritable heathen in all but name. It reminds one of the political Reformers and "anti-ring" statesmen. In their pretended zeal to reform others, they show themselves in worse need of being reformed than their opponents, and anti-ring candidates become the founders of the worst rings. The question simply seems to be as to who is to reap the profits of corruption, and

who is to run the ring. In politics, the devil seems to have things pretty much his own way. Yet faith assures us that God reigns.

THE late William IV., of Prussia, was a pious man, zealous in good works. He founded many religious and charitable institutions, and often cheered the inmates by his presence. He founded a home for the needy near a royal palace, outside the walls of Berlin. His Court preacher, Dr. William Hoffman, was in the habit of visiting it with his royal master. In the front yard was an old tree which seemed to be in the way, and obstructed the view somewhat. Hoffman had often hinted to the King that the tree had better be cut down, to which the King made no reply. One day the hint was emphasized into a request: "Your Majesty, why should the tree annoy us any longer? Why not cut it down?"

The King, turning to his preacher, said: "My dear Hoffman, when I was a little boy, my aunt boxed my ears right at this spot, under this tree, for a certain misbehaviour. Many years have passed since then, but I gratefully remember her correction, for it has done me a world of good. I wish those coming after me to know this. The tree will teach them a lesson. Ask me no more to cut down this venerable tree." "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

"WHISKEY and wicked companions have brought me to this," said a murderer on the gallows, lately, just before the executioner fastened the noose around his neck. It is the old story; "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And when one has been ill-mannered from his youth they are easily made worse. Beware of the bottle. It makes bad blood and a bad breath. A perfect stench is the breath of such people. The blood breaks out in visible diseases. The breath betrays the offender from afar. Shun the tempter. Learn to pray the Lord's prayer practically: "Lead us not into temptation."



BOLESLAUS, one of the kings of Poland, carried about him the picture of his father. When he was to do any great work, or achieve a victory, he looked on the picture and prayed that he might do nothing unworthy of such a father's name. By our noble and pure life we honor the memory of our parents. In the Gospels we have a picture of our blessed Saviour. By carrying about with us in our minds and hearts the holy Gospel, and praying oft that we may be guided by its blessed light, and do nothing unworthy the name of our Master, we live as in His sight, and glorify Him.

On the 12th of June, the Emperor William I. of Germany and his Empress celebrated their golden wedding. Surrounded by the splendors of royalty and the pomp of the nobility, a royal marriage ceremony was performed in the royal chapel. The Emperor, over eighty years of age, looked tall and erect for his years. The venerable Empress wore a golden crown. Their fifty years of wedded life have brought them many a sorrow to sadden their pleasure. They have far more care and anxiety than many of their humblest subjects, and less quiet. They seem to be a pious couple. Nothing short of an humble faith in Christ will secure peace of heart. A crown, whether made of iron or gold, matters not, has, in itself, no moral virtue. It can not make the wearer of it any happier, physically or morally. It cannot cure the headache, gout, nor a burning fever. At 16, the Emperor fled from his country with his mother, a fugitive from a cruel foe. Their crown availed them naught. And in the hour of death and in the day of judgment it may help to crush but not save the soul. And this the aged couple feel. Christ, and not a perishable crown, is their only comfort in life and in death.

WE wish to add the following to the article on Russian Protestantism in the July number of the GUARDIAN. There are at present 71,500 members of the Reformed Church in Russia. Of these, 60,000 are organized in regular congregations, which are served by 88 pastors. 11,000 are scattered along the Volga, and have united with Lutheran congregations.

There are three Reformed congregations in St. Petersburg—a German, a Holland and a French. Moscow, Archangel, Mitau, Riga and Odessa have each one. Along the Volga are 12 congregations with 38,000 members. Their Liturgy has been in use since 1687. In Poland there are 5 congregations with 5,726 members. Nearly every congregation has its parochial school. Some of these are equivalent to our classical or high schools. The congregations elect their own pastors, which are usually called from abroad.

### Life and Adventures in Japan.

BY THE EDITOR.

Japan has for ten years past shown wisdom in calling competent teachers from America to conduct its literary institutions. Among these was Prof. E. Warren Clark, a graduate of Rutgers' College of the Dutch Reformed Church. He taught two years in the interior of Japan and two years at Tokio. During his professional labors he had rare opportunities of studying Japanese life and habits. He had thousands of students under his tuition. In an exceedingly interesting volume lately published by the American Tract Society,\* he gives a graphic description of his observations and experience in Japan.

The first year he lived in a large Japanese temple. His school building was about a mile from here. He rose at six in the morning; rode to school on horseback. At length he borrowed a four-wheeled carriage, the only one in the province. His ride along the road produced a great commotion. Mothers ran for their babes in the road, peasants fled into the ditches, ducks cackled, dogs barked, stones rattled, two-sworded men on the road fell on their faces. Indeed people, old and young, often bowed with reverent awe and prostration before the stranger, and some sent their bullets whirring by his head. As he dismounted before the school build-

\* Life and Adventures in Japan. Illustrated from original photographs. By E. Warren Clark. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York. 237 pages, \$1.25.



ing, the directors and petty officers met him. A Japanese school presents a novel scene.

"At the side entrance of the school are shelves upon which are arrayed hundreds of wooden clog-shoes which the scholars have taken off on entering; instead of a hat-rack, (of which there would be no need) you see a sword-rack, with pegs in it, upon which rows of small swords are resting, some of which are sharp and elegantly ornamented. These belong to the Samourai scholars within, who, though small, are proud of their rank, and are entitled to wear swords in their little belts, with the ancient family crest on their clothing. On entering the part of the building where Japanese instruction is going on in the old-fashioned style, you hear a great buzzing sound, such as might come from a colossal beehive, and as the noise gets louder and louder, you can distinguish the shrill voices of several hundred youngsters, who seem to vie with one another in studying aloud Chinese and Japanese lessons."

In various rooms, with low ceilings and matted floors, along rows of tables, a foot high, the little folks squat upon straw mats. As the professor enters the noise becomes less in an instant; all the scholars bow their heads, touching either the table or the floor with their foreheads. Each teacher greets them with "O-hi-o!" (Good-morning) and kneels beside him, while he is inspecting his class, catching every glance of commendation; and as the chief retires, the teacher draws a deep sigh, not of relief but of respect, and the next class goes through the same formality.

"In the school and the family the children are trained to politeness and respect to their superiors, as the first and most essential requirement; and the dignified and gentle manner in which the young conduct themselves is really surprising. The Japanese are the most polite people in the world, and though they have bare feet and wear less clothing than we do in America, they certainly are more courteous and kind than many people who call themselves 'civilized.' The children, especially, are never quarrelsome or troublesome; they are obedient and dutiful to parents and teachers, and are all the

happier for it. In the school you would not see anything that even approached disorder, and there was an air of refinement about the commonest-clad child. The scholars wore loose dresses, with long sleeves, which served as pockets, and in which they carried tops, strings, oranges and rolls of brown paper, or anything they needed. They tied up their books in pieces of cotton or silk, and carried them home to study at night, in the same noisy way.

"The scholars of the Japanese and Chinese department came to school at six o'clock in the morning, and were dismissed at nine. They also came again at five in the afternoon. My own start of the more advanced classes commenced at nine o'clock and continued until noon; then I arranged the apparatus and experiments, in the new laboratory built for me, preparatory to the afternoon lectures, which began at two o'clock and continued until five."

The principal wrote chemical formulas and drew diagrams on the large blackboard, which the students copied while he went home to dinner. Fifty or sixty young men, of his own age, were enthusiastic students of chemistry and physics, and with ease "mastered text-books that had taxed all the energies of American College students." These people had known nothing of the marvellous inventions of our age. The professor's experiments in electricity, the steam-engine, air-pump, and the startling results of chemical combinations delighted them beyond measure. The common people outside of the school said that his rumored marvellous doings were the results of superhuman agencies; either "the gods" or "the devil" wrought in the laboratory, they knew not which.

Prof. Clark gave ludicrous lessons in electricity to his Japanese friends. With unsuspecting innocence they marched around his electric battery, the shock of which struck some of them dumb, and caused others to set up a frantic yell. Although frightened at its effects, each was curious to feel the electric force for himself, and usually with the same effect. Three dignified governors wished to test the mysterious "spark." Two only approached the instrument. The third was restrained by official etiquette.



The professor brought him a supply in a "bottle," as he called it, a Leyden jar. The grave dignitary could see nothing in the jar, and thinking it was empty, touched its brass knob at the top. The shock fairly made his bones rattle, and he touched no more jars that day.

A number of "Samourai gentry looked on very wisely from the back seats in the laboratory, as though they knew all about it, but they refused to approach the battery like the other people. Would they consent to join hands in forming a circle where they were sitting? Surely there can be no harm in that, thought they.

"At my request they all joined hands with great glee, thinking they were too far away to get hurt. I then connected my large Ruhmkorff's coil, which is a very powerful machine, with a battery hidden in the closet, and took the long wires to the Samourai gentlemen at either end of the line. They innocently took the wires, and the next moment I touched the key of the coil, and sent them an electric shock which tumbled the whole of them over among the benches.

"When I took my first ride on the railroad (the first railroad built in Japan) I was accompanied by a little boy who formerly lived with me, and who was now going to his father, the new Governor of Tokio. The little fellow had never heard of a railroad train, and when we were fairly seated in the car he looked around wondering what kind of a little house we were in, with its curious doors and sliding windows. When the train began moving slowly out of the depot, he grasped the seat with a look of terror, and glanced anxiously into my face to see if I was frightened also. But finding that I only laughed at his fears, he regained courage to look out of the window at the trees and houses which began to fly by us faster and faster. The first time the car stopped he ran out on the platform and peered under the wheels to see what was pushing it along; but when we passed one of the down-trains, he looked at the locomotive, and seemed at last to realize that this was the big black horse that was doing it all."

During the first two years Prof. Clark

passed through novel experiences. Japan seems to be prolific in rats. Even in the venerable temple where he had his first abode they raced over his body at night, startling him in his slumbers. At midnight "hundreds of them would come scampering over the thin wooden ceiling directly over my head, and I would wake up with a start, thinking that a small army was coming!"

Earthquakes are frequent in Japan. They often occur at night. "Sometimes I would be aroused from sleep by a strange motion of the bed, as though its four legs were about to walk off with me. On listening I would hear the heavy timbers in the roof creaking, and the whole building groaning and shivering like a ship at sea. I could feel the earthquake waves passing under the temple at intervals of two or three minutes each. Usually there are three waves, and the second is the most severe; so, if the first shock was heavy enough to shake things up badly, I would scamper out of bed, and try and get from under the massive roof of the temple before the second wave would have a chance to bring it down on my head."

His "first going to housekeeping" in the interior of Japan taxed his ingenuity to the utmost. He built a house where a real house had never been known. He furnished it where furniture was never heard of; where bedsteads and beds and carpets and stoves had never been seen; where mirrors and windows and chimneys and coal had not even been dreamed of. "Beefsteaks and mutton-chops were unknown, a loaf of bread was a myth; milk, butter and cheese were fairy tales.

"Perhaps now and then you would like to know the time of day. But no town clock ever strikes to inform you; no chronometer exists by which to set your watch when it stops; no almanac to tell the day of the week or month when you have forgotten them. In fact, I frequently *did* forget the day of the week, and once kept the scientific school waiting several hours for me, supposing it was Sunday. After that I thought of cutting notches in a stick every day, after Robinson Crusoe's fashion; and when my watch stopped I would set it by a sun-dial, which I made with two sticks, a compass and a string."



The author of this work is a man of firm Christian principle. At first the authorities of Japan forbade him to teach Christianity. At the risk of losing his position he refused to accept these conditions, and they yielded. He was even allowed to close his school on the Lord's Day. From the start he taught large classes of his students in the Holy Scriptures on this day, whose souls were athirst for the Word of God. His book, sparkling with humor and entertaining incidents, gives a graphic picture of the social and home life of Japan. Although a man of rare scientific attainments, he makes no pedantic parade of his scholarship. We commend this volume to the readers of the GUARDIAN as one of the most pleasing works on Japan that we have seen.

### The Old Church at the Trappe.

The old Lutheran Church at the Trappe, Pa., is one of the most interesting historical relics in this State. The following poem which we take from Longfellow's Poems of Places, has this venerable sanctuary for its subject. It was written by Isaac R. Pennypacker, a member of the extensive family of that name. The fact that the greatest poet of America should have given it a place in his last great work, is one of the most flattering compliments which a young disciple of the Muses could covet.

ED. GUARDIAN.

BY I. R. PENNYPACKER.

*Qualis et quantus fuerit non ignorabunt  
sine lapide futura sæcula.*

In the heat of a day in September  
We came to the old church door,  
We bared our heads, I remember,  
On the step that the moss covered o'er.  
There the vines climbed over and under,  
And we trod with a reverent wonder  
Through the dust of the years on the floor.

From the dampness and darkness and stillness  
No resonant chantings outrolled,  
And the air with its vaporous chillness  
Covered altar and column with mould.  
For the pulpit had lost its old glory,  
And its greatness become but a story,  
By the aged still lovingly told.

O'er the graves 'neath the long waving grasses  
In summer the winds lightly blow,  
And the phantoms come forth from the masses  
Of deep-tangled ivy that grow.  
Through the aisles at midnight they wander,—  
At noon of the loft they are fonder—  
Unhindered they come and they go.

And it seemed that the breath of a spirit,  
Like a zephyr at cool of the day,  
Passed o'er us and then we could hear it  
In the loft through the organ pipes play.  
All the aisles and the chancel seemed haunted,  
And weird anthems by voices were chanted  
Where dismantled the organ's pipes lay.

Came the warrior who robed as a Colonel  
Led his men to the fight from the prayer,  
And the pastor who tells in his journal  
What he saw in the sunlight's bright glare,  
How a band of wild troopers danced under  
While the organ was pealing its thunder  
In gay tunes on the sanctified air.

And Gottlieb, colonial musician,  
Once more had come over the seas,  
And sweet to the slave and patrician  
Were the sounds of his low melodies;  
Once again came the tears, the petition,  
Soul-longings and heart-felt contrition  
At his mystical touch on the keys.

There joined in the prayers of the yeomen  
For the Rulers and High in command,  
The statesman who prayed that the foemen  
Might perish by sea and by land;  
And flowers from herbariums Elysian  
Long pressed, yet still sweet, in the vision  
Were strewn by a spiritual hand.

There were saints—there were souls heavy-laden'  
With the burden of sins, unconfessed.  
In the shadow there lingered a maiden  
With a babe to her bosom close pressed,  
And the peace that exceeds understanding  
Borne on odors of blossoms expanding  
Forever abode in her breast.

Then hushed were the prayers and the chorus  
As we gazed through the gloom o'er the pews,  
And the phantoms had gone from before us  
By invisible dark avenues.  
And slowly we passed through the portals  
In awe from the haunts of immortals  
Who had vanished like summer's light dews.

O church! that of old proudly flourished,  
Upon thee decay gently falls,  
And the founders by whom thou wert nourished  
Lie low in the shade of thy walls;  
No stone need those pioneer sages  
To tell their good works to the ages:  
Thy ruin, their greatness recalls.

THIS prayer, so beautiful in sentiment and so excellent in spirit, was found in the Bible of the late Dr. G. W. Bethune at the time of his death: "Lord, pardon what I have been, sanctify what I am, and order what I shall be, that Thine may be the glory and mine the eternal salvation." Underneath Dr. Bethune wrote: "These words, from one of the ancient fathers, are proper for any believing sinner, in life or in death."



## Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

### III.—*Along the Sunny Rhine Land.*

The cold, uncompromising disposition of the Belgians, to which I have already referred, is not so much one of *hauteur* as of stolid, self-complacent indifference. In our hotel at Antwerp, the most entertaining member of the family was a large, white Angora cat. But even pussy's friendship was of that uncertain kind that sits on a chair, blinks and winks, and yet invites no nearer acquaintance. Our landlord's daughter was indeed disposed to rival grimalkin's social endeavors, and I cheerfully bear record to her good intentions. Alas, her English vocabulary was soon exhausted. "Wait till you get into South Germany," said Herr Home; "there you will find everything different." Mr. H. was a traveling agent from Augsburg, and had made himself very agreeable. Brimful of humor, good-natured, and more than ordinarily intelligent for one of his station, his disinterested intentions and friendly offices were the more acceptable because of our surroundings.

Leaving Antwerp between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, the thought that in a few hours we would again hear the tones of a language almost as familiar as our own, made us all the more impatient with the slowly-moving train. The first half of our route was possessed of but few natural attractions, and I turned to my traveling companions for interest and amusement. The priests and monks who, from time to time, entered our carriage, were nearly all engaged in the repetition of the morning offices of devotion. On the platforms of almost every station I beheld one or more of these black or gray-robed sons of the church thus employed. The hollowness of the *performance* was painfully evident. Externally it was perhaps of unexceptionable excellence. Every word was articulated, every required sign of the cross was faithfully made. But as the train rolled along this church-imposed devotion was not allowed to interfere either with the enjoyment of the prospect or the pleasure of conversation. The

good friar's eyes frequently turned to the window, whilst the ever-following finger kept the place. A few moments' laughter, called forth by the remark of a brother priest, seemed a pardonable, welcome and not unusual interruption. How vain and meaningless such heartless mummary! That Christianity has survived, notwithstanding these and similar travesties, is one of the surest evidences of her divine-human constitution.

Flemish was gradually giving way to French. At Liege the train stopped for about five minutes. A boy from the station restaurant made his appearance, and assaulted the passengers with a well-filled basket of sandwiches, fruits and cheap wines. It was now nearly noon, and accordingly his appearance was appreciated and made to contribute to the substantial comfort of the inner man. His ammunition, however, was hardly equal to the emergency, and only served to whet our appetite. "Garcon! garcon!" was echoed from every window, and the well-nigh distracted youth was kept more than busy trying to meet the constantly increasing demand for something to eat.

In our carriage, directly opposite the Doctor, is the strangest-looking Englishman with whom I have yet been thrown into contact. There is none of that hearty bluntness which sometimes marks John Bull, nor yet of that turtle-like reserve which draws itself into its shell and only asks to be let alone. The specimen before us is a hybrid, a cross between Romish practices and High Anglican theories—in short, an English Ritualist. He is clothed in shining black, with the tightest and highest of white chokers about his full and fat-befolded neck. Of course he is closely shaven—that is a necessary part of *his* clericalism. On the little finger of his left-hand he wears an onyx ring, if I remember rightly, with an ecclesiastical device. But there is nothing *spirituelle* about this Ritualist. I do not wish to imply that this is not surprising. Let him that is as sure of saintship as Pusey and others of that famous Oxford coterie, much maligned and much misunderstood, be the first to fling the general charge of hypocrisy and practical impiety upon all of his class. In our Lord's own time it will appear that



for every shade of opinion concerning liturgical formulas, for every varied practice in cultus, there was some occasion, and that in the end all things will have worked together for good to them that love Him.

Soon now the scenery grows more picturesque, and at last fairly romantic. Numerous tunnels betray the increasing rolling character of the landscape. Fine villas adorn the banks of beautiful streams, and, no longer observant either of Rome or Oxford, we again recognize the universal priesthood of nature. Besides are we not now at length in the Fatherland? There is something intensely refreshing in the thought; and who that can boast one drop of German blood but yields himself a willing captive to the spell, gladly responding to the inspirations which genuine German *gemüthlichkeit* ever induces? It is not very hard for a Pennsylvania German to grow enthusiastic when for the first time in his life he sets foot on the soil of his ancestry. Among such, at least, there could be no division of sentiment during the late Franco-Prussian war. Germany's strength and glory was felt to be their own as well, and across the seas hundreds in America sent back the glad refrain—

“Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhigsein,  
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhigsein,  
Fest steht und treu die Wacht,  
Die Wacht am Rhein!”

What St. Peter's is to Rome that is its cathedral to Cologne. For miles around, its unfinished spires bespeak an admiration which more intimate acquaintance is sure to enhance. What a glorious structure is this wonderful Dom, six hundred years in course of erection, and not yet completed! Two hundred feet wide, five hundred feet long, with two massive towers, nearly finished, rising to the height of five hundred and seven feet, these dimensions serve rather to confuse than to give you any adequate conception of its overpowering grandeur. The perfectitude of the design is only apparent when in its gigantic wholeness it confronts the eye. “Expanded by the genius of the spot, the mind does indeed grow colossal,

——and can only find  
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
Its hopes of immortality.”

During the last century the kings of Prussia have interested themselves in the prosecution of the work, and in two years more the legend of its Mephistophelian design, involving the impossibility of its realization, is likely to be disproved.

It was late in the afternoon when, after a hasty toilet at the Hotel du Dom, we passed within the mighty arches of this pride of Cologne. For a few moments we listened to an ordinary, slimly-attended and weak vesper service, and then continued our hurried preliminary inspection. As long as tourists refrain from undue commotion, their moving to and fro seldom interferes with cathedral devotion. Workmen were scattered all over the exterior, employed upon repairs never completed. In the main vestibule a huge scaffold had been erected, and this in turn supported a monster bell, presented by the Emperor and cast from cannon captured in the war with France. It was slowly being raised to its lofty station, and by this time no doubt peals forth the call to the cathedral's numerous ceremonies.

Among the inevitable relics which Roman Catholics everywhere in Europe count of chiefest importance, the skulls of the Magi, crowned with diamonds, are here exhibited in all the royalty of their ghastliness. The Cathedral of Milan claims to possess the same treasure and we must let the devotees of an infallible Romish Church decide for themselves.

The general unattractiveness of Cologne has often been remarked. Conscious of the continuing glory of its one great temple it seems content to rest upon its laurels, to the disgust of all who value wider and cleaner streets, well-paved walks and shaded avenues. But certainly in these days it deserves a better report than many tourists have rendered. A liberal use of its justly famed perfume would, however, greatly improve its condition. In this connection my readers will pardon me for quoting the familiar lines of Coleridge:

“Ye nymphs, who reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash the city of Cologne;  
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?”



The popularity of eau de Cologne is world-wide. We were much amused to see so many establishments where it was claimed that Jean Maria Farina manufactures the only genuine perfume. There must be no less than twenty-nine Mr. Farinas. But travelers, and especially Americans, like to be duped, if only the deception is general and proportionally evident. This may be in accordance with the principle that misery loves company.

In addition to the great Dom Cologne has several other Churches deserving the traveler's inspection. Our guide hurried us from one to the other so rapidly and poured into our ears such contradictory historical data as to leave now only the most vague recollections. In connection with each one there was, of course, a legend of some sort. However much veneration you may happen to have for the private character and virtues of the saint whose reputed deeds are thus turned to account for the Church's revenue, you need not to be in Europe very long before you begin to grow very callous in this regard. In the Jesuit Church of St. Ursula we saw the celebrated bones of this saint and of the eleven thousand virgins. The story of their martyrdom is too well known to justify repetition. But I may say, that of late years much doubt has been cast upon its validity. Even our guide, who was on all other questions a most faithful Romanist, admitted the force of the objections, and confessed that he himself no longer believed the legend in all its particulars. As we entered the Church early mass was being celebrated and we could only glance at the sacred (?) remains. And yet this proved quite enough. "On every side skulls and arm and leg bones meet your eye, piled on shelves built in the wall. A very unique but hardly attractive style of architecture.

Cologne is built in the form of a crescent, and every one of its streets seems trying to remind you of this in its own quiet way. Deutz, the noisy suburb of Cologne, is situated on the west bank of the Rhine. A handsome suspended iron bridge connects it with the mother city. Here for the first time we crossed

This noble stream is not more than ordinarily interesting at this point, and yet the mere *sight* of its waters, anywhere and under any circumstances, must forever remain the source of great satisfaction. There is too much poetry and history connected with this queen of rivers to refrain from giving expression to the spontaneous feelings of delight which are sure to assert themselves when one is thus at length brought into its classic presence. The next morning we took passage on board the steamer "Princess Elizabeth," bound for Bonn, from which quiet retreat we forwarded our first letter to the "Guardian." The ride was very enjoyable, although not until within a few miles of Bonn, does the real beauty of the Rhine begin. We arrived at our journey's end just in time for the hotel "Grand Royale's" table d'hôte. And now having reached the outpost of the very loveliest district in all the sunny Rhine-land I feel like laying down my pen that my readers may the better enjoy with me the indescribable beauties of the Fatherland's most glorious regions. The great University with its celebrated and genial professors, the sword-scarred students with their dashing caps and careless manners, the grand old river itself with its vine-clad hills and storied castles, surely in my next I need want for no inspiration.

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### Eccentricities of Ruskin.

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#### Conclusion.

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BY PROF. W. M. REILY.

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At the close of the last article we stated that the reason was plain why Ruskin preferred Scott before all the literary men of the age. It is contained in the following passage, which is instinct with the spirit of a certain phase of modern culture, and strikes the ear as indicative of the true ground-tone of all poetic excellence. "Observe Scott's habit of looking at nature neither as dead, or merely material, in the way that Homer regards it, nor as altered by his own feelings, in the way that Keats and Tennyson regard it, but as having an animation and pathos of *its own*, wholly irrespective of human

"den freien Deutschen Rhein."



presence or passion, an animation which Scott loves and sympathizes with, as he would with a fellow-creature, forgetting himself altogether, and subduing his own humanity before what seems to him the power of the landscape." Scott is the greatest of modern poets, because he enjoyed nature more than any other, and was the most humble and passive admirer of her charms. He was so meek and reverential in her presence that he dared not trouble her with his own thoughts. Tennyson cannot refrain from carrying his cares to her, and although Wordsworth understood her as well as Scott, he had the idea that through her he should be ever endeavoring to say something wise. Poor haughty fool that he was; for notwithstanding the fact that he was the author of the following noble lines, which Ruskin adopts as his motto, and inscribes on the title-page of each of his four volumes on modern Painters;—

. . . Accuse me not of arrogance . . .  
 If, having walked with Nature,  
 And offered far as frailty would allow  
 My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,  
 I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,  
 Whom I have served, that their Divinity  
 Revolts, offended at the ways of men?  
 Philosophers, who though the human soul  
 Be of a thousand faculties composed  
 And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize  
 This soul, and the transcendent universe  
 No more than as a mirror that reflects  
 To proud self-love, her own intelligence,

this same Wordsworth still "had a vague notion that nature would not be able to get on well without Wordsworth." But with Scott the love is entirely humble and unselfish. "I Scott am nothing, and less than nothing; but these crags, and heaths, and clouds, how great they are, how lovely, how forever to be beloved, only for their own silent *thoughtless* sake." We feel sure that Scott would not have wished this compliment; we rather suspect that if he had heard it he would have displayed a want of humility and meekness by indignantly resenting the charge of being a heathen, and not even a respectable classical heathen, but one of those blind nature worshippers, who adored the sun, moon, and stars. For Scott was a Presbyterian Scotchman, a race of whom it has been said that "there is an inspi-

ration in such a people: one may say in a more special sense 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.'"

Ruskin is dead in love with nature. This fact explains his brilliant poetic descriptions, his unrestrained enthusiasm, and his numberless errors and inconsistencies. He says of himself, "Whatever other faculties I may or may not possess, this gift of taking pleasure in landscape I assuredly possess in a greater degree than most men; it having been the ruling passion of my life, and the reason for the choice of its field of labor." He further says: "I also am brought continually into collision with certain extravagances of the German mind, by my own steady pursuit of Naturalism as opposed to Idealism." And it is this one-sided partiality for nature that brings him still into collision with some of the noblest ornaments of literature and art in his country, with all the schools of painting of other lands, with Phidias and Praxiteles themselves, and in fact with mankind in general. "Neither can I from my present knowledge, fix upon an ancient statue which expresses, by the countenance, any elevated character of soul . . . I know not anything in the range of art more unspiritual than the Apollo Belvidere."

Hear him further: "Although there was no definite religious sentiment mingled with it, there was a continual perception of Sanctity in the whole of nature from the slightest thing to the vastest: an instinctive awe mixed with delight; an indefinable thrill such as we sometimes imagine to indicate the presence of a disembodied spirit. I could only feel this perfectly when I was alone; and then it would often make me shiver from head to foot with the joy and fear of it, when after being some time away from the hills, I first got to the shore of a mountain river, where the brown water circled among the pebbles, or when I saw the first swell of distant land against the sunset, or the first low broken wall covered with moss. I cannot in the least *describe* the feeling: but I do not think this is my fault, nor that of the English language, for I am afraid no feeling is describable. If we had to explain even the sense of bodily hunger, we should be hard put to it for words, and this joy in



nature seemed to me to come of a sort of heart-hunger, satisfied with the presence of a great and Holy Spirit. These feelings remained in their full intensity till I was eighteen or twenty, and then as the reflective or practical power increased, and the cares of the world gained upon me, faded gradually away, in the manner described by Wordsworth in his *Intimations of Immortality*."

In our first article we spoke of the difference between Ruskin and Emerson. The most remarkable point of contrast was then overlooked. Ruskin is professedly and polemically a naturalist, and yet about half the time talks like an idealist; whilst Emerson, a thoroughbred Idealist, writes about nature in a scarcely less amorous strain than the Englishman. The American, however, is logical and consistent throughout. Those German books on philosophy which the other despises, he knew properly how to turn to account. Say what you please about his views, he has one merit which every intelligent reader will demand. You always know where to find him. All that he writes looks toward one centre, and as explicable and held together by that, forms a complete and well rounded whole.

With Ruskin it is very different. He does not hesitate to express himself as follows, and accordingly nothing else but inconsistency could be expected: "Much time is wasted by human beings in general, on establishment of systems; and it often takes more labor to master the intricacies of an artificial connection, than to remember the separate facts which are so carefully connected. I suspect that system-makers in general, are not of much more use, each in his own domain, than in that of Pomona, the old women who tie cherries upon sticks for the more convenient portableness of the same. To cultivate well, and choose well, your cherries are of some importance; but if they can be had in their own wild way of clustering about their crabbed stalk, it is a better connection for them than any other; and if they cannot, then, so that they be not bruised, it makes to a boy of a practical disposition, not much difference whether he gets them by handfuls or in beaded symmetry on the exalting stick."

In philosophy and literature it does

not make much difference how mixed up the matter is, and how hap-hazard the arrangement. But when Mr. Ruskin enters the sphere of art he legislates very differently. The noblest pictures "are always orderly, always one, ruled by one great purpose throughout, in the fulfillment of which every atom of the detail is called to help, and would be missed if removed; this peculiar oneness being the result, not of obedience to any teachable law, *but of the magnificence of the tone in the perfect mind*, which accepts only what is good for its great purposes, rejects whatever is foreign or redundant, and instinctively and instantaneously ranges whatever it accepts in sublime subordination and helpful brotherhood."

The reader was informed in our first article, and accordingly it is hardly necessary to remind him, that although so ardent a devotee to nature, Ruskin is still a firm believer in the supernatural. In this respect he bears a remarkable resemblance to Swedenborg. Like the mystic, he sees everywhere in nature tokens of the divine; and like the mystic too, but at the same time like Baxter or St. Augustine, he writes as follows: "It's (the imagination's) first and noblest use is, to enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state, or as invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us, that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in heaven and earth, and see them as if they were now present, the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of heaven, and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with forever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of angels beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round; *but above all*, to call up the scenes and facts in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer."

"But there is one true form of religious art nevertheless, in the pictures of the passionate ideal which represents imaginary beings of another world. Since it is evidently right that we should try to imagine the glories of the next world, and as this imagination must be in each separate mind, more or less different, and



unconfined by any laws of material fact, the passionate ideal has not only full scope here, but it becomes our duty to urge its powers to its utmost, so that every condition of beautiful form and color may be employed to invest these scenes with greater delightfulness, (the whole being, of course, received as an assertion of possibility, not of absolute fact.) All the paradises imagined by the religious painters—the choirs of glorified saints, angels, and spiritual powers, when painted with full belief in this possibility of their existence, are true ideals, and so far from our having dwelt on these too much, I believe, rather, we have not trusted them enough, nor accepted them enough, as possible statements of most precious truth. Nothing but unmixed good can accrue to any mind from the contemplation of Orcagna's Last Judgment, or his triumph of death, of Angelico's Last Judgment and Paradise, or any of the scenes laid in heaven by other faithful religious masters; and the more they are considered, not as works of art, but as real visions of real things, more or less imperfectly set down, the more good will be got by dwelling upon them. The same is true of all representations of Christ as a living presence among us now, as in 'Hunt's Light of the World.'"

Ruskin, further might make a show of defense against either a false spiritualism, on the one hand, and a false naturalism on the other. He could say "in all my criticism of religious art I recognize the union of the natural and the supernatural in the presence of the new order of existence which by divine grace has been brought to pass in the world. I recognize the reality and the power of a humanity sanctified by being livingly united with the second person of the adorable Trinity. I see what the greatest of all poets is, namely Dante, what the old religious painters, sculptors, and architects of Italy have done, in the way of entering into nature with the power of a higher life and grace, and without doing violence to the laws of nature, so transform its objects, that they may accomplish their real original design, and find themselves at home, in a more exalted sphere."

But defend himself as he may, Ruskin's ruling error is his one-sided natu-

ralism. This tendency prevails so decidedly that intelligent critics in his own country have not hesitated to assert that he cannot be sincere in many of his professions of admiration for other schools of art. One fact, certainly, cannot be gotten over. He writes his series of volumes on Modern Painters to prove that Turner is the only man who knew how to paint nature. His pre-eminence consists in the same feature which constitutes Scott's supremacy as a poet. He represents nature just as it is. He exhibits her with all scientific accuracy and with the utmost carefulness, fidelity and minuteness of detail. Botany, geology, meteorology are learnedly attended to. "Every quarter of an inch in Turner's drawings will bear magnifying in the same way; much of the finer work in them can hardly be traced, except by the keenest sight, until it is magnified. In his painting of Ivy Bridge, the veins are drawn on the wings of a butterfly, not above three lines in diameter; and in one of his smallest drawings of Scarborough, in my own possession, the muscle shells on the beach are rounded, and some shown as shut, some are open, though none are as large as one of the letters of this type."

With a position so strongly emphasized, Ruskin's introduction of the spiritualistic into art is with difficulty to be reconciled. When he asserts that "great art is produced by men who feel acutely and nobly, and is in some sort an expression of this personal feeling," he agrees with the idealistic school; and if logically adhered to it would require of him all that they demand. Accordingly what he says of the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds, who is a much more reliable æsthetical authority than Ruskin, is applicable to himself, viz: that he has involved himself in a crowd of theories, whose issue he had not foreseen, and committed himself to conclusions which he never intended;" further "that there is an instinctive consciousness in his own mind of the difference between high and low art; but he is utterly incapable of explaining it, and every effort which he makes to do so involves him in an unexpected fallacy and absurdity."

The more we investigate the subject, the more thoroughly do we become convinced that Ruskin is indebted for many



of the best things he has, to those German metaphysicians, whom he despises; and that he has obtained them through Carlyle, Coleridge, and others, who were at home in German philosophy. If he had studied them to the same advantage as Emerson has done, in view of his high artistic talent, and vast research, in view further of his facility, attractiveness and force of expression, together with his earnest and childlike Christian faith, he might have furnished the world with the most perfect system of æsthetics which yet has appeared.

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### Light and Shade.

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There comes a time to every life,  
When, heart-sick, weary of the strife,  
And toil of living,  
We fain would lay us down to rest,  
And feel that we indeed are blest,  
Hands folded o'er the troubled breast,  
And God forgiving  
Our sins, and errors of this life,  
Which we are living.

But life is not all dull and gray,  
For after midnight comes the ray  
Of early morning;  
And after darkest nights of pain  
Our eyes behold the day again,  
As rainbows follow after rain,  
The sky adorning  
With hues which chase away the gray  
Of early morning.

And know, our Father sends the light,  
And, too, He also sends the night,  
His wisdom proving;  
For darkness makes the day more fair,  
The fiercest lightning clears the air:  
And we, when thinking of this, dare  
Not doubt His loving;  
Nor that He sends both day and night,  
His wisdom proving.

*Canadian Independent.*

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### Try Again.

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Robert Gray had been writing at the parlor table, and his father sat in an easy-chair, reading a new book.

"I may just as well give it up at once," said Robert, pushing aside his pen and paper, and seating himself on a low stool: "I never can write this exercise."

"Never can write this exercise," echoed his father, in such a sad tone that Robert could not help laughing.—  
"How many times have you tried?"

"Just once, father."

"Robert," said his father, "I have been reading the life of a man who wrote more than a dozen volumes, though he was nearly blind, and sometimes took the trouble of re-writing a passage sixteen times before he thought it good enough to print."

"What was his name, father?"

"William Hickling Prescott. Would you like to hear something about him?"

"Very much, indeed," replied Robert, hoping to exchange the disagreeable exercise for a story. But his father was not going to reward idleness.

"Then, if you want the story, my boy, you must first finish your exercise, and when I see that it is well done, you shall hear about what I have been reading."

Half an hour of hard work accomplished what Robert had just said could never be done. Just then his two brothers came in from play, and Mr. Gray laid aside his book and began this true story:

"William H. Prescott was born at Salem, New England, in 1796. His father was a lawyer. A bright, merry little boy William was, with an inquisitive mind and a good memory. Like most other children, he loved play far more than lessons. Not rough, noisy play, for he was not very strong; but quiet games, and, above all, story-books, or making long stories himself for the amusement of his companions. His father removed to Boston when William was twelve years old, and in three years more he entered Harvard College. One day, when he was leaving the dinner room in the College, a lad accidentally struck him in the left eye with a piece of hard bread. There was no external injury, but the sight was gone forever.—We are not told that the young man who inflicted this sad blow ever came to say how sorry he was; but, notwithstanding, Prescott forgave him heartily, and never even mentioned his name unkindly.

For a short time Prescott continued his studies, but the strain on one eye was too severe, and bad inflammation set in. For many months he sat patiently in a dark room, cheerfully bearing his sufferings, and very thankful to any one who would kindly read aloud to



him. By degrees his eye so far recovered that he could venture into the open air; but he never again was able to use it much in reading or writing. The doctors thought traveling might benefit his health; and as he had relations living in the Azores, he went there for some months, and afterwards visited London, Paris, and Italy. On his return to America he decided not to become a lawyer, the profession he had been intended for before the injury to his eye. But as he found that real honest industry of some kind is necessary to happiness, he determined to begin study in earnest and try to write useful books. Much time had been lost on account of his temporary blindness. He was not ashamed, however, to learn simple things over again. So a great many hours every day were spent in reading and writing, and like most hard workers, he was an early riser, not however, from taste, but from duty."

"Father, may I ask you one question?" interrupted Robert.

"Surely, my son."

"How could Prescott read and write so much when he was nearly blind?"

"He always employed a man to read to him a certain number of hours, and by-and-by his own wife and children were delighted to be able to minister to his pleasure in the same way. Sometimes he read to himself for a few minutes at a time. I was going to tell you how he managed to write. A writing case has been invented for the blind. It is called a noctograph; which means, to write at night. When closed, it looks like a great book, and, on being opened, several brass wires are seen stretched from side to side. Under these wires a black sheet of paper is placed, and beneath that a white one. The blind writer does not require to use ink, but guided by the horizontal lines, he makes the necessary letters on a black paper with a sharp-pointed little instrument called a style, and the impressions go through to the white sheet, leaving marks like those of a lead pencil. This writing case was a great comfort to Prescott, and when he had written some sheets his secretary copied them out in a fair round hand.

Just think what difficulties this blind historian had to overcome. After lis-

tening to hundreds of books, he had to think a great deal about what he had heard, and then compose in his mind the history he was going to write.—All this took him a long time. He tried to do everything as well as possible, and spared no pains in making books truthful and interesting. In many cases he went over his subject five or six times; in one, at least, sixteen. He spent ten years in writing his first great work, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and even after it was finished he hesitated about publishing it. But from this time it appeared honors of all sorts poured on him. Great men in Europe and America wrote to congratulate the blind author, and encouraged him to begin another book.

After six years more he published a history of the conquest of Mexico, and a year later commenced to write "The History of Peru." Failing health, however, warned him that rest was needed, and he was induced to take a second voyage to England.

Very little rest was given to the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," for, from the moment of his arrival on English ground, the great people of the land vied with each other in showing him hospitality. He was presented at the court of Queen Victoria, and had the honor of dining in her company. The late earl of Carlisle was one of Prescott's warmest and strongest friends. But all this kindness did not make him proud. He was the same simple man he had ever been, the same true friend, the same loving son to his aged mother. Indeed, as men praised him he seemed to grow more humble and conscious of his own failings. He kept a private record of his faults, with the hope of being able, by the help of God, to overcome them. Every Sabbath he read over this private note book, and after his death it was found with these words on the outside: "to be burned." This order was obeyed. When he returned from England, he continued writing a new work he had begun, and although increasing weakness prevented him from doing as much as in former years, he labored on at his usual employments until January 27th, 1859, when he died almost suddenly, leaving behind him a grand lesson on the power of patient perseverance.



Now recollect, Robert, that whenever you are trying to do anything really worth doing, you must not give up until you have tried at least sixteen times, remembering the words of the wise man, 'The hand of the diligent shall bear rule: but the slothful shall be under tribute.' "

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### Public Poisoners.

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To the comparatively decorous dramatists and romance writers of France, in his day, Nicole gave the title of "Public Poisoners." How much more deserving of the name are multitudes of the books and papers that are scattered broad-cast, especially among the young, at the present day!

And the importance of this subject grows upon us, when we remember the power of early impressions, and the immense influence of a popular book on the great mass of the people. To the "Eikon Basilike," the forgery of Bishop Gauden, is ascribed the beheading of Charles I., and that counterfeit manual of devotion is believed by many to have done much in bringing back the house of Stuart to the English throne. And the merry ballad of "Lil-libullero," now forgotten, but then sung everywhere, by the masses of the people, and through the army, is said to have rhymed the Stuarts out of their kingdom; so that a forged prayer-book aided to restore a dynasty, as the ragged rhymes of a street-song helped to overturn it.

The pernicious literature of the day may not act as extensively, or show its results so palpably, as in the cases alluded to, but still it is ever at its ruinous work. But lately, two young boys, both under fourteen years of age, attempted to rob a man on the highway. They were armed with pistols and bowie-knives, and had been so fascinated by the story of a highwayman's life, in a widely-circulated weekly, that they had resolved to live as highwaymen, when they were arrested and lodged in prison, to suffer the punishment of the crime for which they were probably less guilty than the miserable wretches who wrote and published the story that led them to their foolish and wicked undertaking.

"Public poisoners" indeed, children poisoners and family poisoners are all such abominable papers, which parents and guardians and friends should shun and watch against as they would against the most insidious and deadly poison.

And one of the best of all ways to counteract, by anticipating the evil, is to seek good books for the young, and to encourage their perusal. "Fill the bushel with wheat, and you may defy the devil to fill it with tares." And while the Tract Society is sending forth its thousands and tens of thousands of publications of deep interest and sterling value, can parents, and all who have influence, do a greater service to the young, and so to the community, than to spread a knowledge of these works, and lead others to purchase and read them?

And as a further step in the same direction, let those who can afford it give away good books. A distinguished citizen of New Jersey, by a legacy left, has furnished thousands of volumes to ministerial and church libraries. An excellent Baptist gentleman left by will five thousand dollars for a similar purpose, to which his widow added five thousand more. A living gentleman of New York has given over a thousand copies of President Edwards' admirable work on "Christian Love," to as many theological students of all denominations. And another could be named, who has given tens of thousands of dollars in circulating good books of various kinds, in every channel where he thought they might do good.

One of Baxter's rules for doing good was, "Give away good books." And to those who prize the many excellent issues of the American Tract Society, we would say, "Circulate these books; make them known; give them away if you can afford it; if you cannot, lend them. But in any and every suitable way, send abroad good books; encourage a taste for them, and so keep out the "Public Poisoners." *Am. Messenger.*

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The fact that no death-bed has witnessed a repentance for a Christian life, no regrets over time wasted in the pursuit of a deceptive phantom, seems the strongest of motives for a reasonable man's faith in Christ.



## The Sunday-School Department.

WE have a little orphan boy at our Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa. His name is Harry. He has neither father nor mother, and is scarcely six years old. He has black eyes, and is well-behaved. During a late thunder storm, he nestled trustfully in the arms of his teacher, his black eyes looking very thoughtful. At length he said: "Miss Y., do you think God knows that I am thinking of Him?" "Why, yes, Harry, God knows you are thinking of Him." And then the little fellow went on thinking of God, and feeling sure that the lightning would not strike him. At another time he told his teacher that "God had a bell, and whenever He would ring it he would go to Him. And that Satan had a bell, too; but when he would ring his bell, Harry would say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'" So little Samuel went to God three times when His bell rang. And our Saviour ordered Satan to get behind Him in the words which this little boy uses. Could not children of larger growth learn a lesson from Harry?

PALATINATE College at Myerstown, Pa., has a model school for children connected with its course of study. In this the little folks receive bodily, mental and spiritual training. At its late commencement, a half a day was given to a public entertainment by these little students. A very large audience greeted them. Thirty-five little boys and girls, whose ages ranged from six to ten years, gave a delightful exhibition of what they had learned. Certain we are that no regiment of the best drilled soldiers could have done better than they. Marchings and counter-marchings on the stage in single and double file; now forming an S., then an S. within an S.; then a semi-circle; evolving one figure out of the other without an audible word of command, and every step strictly taken to the time and tune on the piano.

Their perfect drill in muscular exercise was marvellous. It is a great blessing to give little children timely bodily training suited to their strength and years. These little Myerstowners move their limbs with a grace and agility that is astonishing. Until a recent date, physical culture had no place in our educational systems. Schools treated their scholars as bodyless beings. The human body is "fearfully and wonderfully made," and well deserves the most careful development and training.

Their little speeches, too, were very entertaining and telling. Children are themselves—perfectly natural. They are free from artificial flaws and flights of oratory; have not the declamatory stiff delivery of the schools. Ignorant of the elocutionary rules of the text books, they are models of correct elocution. Sissie Hoover, a little six year old lassie, articulated beautifully, bringing out the consonant sounds with a pleasing distinctness. Sissie Mosser possesses a sweetness, control and compass of voice, which for a child singer, is a marvel. Louisa Reily, daughter of Prof. Reily, one of the larger children, led off in the pleasing entertainment with queenly grace. At the piano and over a juvenile sewing-circle she presided with equal ease. In the latter she gave a cutting burlesque of older people, who, with their silly airs and empty gabbling, make geese of themselves. Beautiful was their farewell song to the tune of Sweet Home. Encourage good Christian schools, and train the children to graceful, healthful action of the body, and to a natural, normal, and unaffected use of their mental and spiritual powers.

### A Child Saved.

Some years ago a Pacific steamer took fire. The burning vessel was headed for the shore, which was not far



distant. The only thought of the passengers was self-preservation. One man who was returning home from California with a treasure of gold, the result of years of toil and sacrifice, had just buckled his belt containing his gold around him, and was preparing to leap into the water and swim to the shore when he was addressed by a little girl: "Sir, can you swim?" said she. "Yes, my child," responded the man. "And won't you please, sir, save me?" The request sent a thrill to his heart. He knew he could not save the child and his gold too. One or both must be lost. It was a question to be decided in a moment. A question which involved the saving of a life or the loss of the *savings of his life*. It was an instantaneous but mighty struggle. Yet manhood, humanity conquered. He unbuckled his belt. He cast his gold aside. He took the child in his arms and plunged into the water. A child was saved, but the gold was lost.

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### "I Wished He Had Lived."

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The other day when a burly big driver of a coal-cart backed his vehicle up to the alley gate of the old house in Detroit to dump out half a ton of coal, some children came out of the side door, and the driver beckoned them near and said:

"Last time I was here one of the wheels crushed a bit of a dog belonging to one of you. I heard a great crying out, but I can't be stopping to look out for dogs on the street."

The children made no reply, but as they watched him unload the cart they wondered if he had little children of his own and if he ever spoke kindly to them. He may have felt the burden of their thoughts, for suddenly he looked up and said:

"Well, I own I'm a bit sorry, and being as I knew I was coming up I brought along an orange to give to the child who owned the dog. Which of you is it?"

"The dog belonged to little lame Billy in that house there," answered a girl. "It was all the dog he ever had, and when you killed it he cried himself

almost to death. He didn't never have any plaything but that little dog."

"And you will take him this orange?"

"I can't, sir, 'cos he's dead, and they're coming to take him to the grave-yard pretty soon."

The driver looked up and down, seemed to ponder the matter, and then he crossed to the other house. The little coffin and its burden were in the front room, and two or three old women were wiping away their tears and talking in low tones. The driver put his hand on the closed coffin and said:

"I didn't know it was his dog—I didn't know he was lame and sick. God forgive me if I made sorrow for him!"

The vehicle sent to convey the body to the cemetery drove up at that moment, and the burly big man continued:

"If he was alive I'd buy him anything he could ask. I can do nothing now but carry him softly out."

He gently took up the coffin in his stout arms and carried it out, his eyes moist and his lips quivering, and when he had placed it in the vehicle he looked up at the driver in a beseeching way, and whispered: "Drive slow, drive slow. He was a poor lame boy!"

The driver wondered; but he moved away slowly, and the coal-cart man stood in the centre of the street and anxiously watched till he was off the cobble-stones. Then as he turned to his own vehicle he said:

"I didn't mean to, but I wished he had lived to forgive me."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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MR. SPURGEON, in walking a little way out of London to preach, chanced to get his pantaloons quite muddy. A good deacon met him at the door and desired to get a brush and take off some of the mud. "Oh, no," said Mr. S. "don't you see it is wet, and if you try to brush it now, you will rub the stain into the cloth? Let it dry, when it will come off easy enough and *leave no mark*." So, when men speak evil of us falsely—throw mud at us—don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. Too great eagerness to rub it off is apt to rub it in. Let it dry; by and by, if need be, a little effort will remove it.



# SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

AUGUST 3.

LESSON XXXI.

1879.

*Eighth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis vi. 1-8.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE WICKEDNESS OF THE WORLD.

1. And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them,

2. That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they *were* fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.

3. And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also *is* flesh: yet his days shall be a hundred and twenty years.

4. There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare *children* to them, the same *became* mighty men which *were* of old, men of renown.

5. ¶ And God saw that the wickedness of man *was* great in the earth, and *that* every imagination of the thoughts of his heart *was* only evil continually.

6. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.

7. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

8. But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.

## QUESTIONS.

How did the human race divide itself already in the family of Adam? Into two branches. Who became the heads of these lines? *Seth* and *Cain*. How were their descendants distinguished? As *sons of God* and *sons of men*. Why was this distinction made? Because of the faith and worship of the one's posterity, and the unbelief and wickedness of the other's. How did the two lines gradually unite? By association and intermarriage. What resulted from this union? A general depravity.

VERSE 1. Did the inhabitants of the earth greatly increase in the course of time? How came the race to increase so greatly? By early and promiscuous marriages.

2. Who were the *sons of God*? The posterity of *Seth*. Of what line were the *daughters of men*? Of *Cain's*. Did these intermarry? What did these unequal unions produce? Misery and sin.

3. What did God's Spirit do? Through whom did He strive against the great wickedness of man? Through His preachers of righteousness, *Enoch*, *Methuselah*, *Lamech* and *Noah*. What time of respite did God grant, now?

4. What does the word *giants* signify? Earth-born men. To what does this name refer? To their brutal, animal nature, rather than to their bodily stature. With whom did these intermarry? With the offspring of those, *which of old were men of renown*, or of marked

piety. For what did such a posterity become famous? Mighty deeds of wickedness.

5. Did God mark the progress of wickedness? Could He see into the *imaginings of the thoughts of his heart*? How were these found to be? *Evil—only—continually*.

6. How did the knowledge affect the Lord? How is God spoken of here? As a man. What other strong figurative expression is here used? Of what scene does this remind you in the life of Christ? (Luke xix. 41).

7. What did God resolve on now? Had the world continued, what would have resulted? A still deeper depth of sin and misery. Was it of mercy or of wrath that the world was ended, then? Of mercy. Do men and nations still end, when their hope of reformation is gone? Verily.

8. Who found favor of God? Why? v. 9. How is his character contrasted with the race at large? Verses 11-13.

What practical lessons may we learn from this section? 1. That so great a longevity did not tend to produce a high state of civilization. 2. That evil associations corrupt good manners and morals. 3. That the destruction of the old world was not wholly a work of wrath. 4. That a grand life and holy character may be maintained amid evil surroundings. 5. That a sowing of wickedness will end in a harvest of destruction, (Psalm xcii. 9).

## CATECHISM.

XXXI. *Lord's Day.*

83. What are the keys of the kingdom of heaven?

The preaching of the holy gospel, and Christian discipline, or the excommunication out of

the Christian Church: by these two, the kingdom of heaven is opened to believers, and shut against unbelievers.



NOTES.—The human race divided into two lines already in the family of Adam. Cain was the head of one; Seth of the other. Their descendants constituted two opposite classes, who were distinguished as *sons of men* and *sons of God*. The former neglected religion and the worship of God, after the system of revelation that had been instituted at that day; became secular, worldly-minded and profane. The latter cherished faith and maintained the ordinances of religion for several generations. They differed from one another, just as Christians and unbelievers do now. Gradually, however, the two orders associated together, intermarried, and became one in spirit and character. Only a few preserved themselves from the masses, such as Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, and Noah, through whom God declared His anger and judgment. The *seed* of righteousness was always preserved.

From this fact we learn that the longevity of man did not tend to the good of the world and mankind, but rather to their degeneration; on which account the average age of men was shortened, after the flood.

VERSE 1.—*And it came to pass.* In the course of time, *men began to multiply*, or became very numerous, both because of their long lives, as well as in consequence of their early and promiscuous marriages.

VERSE 2.—*The sons of God.* These were the posterity of Seth. *Daughters of men.* These were the descendants of Cain. *Took them wives.* Here we are told that the two branches of the race intermarried, regardless of ancestry or character. From such unions a very godless offspring came. In this way the wickedness of the race increased quite rapidly. Unequal marriages are generally productive of misery and sin.

VERSE 3.—*My Spirit shall not always strive.* God's Spirit cried aloud through the patriarchs, who were His preachers of righteousness. But the masses wilfully resisted and grieved Him. Finally a respite of *one hundred and twenty years* was given. This was one more, and the last, day of grace. If they repented, well; if not the flood was to set in and destroy mankind. This number

of years is a product of 40x3—two sacred numbers.

VERSE 4.—*There were giants on the earth.* The word *giants* means *earth-born men*. It refers not so much to their great bodily statures, as to their brutal, *animal* nature. With these the offspring of such, *which of old were men of renown*—that is, men of marked piety—associated and intermarried, and produced a race *mighty* in deeds of wickedness. See what evil company does!

VERSE 5.—*God saw that the wickedness of man was great*, and ever growing greater. With rapid strides the human family became fleshly, sensual, devilish. *The imagination of the thoughts of his heart.* This phrase signifies the heart, mind, and spirit of man. Man's interior was *evil*. It was *only* evil. It was evil *continually*. There was a complete reign of corruption and pollution in men and society.

VERSE 6.—*It repented the Lord that He had made man.* God is now represented as a man, with like feelings and thoughts. It is a figurative way of saying, how desperately deplorable the condition of the world was. As its state would affect a good and righteous man, so was God affected. *It grieved Him at His heart.* This reminds one of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. (Luke xix. 41.)

VERSE 7.—*I will destroy man, &c.* Now all hope of reformation was gone. The only remedy for such a nation or world is its destruction. A longer reign of sin would only increase the empire of misery. Satan could only enjoy a still greater jubilee, from age to age, unless the end set in. Thus God suffers desperately wicked men to perish. Thus God suffers miserable nations to die out, even yet. The Jewish people are a striking example—and many others, that live only in history, were suffered to perish from the earth. And whilst such examples are proofs of God's hatred against sin, they afford us some evidence of God's mercy too, since a continuance in such a state of licentiousness always multiplies distress and misery.

VERSE 8.—*But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.* Why, he? He was a just man. He did well to others, no matter what they did towards him.



He was *perfect in his generation*. He practiced the principles of truth and love. He *walked with God*. He followed the example of his great-grandfather Enoch, and obeyed God's commandments, (verse 9.) See how he contrasted with the surrounding world in verses, 11-13. He must have been a strong character—a hero.

**PRACTICAL REMARKS.**—We learn that longevity did not tend to produce an elevated grade of civilization. That association with the wicked will corrupt the morals and manners of the betters, is, likewise, plainly shown. We see too, that the destruction of the old world was brought about, more from mercy on the part of God, than from wrath. The noble example of Noah, in the midst of such evil surroundings, teaches us, finally, that it is possible to resist temptations and lead a holy life. Let us, then, follow in the footsteps of the wise and good, that we may escape the destruction which awaits the godless, sooner or later. "For lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered." (Psalm xcii. 9.)

### Think Again.

Queen Victoria was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power, with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning, the young queen was waited on at her palace of Windsor by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial, pronounced against a soldier of the line—that he be shot dead! The queen looked upon the paper, and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view.

"What has this man done?" she asked.

The duke looked at the paper, and replied, "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible. He has deserted three times."

"And can you not say something in his behalf, my lord?"

Wellington shook his head.

"Oh, think again, I pray you!"

Seeing that her majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave, gallant, and really a good soldier.

"But," he added, "think of the influence?" "Influence" Victoria, cried her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion, "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case: and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier you said. Oh, I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good word saved him."

Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word—"Pardoned!"

The duke was fond of telling the story, and he was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.

**A CHILD'S REPROOF.**—An army officer, on returning home from camp life, went to visit a relative, and, like some who imitate their associates, he indulged in profane language. A little girl walked out with him to his horse, and as he was talking to her in great glee she gently said, "I don't like to hear my cousin swear." He replied, "I know my dear, it is wrong." In the same mild tone she rejoined, "Well, then, if you know that it is wrong why do you do it?" The captain confessed to a friend, on relating the story, that he never felt a reproof so much as the one given by that little girl.

A good Quaker, eighty-five years of age, whom no one ever heard speak a cross word, was asked by a young man how he had been able, through the trials and perplexities of a long life, to keep always so pleasant.

He replied, "Dayton, if thee never allows thy voice to rise, thee won't ever be likely to get very angry."

Let us remember this, children, and try to keep our voices "soft and low."



AUGUST 10.

LESSON XXXII.

1879.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis vi. 13 22.

THE SUBJECT.—THE BUILDING OF THE ARK.

13. And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth.

14. ¶ Make thee an ark of gopher wood: rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch.

15. And this *is the fashion* which thou shalt make it of: The length of the ark *shall be* three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits.

16. A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof: *with* lower, second, and third *stories* shalt thou make it.

17. And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life, from under

heaven; *and* every thing that *is* in the earth shall die.

18. But with thee will I establish my covenant: and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee.

19. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every *sort* shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep *them* alive with thee; they shall be male and female.

20. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind; two of every *sort* shall come unto thee, to keep *them* alive.

21. And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather *it* to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them.

22. Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he.

## QUESTIONS.

What is the subject of this Lesson? By whose direction was the Ark built? What was the world engaged in during its building? Luke xvii. 27. Need we wonder that Noah is ranked among the faithful? Heb. xi. 7.

VERSE 13. Of what *End* is here spoken? Why was the world to be destroyed now? All hope of repentance and reformation was gone, What little word tells us this? *Filled*.

4. What does the word *Ark* mean? A chest, vessel, boat. What is Gopher wood? Cedar. Did this abound in Assyria? It did. Did ancient nations use this wood for ship-building? Largely. Why? It was light and durable. Why were *rooms* within? For the distribution of animals and provision. Why was it *pitched*? To render it water-proof and protect it against wearing.

VERSE 15. What does the word *cubit* mean? Elbow. Why is this term employed? They measured from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. How long is it? 21 inches. What were the dimensions of the Ark, then? Length, 525 feet; breadth, 87 feet, 6 inches; height, 52 feet, 6 inches. What burden could it carry? 81,000, 62 tons.

16. What does the word *window* indicate? Sky-lights and ventilators. How large was it? A cubit wide, extending the length of the roof. Do we know of what material it was? No. What was put to the side of the Ark? How were the stories arranged? One above another.

17. Why was the Ark built? Was the flood universal, or only extended as far as the earth was inhabited? It is supposed to have been local.

18. What does *Covenant* mean? An agree-

ment. Who were the parties? God and Noah. What did God promise in it? To preserve Noah and his family. What did Noah promise? To obey God. Who were to enter the Ark?

19. How many creatures were to be taken in? A pair of each kind? How many pairs of *clean* animals were to be entered? Seven, Chap. vii. 2. Why more of the latter? For sacrifices, likely, after the flood. What was this distinction between animals symbolical of? Of the good and evil in God's kingdom, or Church.

20. How are these animals now specified? Birds, domestic animals, land-creatures. Were any that could survive in water taken? No.

21. How were all to live during the time of the flood? Provisions were laid up.

Do you suppose the Ark to have been large enough to hold all? Perhaps fewer *kinds* of animals existed then than now. Besides, if the flood was *local*, it was abundantly roomy for its cargo.

What is the doubting of its capacity generally an indication of? Of a doubt of the flood itself. Could God, who formed a world, and a place for every creature in it, also provide for the seed of a new creature-world in the Ark? Verily. Did Christ foretell the doubt and unbelief of our day? Luke xvii. 26. Of what does St. Peter make the Ark a symbol? 1 Pet. iii. 21. Is Christ's kingdom, then, the Ark of safety? It is. Will a mere *entering* by Baptism save us? As Noah was saved by *remaining* in the Ark, so may all men be saved in God's kingdom by continuing in its ordinances and precepts. Is the Lesson then of practical meaning to us?

1. Through Israel's coasts, in times of old,  
When Thou didst dwell with men below,  
By signs and wonders manifold  
Thou didst, O Lord, Thy glory show.

2. But not alone Thy mighty power  
Shone forth from every wondrous sign:  
Day unto day, and hour to hour,  
Spoke forth Thy love and grace divine.



NOTES.—The respite of *one hundred and twenty years*, (verse 3) was fast closing. During this period of grace Noah preached righteousness, and prepared the ark, (1 Pet. iii. 20.) He proved his faith by word and deed. Our Lord tells us what all the rest were doing in the meanwhile. The world moved on in its old wicked rut—eating and drinking, and marrying, and giving in marriage, (Luke xvii. 27.) They spoke of “Noah’s folly,” and called the old man mad. Even the workmen laughed, as they framed and hewed, and sawed and drove the pins. But as Noah was known to be an upright man, they thought they were sure of their wages, and so worked on. No wonder the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, counts Noah among the heroes of faith, (Heb. xi. 7.)

VERSE 13.—*The end of all flesh is come.* The day of grace was ending, because all hope of repentance and reformation had gone. *The earth was filled* with violence. When the cup is full, it runneth over. There had now to be a thorough washing and cleansing of man and his habitation.

VERSE 14.—*An Ark.* The word *ark* means a “chest,” “vessel,” “boat,” hollowed and arched; thereby securing room and strength. *Gopher wood.* This is supposed to be cypress wood, which was light and durable, abounding in Assyria, where Noah probably lived; and of which the older nations built their ships. *Rooms* or apartments were to be arranged for the convenient distribution of the different animals, and their food. *Pitch it without and within.* These coatings of bitumen were to render it water-tight, and protect it against wear.

VERSE 15.—*Cubits.* The word *cubit* signifies the *elbow*. They measured from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. It is generally put at 21 inches. The ark, then, measured 525 feet in length; 87 feet six inches in breadth; and 52 feet six inches in height. It was larger than any English ship-of-war, and carried *eighty-one thousand and sixty two tons*. As we read nothing of mast, sail or rudder, we may regard it as a large floating-house, with ample storage and ballasted. Mathematicians say that no better proportions

could be assigned for such a purpose to a vessel.

VERSE 16.—*A window.* This indicates a row of sky-lights and ventilators, which, probably, extended the whole length of the roof, to the breadth of a cubit. We know not of what transparent material it was made. *A door* was put to the side, and *stories* were arranged in tiers, one above another.

VERSE 17.—*A flood of waters.* A general deluge was on the eve of coming. Whether it was *universal*, or merely *local*, need not here be discussed. It certainly covered every inhabited spot. Far as man was found it rolled.

VERSE 18.—*My covenant.* An agreement was entered into by God and Noah. God promised to save Noah and his cargo from destruction; and Noah promised to build the ark in faith and obedience to God. *Thou—thy sons—thy wife—and thy sons’ wives.* These were the human inmates.

VERSE 19.—*Two of every sort—male and female.* He is to take a pair of each kind of unclean animals—that is, of such as were not allowed to be sacrificed to God. In chapter vii. verse 2, we find that of the *clean* beasts, Noah was to take *seven pairs*. It may be, that these were needed, after the flood, for sacrifices. The *clean* and the unclean animals in the ark, were symbolic of the good and bad in the church or kingdom of God.

VERSE 20.—*Fowls—cattle—creeping things of the earth.* This command embraced birds, domestic animals, and land creatures. All that could survive in water are excluded.

VERSE 21.—*Food.* He is to provide for the wants of all—stores of every kind of needed food were to be laid up.

VERSE 22.—Noah was obedient. Much is said of the impossibility of housing all these creatures and their provision. We will merely say, that if the deluge extended but as far as mankind, then, there was ample room for all. Besides, we need not think of all the many *varieties* of creature-life which now exist, as these multiply over and over. The several *kinds*, or parent-orders were then on the earth, and for all these, the huge vessel had room, as well as for their food. It were indeed strange, if God, who made the



world and all that is therein, could not now construct a vessel of sufficient size to hold the *seed* of a new race of beings. As well say, that the kingdom of God is too narrow to hold all souls; or Heaven, indeed. The fact is, all who doubt the capacity of the ark, doubt the deluge itself. And this is precisely as our Lord foretold: "And as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man," (Luke xvii. 26.) It is well for such to ask themselves the question:—Where might I have found myself in the days of Noah—within or without the ark? And this is a question very pertinent, if God's kingdom is pictured by the ark, according to the striking language of St. Peter, (1 Epist. iii. 21.) Certainly the apostle does not mean that the mere submission to water-baptism will place any soul in a saving relation to God, as little as the mere entering into the ark saved a Noah and his family. It was the *remaining* in that preserved him and his from universal destruction without. So too may all men secure *the putting away the filth of the flesh*, and besides this, *the answer of a good conscience towards God*: that is, remission of sins and regeneration by the Holy Spirit, by *continuing* within the realm of divine grace. May the lesson of the flood not be lost on us.

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### A Calling in Life.

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Not long ago, in an assembly where were present a number of women, wives of professional men, the choice of professions for boys came up for discussion.

"Don't let one of your sons be an artist," said one lady; "artists have such a long, hard struggle with poverty, with obscurity, with rivalries of all sorts, before they attain anything that can be called success." "By no means let your son be a lawyer," said another lady; "at the very outset he has five years of starvation to go through, and that is a mere preliminary. Look at the leaders of the bar; every man of them is gray-haired and has grown children. Think of the cords of legal saw-dust they have eaten and must con-

tinue to eat as long as they practice law." "I don't think any young man would choose the profession of medicine," said a doctor's wife, "if he knew all he has to go through before he attains any position worth having. Day and night he must be on call, his time is never his own, and only by intense and long-protracted study can he hope to attain eminence; then the profession is so crowded. Let him be a merchant, a minister, a civil engineer, anything but a physician." "Not a merchant, surely," said a lady in velvet; "he must begin at the lowest round of the ladder, promotion is tardy, and failure may come at any time." "Not a civil engineer," interposed another; "hundreds of engineers are out of employment, and every year hundreds more are graduated from our colleges." "If a young man is called of God to the ministry," said a minister's wife, "by all means encourage him to heed the call. The life is one of incessant struggle, but of incessant reward as well; it is a life of poverty, of self-denial, of devotion to others; but are not all noble lives lives of struggle and self-denial and devotion to others, and is any life fully crowned before its close?" Let those who aspire to success in the literary life ponder well this golden sentence from Prof. Matthews in an essay entitled "A Peep into literary Workshops:" "The veins of golden thought do not lie upon the surface of the mind; time and patience are required to work the shafts, and to get the glittering ore. The compositions whose subtle grace has a perennial charm—which we sip, like old wine, sentence by sentence and phrase by phrase, till their delicate aroma and exquisite flavor diffuse themselves through every cell of the brain—are wrought out, not under 'high pressure,' but quietly, slowly, leisurely, in the dreamy but caressing atmosphere of fancy. They are the mellow vintage of a ripe but unforced imagination. Half the failures that occur in literature are due, as they are due in art, in business, in every kind of pursuit, to self-conceit in the aspirant, leading him to despise labor, and to fancy that his slightest effort is sufficient to win success." "He that believeth shall not make haste."—*Tribune*.



AUGUST 17.

LESSON XXXIII.

1879.

*Tenth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis vii. 7-17.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE FLOOD.

7. ¶ And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood.

8. Of clean beasts, and of beasts that *are* not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that creepeth upon the earth,

9. There went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female, as God had commanded Noah.

10. And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth.

11. ¶ In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

12. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

13. In the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark :

14. They, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort.

15. And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein is the breath of life.

16. And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him : and the Lord shut him in.

17. And the flood was forty days upon the earth ; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth.

## QUESTIONS.

What other name have we for the Flood? The Deluge. In what year of the world did the Deluge occur? 1657. How many years before the Christian era? 2348. How old was Noah then? How long did he remain in the Ark? One year.

VERSE 7. How did Noah know when to enter the Ark? verse 1. On what day of the week was this information, probably, given? From the frequent occurring of the phrase—*after seven days*—we think revelations occurred on the *Sabbath*, (vs. 7, 10; 8, 10, 12).

8. Where may we learn the distinction between *clean* and *unclean* beasts? Leviticus, Chap. xi.

9. In what order did the animals come? Where do we read of a similar procession? Gen. ii. 19-20. Could the Creator make them thus obedient by an instinct, do you think? But did not their savage natures cause them to devour each other? Their ferocity was suspended.

10. How long a pause is now indicated? Was this another trial to Noah's faith? Indeed.

11. Why are year, month and day so exactly given? To teach us that the Flood was a fact—not a fable. In what part of the year did this "*second month*" come? October and November. From what two sources did the waters come? What does the former expres-

sion mean? The sinking of the earth and rushing in of the Persian Gulf. What does the latter saying mean? The breaking of the clouds.

12. How long did it rain? Are the "forty days" a sacred season now? Deut. ix. 9-14; 1 Kings xix. 8; Matt. iv. 2; Jonah iii. 3; Gen. vi. 3—three times 40 years. Is this season still observed? In Lent.

13-16. Why is this exact record repeated now? To afford us an accurate ship-roll, as it were. Do we sometimes witness such a movement of animals towards a shelter? At night-fall, and on the eve of a storm. What does the phrase—*And the Lord shut him in*—mean to say? God's special care and protection over Noah.

17-24. What is said now about the increase of the waters? They *prevailed greatly—exceedingly, etc.* How high did the flood rise? Fifteen cubits. How many *feet*? About 25. How long was this increase, all told? 190 days, (compare verses 12 and 24). What great truths does the Lesson on the Flood teach us? 1. The wages of sin, to man, the nations, and the world. 2. The folly of slighting God's warnings. (2 Pet. ii. 4-9). 3. The calm faith of Noah, (Psalm xli. 1-3). 4. The safety of the righteous man, (Ps. xxxvii. 37).

## CATECHISM.

XXXIII. *Lord's Day.*

88. In how many parts doth the true conversion of man consist?

In two parts; in the mortification of the old, and in the quickening of the new man.

89. What is the mortification of the old man?

It is a sincere sorrow of heart, that we have

provoked God by our sins; and more and more to hate and flee from them.

90. What is the quickening of the new man?

It is a sincere joy of the heart in God, through Christ, and with love and delight to live according to the will of God in all good works.



NOTES.—The ark was finished, and the flood came in the year *one thousand six hundred and fifty-seven* from the creation, or 2348 before the Christian era. Noah was 600 years old when he entered the ark and remained in it one entire year.

VERSE 7.—*And Noah went in, &c.* The precise time for entering was given him of God, (verse 1.) This information was proclaimed on the *Sabbath*, doubtless, as we may infer from the frequent expression occurring in this narrative—“*yet seven days*”—(verses 4, 10; chapter viii. verses 10, 12.)

VERSE 8.—*Of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean.* The animals to be eaten or to be used in sacrifice, were considered *clean*; all others were reckoned *unclean*. See chapter xi. Leviticus.

VERSE 9.—*There went in two and two.* He who in the morning of creation led them before Adam, that he might name them, now brings them before Noah. By His power too, their natural savage natures were calmed, so that the lion did not devour the lamb, nor the wolf the kid, (Is. xi. 6-9.)

VERSE 10.—*After seven days.* A solemn pause now occurs, before the great destruction set in. This was a trial to Noah's faith. But he believed God.

VERSE 11.—*In the six-hundredth year and in the second month, the seventeenth day.* These dates are so exactly given to show us that the flood was a fact in the history of the world, and by no means a fable or story. Their “second month” corresponds to a part of our October and November. *The fountains of the great deep.* The earth may have sunk underwards and the waters of the Persian Gulf rushed in upon and over the valley of the Euphrates. *The windows of heaven* The clouds broke open. From these two directions the volume of water congregated.

VERSE 12.—*Forty days and forty nights.* This is a famous period ever since. Moses fasted forty days, Deut. ix. 9-11. So did Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 8. So did our Lord, Math. iv. 2. Forty days were given to the Ninevites to repent, Jonah iii. 3. Three times forty years were given for the world to repent, chapter vi. 3. The forty days

of Lent are still preserved and observed.

VERSES 13-16.—As if an exact and reliable ship-roll were to be made, a complete list of the ark's living freight is here recorded for us. The record is vivid, but simple. As by one impulse beast and bird moved towards this ark of refuge, even as we see to-day domestic animals and fowls seek a shelter on the eve of night or of a storm. Tell me how the latter phenomena occur, and I will not need to tell how the former came to pass.

*And the Lord shut him in.* This is to teach us that God took him and his cargo under His immediate care and especial protection. And how powerful and impressive this short saying is!

VERSES 17-24.—*Forty days.* During this time the fountains of the great deep were breaking, and the rain descended. *And the waters prevailed \* \* increased greatly \* \* prevailed exceedingly \* \* and all the high hills were covered.* *Fifteen cubits upwards*—over twenty-five feet deep. The whole valley was a sea, from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could gaze. At last nothing was seen but water, and nothing heard but water—and Noah's ark.

The waters of the flood increased for a period of 190 days (40 + 150, comparing verses 12 and 24.) Then utter desolation reigned over the earth. It reminds one of the *chaos* before creation. And yet no new creation was needed subsequently, for the Lord had sealed up the seed of the world in the ark.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—1. “The wages of sin is death” to man, the nations, and the world. On narrower theatres such a final wreck has been witnessed a thousand times. 2. The folly of withstanding God's warning voice. Read St. Peter's words (2 Epist. ii. 4-9.) 3. The calm faith of the good old patriarch shines out like a sun in the mid-night of unbelief. David must have thought of Noah when he wrote his 46th Psalm, (verses 1-3.)

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As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses (as the Roman Emperor Nero did) with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.



AUGUST 24.

LESSON XXXIV.

1879.

*Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. Genesis viii. 6-12.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

6. ¶ And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made:

7. And he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth.

8. Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground.

9. But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark; for the waters *were* on the face of the

whole earth. Then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark.

10. And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark.

11. And the dove came in to him in the evening, and lo, in her mouth *was* an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.

12. And he stayed yet other seven days, and sent forth the dove, which returned not again unto him any more.

## QUESTIONS.

What does the phrase—*God remembered Noah*—mean, verse 1? That He would plan his deliverance. How did God cause the Flood to disappear from the earth? In three ways. Can you mention them? Verses 1-3. When did the Ark rest on the top of the highest mountain? verse 4. How long afterwards did the high-lands appear? verse 5.

How long had the Flood prevailed? One hundred and ninety days. How long a time was required for it to disappear? About 175 days—or the balance of the year.

VERSE 6. How long after the high-lands appeared did Noah open the window of the Ark? To what time does this period correspond? Chap. vii. 12. What peculiarity attaches to this period? It is about the *tenth* part of the year, and may have reference to the Tithing system.

7. What did Noah now send forth? To what family does the Raven belong? The Crow-family. Was this a fit bird to go out upon the unclean waste? It was. Did it enter the Ark again? What is meant by going *to and fro*? Returning to the top of the Ark and departing again. How did it nourish itself? On the carcasses, as it was a bird of prey. How is the Raven regarded ever since? As a bird of evil omen. Why? Because it brought no good news.

8-12. What was sent out next? How often? After what regular interval? To what family

do we reckon the Dove? The Pigeon-family. Does it usually remain long on the wing? No. Why did it return so soon? For rest and food. How is its entrance into the Ark told us? v. 9. With what did it return the *second* time? What is the *olive-branch* an emblem of ever since? Of Peace. Of what was it on this occasion a token? Of God's truce with the world. Did you ever read of a carrier-pigeon that lived before Noah's dove? On what day did Noah, likely, send the dove on its *third* errand? On the Sabbath. Did it return now? Why not? It could rest and obtain food. Of what did its remaining abroad convince Noah? verse 11.—That the Flood had disappeared from the low-lands, too.

How is the Exodus from the Ark described for us? verses 13-19. What was Noah's first act after going out of the Ark? verse 20. Can you tell what this offering typified, comparing verse 20 and Ephes. v. 2?

Of what was the Ark a symbol? Of the kingdom of God. What may the *Raven* represent? The uncleanness in it. What does its going out and remaining without tell us? The casting out of all evil, (2 Pet. iii. 13; Rev. xxii. 15). What may the *Dove* represent? God's Holy Spirit. What then does its going out and coming in teach? God's efforts to reconcile the World to Himself, (2 Cor. v. 19; Col. i. 20). Are such efforts addressed to each one of us? 2 Cor. v. 20.

## CATECHISM.

XXXIV. *Lord's Day.*

OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

92. What is the law of God?

God spake all these words, *Exod. xx. Deut. v.* saying: I am the Lord thy God, which hath brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

1. COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, nor the likeness

of any thing that is heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord Thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.



NOTES. — God remembered Noah, (verse 1.) He had not at any time forgotten the infant world in its cradle on the deep. The kindly phrase would tell us, that He now devised a plan of deliverance. In three ways God ended the Flood. 1. A *wind* was sent to evaporate, or turn some of the water into atmosphere. There is much of it in the air, though we do not see it. See when God first established this law, (Chapter ii. 6.) This was and is still a great drying process. 2. The *windows of heaven were stopped*. In consequence of the warm wind, mist, fog and clouds were formed, which drank in the water, like a sponge, and raining ceased. 3. The *fountains of the deep* were closed. The seas, gulfs and rivers drain the waters into their beds. Thus was the Flood *assuaged*, or lessened; *restrained*, or given back; and *abated* or sunk—(verses 1–2–3)—and by ways the direct opposite to those by which it came, (Chapter vii. verses 11–12.) As it rained 40 days and prevailed 150 days—in all 190; it required almost as long a time to restore the dry land again—175 days, or the balance of the year. But the earth appeared gradually from the waters. On the 17th day of the 7th month, the ark rested on the top of the highest mountain. (verse 4.) Three months later, the high-lands cropped out, (verse 5.)

VERSE 6.—*At the end of forty days.* From the time when the mountain tops greeted Noah's eyes again, a feeling of unrest seems to have possessed him. He waited another full time—just as long as it had rained—chapter vii. 12—before he opened the window of the ark. As God had shut him in, he doubtless remained calm and at ease, until some token was given him from heaven, whatever that may have been. Then, Noah gazed abroad from the window.

VERSE 7.—*A raven.* This is a wild bird of prey, of the crow family, and unclean. It was a fit thing to go forth, as the first emissary from the ark, into the waste and dismantled earth, strewn with carcasses. Restless by nature, it continued on the wing, *went to and fro*—flying to the roof, and sallying forth again, without entering the ark—it satisfied its ravenous appetite, and was content to remain amid its surroundings.

The raven is regarded as a “bird of evil omen,” ever since it brought no good news to the Patriarch Noah.

VERSES 8–12.—*A dove.* *Thrice* did he send forth the dove after an interval of one week. A clean and timid bird, and terrified by the scene, it probably had gone but a little distance, the first time, and returned. *Found no rest for the sole of her foot.* It is not adapted to long flight. It returned to the ark both for rest and food. As it was a domestic bird, we are told graphically how Noah took it to his bosom again. This was the first carrier-pigeon of which we read. It brought the information of a still submerged earth, or low-land. On its *second* errand it carried back an *olive-leaf* in its bill. This is the earliest foliage we read of after the going down of the flood. As the tree is of but moderate height, it told of a great decline of the water. It was a token of the truce or peace of God. Ever since, the *olive branch* is spoken of as *the emblem of peace* among all civilized nations. How much the world is indebted to the facts of the Bible for its phrases and ideas.

On the following *Sabbath*, no doubt, the dove is sent on its third and final flight. *And it returned not again unto him any more.* This assured Noah, that God was now fully at peace with the world, and that the waters had been drained from off the low-lands too. Then occurred the exodus from the ark after God's ordering, (verses 13–19.) Noah's first act was an *act of worship*, as was fit. The first record of an altar is here given us. Sacrifices ascended to God. And that this offering of *sweet savour*, (verse 21) was typical of the sacrifice of Christ on behalf of the whole world, we may learn from Ephes. v. 2. So well pleased was God with Noah's conduct, that He promised to smite the world with such a flood no more, (vrs. 21–22.)

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—1. Let us see in the *ark* the Kingdom of God. 2. Let the *raven* be the representative of all *uncleanness*, which shall be sent forth forever, (2 Peter iii. 13; Rev. xxii. 15.) 3. Let us see in the dove the Spirit of God reconciling the world to Himself, (2 Cor. v. 19; Col. i. 20.) 4. Let us not forget to heed the earnest personal address to each one of us. (2 Cor. v. 20).



AUGUST 31.

LESSON XXXV.

1879.

*Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis ix. 8-17.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE COVENANT WITH NOAH.

8. ¶ And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying,

9. And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you :

10. And with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you ; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth.

11. And I will establish my covenant with you ; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood to destroy the earth.

12. And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations :

13. I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall

be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

14. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud :

15. And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh : and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.

16. And the bow shall be in the cloud : and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.

17. And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

## QUESTIONS.

Of what does this Lesson treat? Did Noah and his offspring likely fear other floods? Probably. Did this thought produce unrest and discouragement? Verily. How did God forestall such a dread? By His Covenant. Did this serve the purpose? It did. Do we still find some security in the bow of promise? All ages do.

VERSES 8-11. How did God speak to Noah? In a dream; by a vision; or in person. Had He thus spoken to Adam? Chap. iii. 8-14. Did Noah stand in the room of Adam now? He was the father of a new race and world. What does the word *Covenant* mean? A coming together. Had sin separated God and man? It had. Had God made a Covenant with Adam? Chap. iii. 15. How long did the Covenant of Adam run? To the Flood. How far did Noah's Covenant extend? To Abraham. Who makes the Covenant with Noah? God. What does He promise? verse 11. To whom does this promise extend? The world and mankind. Through whom is it made for all? Noah a lord of creation.

12-17. What did God set in the cloud? Was there no rainbow before the Flood? The

divine record is silent on this point. How could the earth have been watered then? Chap. ii. 5-6. But is it not likely, that there were rain and rainbow before Noah? It is. How then are we to understand God's saying now? That God marked and consecrated it as such a sign forever.

What peculiar features does the Rainbow exhibit? 1. It is arched over us. 2. It is set in the cloud. 3. It is a proof of the sun's nearness. 4. It always exhibits the full seven colors of the Prism—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

What does the Psalmist say about such a lesson in the sky? (Psalms viii. 1, and xix. 1).

Has the Rainbow any *Spiritual* lessons? Rev. iv. 3, and x. 1. What is this Rainbow then a symbol of? *Of the everlasting Covenant of Grace, in Jesus Christ.*

Who is the Sun of Righteousness? Christ. What is the cloud? Sin. What are the raindrops? The showers of grace. What correspond to the brilliant colors? The graces and virtues of Jesus reflected in the faithful. Where is this arch of grace? Always over and between us and danger. Ps. lxxv. 3.

## CATECHISM.

XXXIV. *Lord's Day.*

3. COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

4. COMMANDMENT.—Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy: Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord

made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. COMMANDMENT.—Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not kill.

7. COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. COMMANDMENT. Thou shalt not steal.



NOTES.—After the fearful catastrophe of the Flood, any protracted rain, every rising shower, or gathering cloud even, spoke terror to man. Another flood might devastate the earth, it may be, and sweep us away, they silently feared and spoke among themselves. How fit and welcome the assurance, then, which God vouchsafed to man and his offspring. That “bow of promise” is a solace even to us, whenever the angry elements rage.

VERSES 8-11 — *And God spake unto Noah.* It may have been in a dream, or in a vision. Perhaps by an angel; or, finally, God Himself may have manifested His presence to Noah under some form, and spoken as a Man, in like manner as He did to Adam, whose room Noah had now taken up, in order to become the head of a new race of beings and master of a new world.

*My Covenant.* The word *covenant* signifies literally a *coming together*. Sin had separated the Creator and mankind; hence God institutes a plan of reconciliation, or reunion. The *Covenant of Adam* had reached down to the Flood. Now a new one, called the *Covenant with Noah*, was established, which reached down to Abraham. The Covenanter, or Maker, is God; the covenantee, or party with whom it is made, is Noah. Through the latter, the covenant is made with the whole world—with *your seed after you—with every living creature—fowl, cattle, beast*. Noah was lord of creation, and with him the agreement is accordingly entered into. Mark the emphasis that is laid on *with you*.

VERSES 12-17.—*I do set my bow in the cloud.* We cannot gather from the divine record whether any rain fell before the Flood. In the beginning, God watered the earth with a thick mist, (chap. ii. 5-6.) In case this arrangement continued as far as the Flood, there could have been no rainbow, either; since this handiwork of God is formed by the sunbeams shining on the falling drops. But it is likely that there was both rain and a rainbow long before Noah's day. But God now saw fit to mark it out and consecrate it as a sign and witness of His promise. The promise of God embraces the *world and mankind*. The terms *earth, flesh, living creature*, mean the former. Noah—

*your seed after you*, would seem to mean the latter. The phrases *perpetual generations* and *everlasting covenant*, indicate the permanency of God's promise.

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—The Rainbow teaches us some grand natural lessons. 1. It is a grand Arch over us, bearing up, like strong pillars, the heavy firmament of cloud, as it were. I have asked myself already whether men did not learn the structure of the arch from this splendid bow of God. 2. It is *set in the cloud*. It never smiles except in showering, threatening weather. 3. It is always a proof of the Sun's nearness. 4. It always exhibits the full *seven* colors of the prism—*violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red*. 5. And finally it always spans itself between us and danger.

High up, along the very heavens, as it were, God has written a lesson of hope for man, in such brilliant letters that all but the blind must see it. “Who hast set thy glory above the heavens,” (Ps. viii. 1.) “The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy work,” (Ps. xix. 1.)

Would we know the *spiritual* meaning of the Rainbow, we must ask you to turn to Revelation, chaps. iv. 3 and x. 1. There we read: “*And a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the Sun, and his feet as pillars of fire.*” Or: “*And there was a rainbow round about the throne.*” From this we conclude: “THE RAINBOW IS THE SYMBOL OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT OF GRACE IN JESUS CHRIST.”

1. Christ is the Sun of Righteousness. 2. Sin is the cloud. 3. The Streams of Grace filled with the Light and Life of Jesus are the rain-drops. 4. The brilliant colors are the graces and virtues of Christ reflected in the faithful. 5. Underneath this Arch of Love we stand secure, (Ps. lxxv. 3.)

I CAN'T abide to see men throw away their tools i' that way the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid of doing a stroke too much. I hate to see a man's arm drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in 's work.—*Adam Bede.*



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No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

SEPTEMBER, 1879

No. 9.

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THE  
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

*SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE AND THE SOCIAL, LITERARY,  
AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS*

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—  
Rev. B. Bausman, D. D., Editor.  
—

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.



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GUARDIAN, SEPTEMBER, 1879.

## LETTERS RECEIVED.

C. J. Smith, J. Slyder, M. Senn, Rev. C. T. Waage, W. T. Albert, C. A. Heller, Rev. J. J. Crist, J. W. Lorah.

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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,

907 Arch Street Philadelphia



# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

NO. 9.

## Editorial Notes.

IN the early part of 1863, Rev. E. Boeringer, through a German Sunday-school paper he was then editor of, appealed to the people of the Reformed Church to help him to found an Orphans' Home. In Buffalo, N. Y., there lived at that time a poor widow, who had an only son, Jacob Plantz. He carried a basket with matches, needles, thread, and other notions, through the streets of the city, and tried to earn a meagre support for his widowed mother. He read pastor Boeringer's appeal. At once he sent him \$1.50 of his scanty earnings to found an Orphans' Home. It was the first gift ever given to the Home. One orphan was taken into the good man's private family; soon there were twelve. Since then, in sixteen years, over three hundred orphans have been cared for and trained; the 150 cents of Jacob Plantz have since then been increased by the gifts of other people to the amount of \$150,000. And Bethany Orphans' Home is the result.

God has blessed the pedlar boy. Since then he has become one of the prominent Christian merchants of Buffalo, lives in a palatial dwelling, and is beloved as an influential citizen, "zealous in good work."

At the late anniversary of Bethany Orphans' Home, the Board took the following action:

This Board, at the fifteenth anniversary of Bethany Orphans' Home, gratefully remembers Jacob Plantz, a pious boy of Buffalo, N. Y., who, sixteen years ago, gave \$1.50 for the founding of an Orphans' Home, the first gift our Home ever received. We rejoice that since then God has prospered him in spiritual and temporal things, but regret to hear of his serious illness. Be it

*Resolved*, That this Board, in the name of Bethany Orphans' Home and its friends, sends hearty Christian greetings to Jacob Plantz, of Buffalo, N. Y., and hereby thank

him for his early interest in the Home, and for placing his name at the head of our list of contributors.

*Resolved*, That we regret to hear of his illness, and pray that the God of all grace may give him comfort in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

*Resolved*, That W. D. Gross, Treasurer of this Board, be instructed to furnish Mr. Plantz with a copy of this action.

IN personal experience "hard times" are often brought on by the people themselves, who have to endure them. In prosperous times, when wages are high, and work and money plenty, many persons who get the most save the least. They put all on their backs and into their stomachs. Thousands in our country who are now without work, wages and bread, might, by practicing a little frugality, long since have had their own home and a goodly sum on interest. Many who now scream the loudest against people of means, and help to get up "strikes," are these thriftless don't-care sort of people, who for years have spent their earnings for liquor, tobacco, and in riotous living. Even with the present wages, a frugal person can live in comfort. If only people would learn the art of godly living, they could make ends meet more easily.

IN the June number of the GUARDIAN we spoke a kind word for the "tramp." We wish to add a page to that plea. For since then we have been honored with a visit by some of this despised race. It was in the dead of night, when sleep and darkness had blinded us to danger. Could they have read our plea for the "tramp," and tried to test our sincerity? They must have had a literary turn of mind, for they rummaged our drawers, upheaved the accumulated scraps and selections of years, irreverently strewing the floor of our study



with the sacred fruit of life's toil. Sidney Smith once prescribed to a nervous friend, afflicted with sleeplessness, the reading of a volume of his sermons. Our tramp visitors did not even honor our sermons with a glance. Perhaps fearful that they might put them to sleep, or singe them with their fiery blows at rascality. The poor fellows performed hard work for poor pay. Such a breaking of locks, or vain efforts to break them, and eeling their wriggling bodies through openings too small for that purpose, seeking treasures and finding none, must have required great exertions.

A burglar, as a rule, will not only break the lock of your door, but to gain his end your head. A non-resistant in ordinary conflicts, we should certainly give an unbidden visitor of this kind the full benefit of the bony, brawny powers which God has given us. A certain Methodist minister, being greatly insulted by a ruffian, who presumed on the official restraints of his victim, said: "See here, we Methodists believe in falling from grace. If, under your insults I should fall from grace, I shall sure'y make it hot for you."

It is not necessary to fall from grace to thrash a scoundrel. We have respect for Peter Cartwright, when he dips and douses a hoosier rowdy into a western river to wash the villainy out of him; and for one of the Muhlenbergs of the last century, who mawled a highway robber until he screamed lustily for mercy. Minister or layman, we believe in the old-fashioned doctrine that a rod is the right thing for a burglar, no less than for a fool's back. And if we cannot find a rod, then a bootjack, brickbat, carbine, a bucket of hot water, or a pair of strong fists will serve the same purpose. To some people the gospel can only be preached in this form. And we owe it to them, to the protection of our neighbors and the safety of our lives, to speak the truth in a language that can be understood and felt. The foregoing is the application to our tramp sermon in the June number of the GUARDIAN.

IN times like the present it is a common thing to hear people magnify their trials. Recently a table of wages and the cost of living, with the price of sta-

ple articles of commerce, going back as far as the year 1200, was published. It shows that wages during the thirteenth century were about fifty cents a week. In the next century they advanced some fifteen cents, and kept on advancing slowly, until in the last century they reached \$1.87. The average for farm-labor at present is \$3.80 per week. Wheat in the thirteenth century averaged seventy-one cents, or eight and a half days' labor a bushel. Now, wheat at wholesale, is worth about \$1.10 a bushel, or two and a half days' labor. In six centuries meat has nearly trebled in price, but wages have increased more than seven-fold. Wages are now higher, and the cost of living lower than they were six hundred years ago. Yet people groan and grumble more than they did then. Our ancestors were less given to the use of luxuries, had fewer wants, and were more contented than the people of this generation are. The present age is cursed with a lot of artificial wants. Laziness, lust and luxury are the bane of modern society.

BOOK-WRITING rarely pays. A few are well paid, the great bulk must be thankful if they receive the expenses of publication. After many an author has lived and died in want, sharp-witted publishers amass a fortune with the creations of his fertile brain. Milton received \$25 for his "Paradise Lost." Not long ago a certain artist sold a painting of Milton and his daughter reading to her blind father, for \$40,000. Edgar Poe received \$10 for "The Raven," his most famous poem. Shakespeare was paid \$25 for Hamlet. Pope \$40,000 for his translation of "Homer." Dickens \$15,000 for the copyright on "Barnaby Rudge" for six months. Bonner of the New York Ledger paid Tennyson \$5,000 for a single poem, and not a long one at that. Dr. Holland, of Scribner's Monthly, was paid \$12,000 for "Bitter Sweet," \$8,000 for "Katrina," and \$5,000 for the "Mistress of the Manse." Paine secured \$1,200 for a poem on the "Ruling Passion," read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of a New England College, and for another on the "Invention of Letters," delivered at a Commencement, he received \$1,500.



Augusta Evans Wilson, author of "Beulah," has made \$100,000 out of her novels in eight years. Sir Walter Scott made \$250,000 out of his. Bret Harte was paid \$10,000 for "Gabriel Conroy," and Stanley has already been paid \$50,000 for "Through the Dark Continent." Works of fiction pay the best. It is said that the late G. W. M. Reynolds made from \$200,000 to \$300,000 in his sixty or seventy cheap sensational novels. As a rule literary work is far less remunerative than that of many other pursuits. The chief cook of the Parker House of Boston, receives a higher salary than the President of Harvard College, an institution endowed by millions of dollars. This looks like a battle between the brain and the belly, at least so far as pay is concerned.

OF LATE YEARS, the older New England Colleges have introduced and encouraged "bodily exercise" among their students. And if they go on at the present rate, they will not only prove that "it profiteth little," but that it damageth much. Athletics, base ball, boating, foot-ball, class-games, receive more attention than College studies. Some of their College papers discuss little else but sporting topics. At the opening of a year in Yale College, the Freshmen were admonished to maintain "the honor of the College by a good athletic record." To do this "take your two hours on the water every day; measure your chest and biceps every evening. In ball the College has high hopes of you," &c, &c. All this from a Yale College paper.

An Amherst College paper asks, if "at this rate our College papers will not read altogether like the records of a sporting club, with all the accompaniments of betting, and whatever else belongs to such an institution."

The Yale paper frankly answers: "It looks so."

"The Statistics of 1879," recently published in a pamphlet, give a detailed history of one class, from September 21st, 1875. Little is said about the pursuits for which young men are usually sent to College. Their various studies seem to be of little account. In what the pamphlet calls the "Ethical," or moral department, we are told that

there are "more beer-guzzlers and less smokers than the usual class." "Beer-guzzlers include all whoever imbibe, and all but twenty-eight who touch, taste, and handle not." "Eighty use tobacco; only twelve do not engage in card-playing; sixty-four play billiards; seventy bet." "Eighty-four use vehement expressions, or, in other words, swear." "One hundred and twenty-two patronize the theatre pretty extensively; seven others are not decided about the propriety of it." Deceiving the Faculty comes under the head of "Recitation Room Morality," and leaves the impression that Yale regards deception of this kind as a trifling offence.

To our surprise we are told that half the Class are Church members. This simply shows that these young men have been favored with Christian homes and a religious nurture and training. It shows how great the peril of such College surroundings are. The body no less than the mind should be healthfully developed and educated. In their proper place, "manly sports" are highly to be commended. But the Yale College sports are evidently *unmanly*. Colleges ought to provide pleasant but harmless amusements. The authorities of our Colleges owe a solemn duty to their patrons. The several Faculties should see well to it that their students are furnished with every healthful and pleasant muscular exercise and proper social amusements, but see to it that they are not systematically trained as sporting characters, who take more interest in "beer-guzzling" and gambling than in their legitimate studies. Let us have muscular development. But let rest, not brawn usurp the rights of the brain, nor the brain those of the heart. Give the three their proper uniform culture.

THE "WRECK OF THE HESPERUS" was written in 1839, at midnight. A violent storm had occurred the night before; the distress and disasters at sea had been great, especially along the capes of the New England coast. The papers of the day were full of the news of the disaster. Longfellow was sitting alone in his study late at night, when the vision of the wrecked Hesperus came drifting upon the disturbed tides of thought into his mind. He went to bed,



but could not sleep. He arose and wrote the poem, which came into his mind by whole stanzas, finishing them just as the clock—the old clock on the stairs—was striking three.

“The Wreck of the *Hesperus*” tells the story of a certain Skipper, who “sailed the wintry sea,” and took his little daughter to bear him company.

“Blue were her eyes as the fair flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn  
buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

\* \* \* \*

“At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

“The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-  
weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

“Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman’s Woe!”

SOME people see naught but good, and treat evil with sentimental leniency. Others see naught but evil, are blind to the good that people do and say, and think the world is fast going to the bad. In their view every body but themselves is worthless. They suspect other people’s motives, are envious of the virtuous, and see only hypocrites in the Church of Christ. They seem to lack a proper moral sense. A certain part of the secular press is afflicted with this blindness for the good among God’s people. They seem to have a keen relish for social sores. They are always on the scent for “Church scandals,” but seem to have no scent for the untold amount of good done by the Church. Its self-denying work, the founding and support of Churches, Colleges, Seminaries, Asylums and Homes for the afflicted, destitute and orphaned—of these but little is said. A single clerical defection, or swindling church member—which, alas, is bad enough—outweighs, in their estimation, all the good done by tens of thousands of God’s people. They remind one of certain animals, like the hyena and the vulture, which live on the loathsome carcasses of dead

bodies. Either they have no relish for the good, or look in the wrong place for it. They remind us of a certain story:

“Bill and Joe retired late at night to the same room, having imbibed very freely. The shutters were closed so that no light could enter. About the middle of the forenoon Bill said, ‘I say, Joe, get up and open the shutters, and see if it is light.’ Joe obeyed, and Bill, hearing him, called out, ‘Joe, is it light?’ ‘No,’ replied Joe, ‘it is dark as pitch, and smells like cheese.’ The fact was, Joe, instead of opening the shutters had opened a dark cheese closet. Now it may be that those who can see no good in Christ and His people, do not look in the right place for the glorious sunlight of liberty and truth, that, shining all round the earth, is lighting up more and more the dark places of the world as the years roll on.”

How unhappy some people make themselves. They are always cutting at somebody. People of Ishmael’s disposition, whose hand was against every one. Our neighbor McGregor is bound to have a quarrel with every body around him, even with his wife and children. And it seems to afford him a world of pleasure to set the neighborhood by the ears. We have sometimes seen a quarrelsome sheep set a dozen others a butting one another. So does our neighbor. If he has no one else to quarrel with, he will mount his own shadow. We once heard of a certain drunken man who before a public audience at night, turned on his shadow on the wall, and with clenched fists went through the motions of a set fight. This quarreller simply sees his own image in others, and in them fights his own ugly self, without knowing it. A sorry spectacle he makes of himself, as did a certain big horned animal, of which the *Utica Observer*, N. Y., recently told the following:

“A commotion occurred in a certain house, a short distance out of Rome, on Monday. They were cleaning house, and left open doors leading to all parts of the house. In one of the rooms was a large mirror, reaching to the floor. On the premises is a sheep, whose head is graced with horns, and which is very tame, entering the house whenever an



opportunity is presented. This woolly animal got into the house unnoticed. When first discovered it was standing facing the mirror, shaking its head fiercely. Before it could be reached it jumped back for a good start, and then plunged its head into the mirror. Instead of coming in contact with some other animal, as it expected, it demolished a fifty dollar mirror. The crash so frightened the animal that in its endeavors to escape from the screams and attacks of the women of the house, it found a place of exit through a French window."

THE highest authority reproves people who seek the front-seats in the synagogues. And there may be persons now-a-days who deserve reproof for a similar offence. But public speakers are often annoyed by people who refuse to sit in front seats. In a hall or church but partly filled, it is very annoying to have all the empty seats near the speaker. Empty pews at the rear end of the church are not so annoying. Fifty or one hundred people seated closely around the pulpit, can give the preacher a certain inspiration in spite of a half-empty church. To preach the Gospel at people across a set of vacant pews, with broken fans and closed hymn books scattered through them, is a bleak and chilling performance. Sunday-schools which cannot entirely fill their rooms, ought to fill them from the front rearward. Bishop Thompson says:

"The pulpit should be advanced as near the front pews as possible. Instead of filling the seats nearest the door first, and so leaving the minister to face a gaping vacuum, a resolute usher should insist that those who arrive first should go well forward, and then fill the pews towards the entrance. For purposes of inspiration and encouragement, twenty persons close to the minister are worth sixty by the door, or forty half way down the aisles."

IN a certain city a kind-hearted lady heard of a poor old woman in want. She must visit and cheer her heart. Up four pair of stairs she bore her kind burden. Her sick daughter Kitty has for many years been suffering with spine disease. For many years her only son

Ned cared for them both by working at a foundry. Lately the foundry closed, and for months he sought work and found none. Now in the absence of any thing else to do, he sells trinkets on the streets. Many people living in nice houses and wearing fine clothing are very sad. How fares it with these people on the lofty garret? Hear Kitty's mother:

"Yes, ma'am, we have lived up here fourteen years, and it *do* seem like home; we think the top story is the best story; it is out of the noise and bad smells, and not so many running by the door, and we can keep the landing clean. Then out of the windows, ma'am, it's quite interesting, the pigeons and the swallows flying along the roof, and the clear sky along the chimbley tops, and in winter the snow lies up here white and clear, along the peaks and dorments, and the icicles hang as bright as juley."

The kind lady saw that the little rooms were clean and pleasant, and poor crippled Kitty, under a tidy bed-quilt, was busy working with silk, cardboard, and odds and ends of cloth and ribbons. This was a sore affliction, the lady said. "Yes," said her mother. "But you see, ma'am, I've always had Kitty's company, and ain't lonely in my old age, and trouble's kept Kitty steady. If she'd been stout, who knows but she might ha' gone astray, like so many. There's a heap of temptation around a poor girl out earnin' a livin'. To be sure, Kitty's had a deal of suffering; but suppose she had had a drunken, ugly husband, and half a dozen starvin' children, it would ha' been a deal worse for her and for me. Now nobody looks crosswise at her, and me and Ned sets great store by Kitty."

"You don't know what a good fellow Ned is. When he was a mite of a boy, he allus brought me every cent he made; never got candy or marbles. When he went out working he carried coal and water for me of nights, and early in the morning. He never goes to shows nor wears finery; he uses all his money for me and Kitty, and seems as bound to keep us as other men is to keep their wives and children. He's lively and sociable, but he darn't look at any young folks, poor fellow, on ac-



count of us to care for, and so not able to think of marrying. I think a pity of him for it; but la, Ned says he likes me and Kitty better than all the rest. He's took care of us for seven years, and he did a good deal for us before that. And when his father died he paid all the expenses. He said his father had been an honest, hard-working man, and he shouldn't be buried like a pauper. Oh, Ned is a good lad; evenings he sits here and plays on an accordion just heavenly, and he reads out loud to us as good as a preacher—don't he, Kitty?"

Yes, Kitty said that he did, and that he always kept his courage up. He nearly lost it, but not quite, when he was so long out of work, but now, Kitty added, he had taken to street show and package selling, and he made more money at it than he did at foundry work.

"It seemed a sort of come-down to me," said the old lady, "to have him, who had always been a steady workman, and with his big muscles, go to cutting jokes on the side-walk, and selling bits of parcels; 'but,' says Ned, 'Mother, anything is more comfortable than starving, and more respectable than stealing.' Not ma'am, but that Ned hadn't *rather* be at hard days' work, but he allus was a rare hand of making the best of a bad bargain."—*Sunday Afternoon.*

ON June 11th, 1815, William I. of Germany was confirmed, and took his first communion; on June 11th, 1829, he was married. And on June 11th, 1879, he and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding, in the royal chapel at Berlin. The whole Empire was astir with festive mirth. The venerable couple sought to be much with God in prayer. The Sunday before they took the holy communion. At the ceremony the Court preacher, Dr. Kögel, preached a short sermon on 1 Cor. 13: 13. The ancestors of each had for their family motto: (Isaiah 30: 15). "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." The father of William, Frederick William III., was led through a stormy life, in which he used to say: "I pass my days in unrest, but my hope is in God." The sermon was short, simple, free from flattery, and

full of gratitude to God. And the prayer is the devout outpouring of thankful hearts to the Giver of all good, closing with the Lord's Prayer. The marriage blessing by the pastor, before whom the aged couple stood, is as follows:

"Our help cometh from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth. In His name, out of His fulness, for His honor all blessing must be given and received:

The Lord, who is the rock of our salvation, who to this day hath blessed and kept His covenant with thee, bless thee, and keep thee!

The Lord, who is love, and during forty years hath shown Himself to thee through His Cross, Word and Spirit, make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee!

The Lord, who is our hope in life and in death, and hath promised the crown of life to him who remaineth faithful, lift up His countenance upon thy going out and thy coming in, and give thee peace. Amen."

During the service the imperial pair wept tears of pious thankfulness to God. The religious part of the ceremony made a deep impression upon the millions of William's subjects. All the wedding presents, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, are devoted to the founding of homes for the homeless, and for the relief of the poor and suffering.

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### Michael Faraday.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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"The greatest discovery Sir Humphrey Davy ever made was Michael Faraday." So said a distinguished man of science. When not yet twenty years of age, before any one could discover talent, much less genius in the timid youth, Davy saw his undeveloped power, and took him by the hand. He was born at Newington Butts, on September 22d, 1791. In 1796, his father, a journeyman blacksmith, moved into a few rooms, over a coach-house, in London. A hard-working, worthy man he was, who needed all his scanty earnings to maintain his family. His mother is called "a grand-looking woman." She had little learning, but good sense, and was a good housewife, neat and tidy in her person and work. Both parents were pious, and regularly



attended a place of worship. During a famine in 1801, the family received public relief. Michael, then nine years of age, received a loaf of bread a week. Unless the loaf was large, it must have afforded meagre meals for a boy of his years. Until thirteen years of age he learned the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic; these he acquired at school. What should he do now? Make his own way as best he could. He became an errand boy for a book-binder and book-seller, near his home. His master lent newspapers to people, which the boy had to carry round and call for. On Sunday morning he delivered the papers earlier than usual, hoping that the readers would be done with them in time to enable him to go with his parents to church. Sometimes he was told to leave the paper longer. Then he would entreat the reader to let him have it, so that he could hasten home, "make himself neat, and go with his parents to their place of worship." How the poor boy grieved when he returned after church time. Thus Michael Faraday endured the trials of a "newspaper boy" in 1801, when paper carriers, such as we now have, were very few. In his greatest renown, when all the world admired him as the great Sir Michael Faraday, he had a kindly feeling for the paper boys, and used to say, "I always feel a tenderness for those boys, because I once carried newspapers myself."

After a year's trial his master, a Mr. Rieban, took him as an apprentice for the book-binding trade. Michael had no money, and as he had been hitherto faithful, his master did not demand the payment of the usual apprentice premium. While binding books his inquiring mind would now and then glance at what was within the lids. Works like "Watts on the Mind," "Mrs. Marcet's Conversations on Chemistry," and certain treatises in the *Encyclopedia Americana*, he read until their owners took them away. Evermore he was making scientific experiments with such rude instruments as he could make, as Galileo used to do, during his leisure hours. A Treatise on Electricity led him to invest a few pence to make electrical experiments. A French artist lodging with his master taught him perspective.

At eighteen years of age he began to keep a diary, in which he recorded everything of interest and instruction. He was athirst for knowledge, and strove to learn from everybody and everything that came in his way. He sought to answer all manner of questions. About this time a Mr. Tatum delivered a course of lectures on Natural Philosophy. The admission fee was twenty-five cents an evening. As Michael had not money enough to attend them, his brother Robert, who had by this time learned the blacksmith trade with his father, gave him part of it. He "drank in the lectures of Tatum," and took notes. These notes he afterwards wrote out, described the experiments, and made drawings of the apparatus. It was very kind in his master to encourage him in his researches. And when in later life he published these notes of the Tatum Lectures, in four volumes, he dedicated them to Mr. Rieban, as a mark of gratitude.

More eventful than these did four lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy prove to Faraday. A kind friend, whose books he had bound, enabled him to attend these, delivered at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. Surely of all the people present, the most unpromising hearer must have been the awkward book-binder, sitting timidly in the gallery, busily taking notes.

After he had served his apprenticeship, he entered the shop of a Frenchman, as a journeyman book-binder. His new master was a quick-tempered man, who readily boiled over with fits of love or anger. After his passion cooled off he usually repented, and promised amendment. This was too much for the studious journeyman. The master was as rash in his promises as in his rage. "Stay," he exclaimed, "I have no child, and if you stay with me you shall have all I leave when I am gone." But the journeyman could not be bought or blinded with such a bait. Besides, he had become tired of his trade. He thought it "vicious and selfish," and longed wholly "to enter the service of science, which he imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal."

Later experience taught him that one has to fight against the meaner propensities of our fallen nature in every hu-



man sphere, however exalted. A young lady, visiting him in the prime of his scientific achievements, said: "Mr. Faraday, you must be very happy in your position and with your pursuits, which elevate you entirely out of the meaner aspects and lower aims of life."

Sadly shaking his head he replied: "When I quitted business and took to science as a career, I thought I had left behind me all the petty meannesses and smaller jealousies which hinder man in his moral progress; but I found myself raised into another sphere, only to find poor human nature just the same everywhere, subject to the same weaknesses and the same self-seeking, however exalted the intellect." Still, those who knew him best say that he was an exception to this rule.

Faraday was too much of a philosopher not to have seen the benefits of his humble birth, and even of the learning of his trade; carrying papers, and reading the books he bound, was ordered for his good by that "divinity which shapes our ends." And the annoyance of the fitful Frenchman led him back to the home of his widowed mother. His father had died in 1810.

He had just tasted enough of science to make him uncomfortable at his trade. For he had not the patience of Hugh Miller to plod on among his menial tasks, and content himself with the crumbs of knowledge which he might here and there pick up. He had gained the friendship of a few earnest young learners with whom he corresponded. To them he described his experiments with a galvanic battery, such as he himself made. But this was slow work. He longed for better advantages of science.

At length the happy thought occurred to him that he would frankly reveal his case to Sir Humphrey Davy. With the letter, he sent him the notes which he had made of Davy's lectures. The style and statements surprised the lecturer. Faraday received a kind note in reply, inviting him to call at the Royal Institution. This note he carefully preserved as one of the treasures of his life. But what could Davy do with this aspiring young book-binder? He advised him to work on at his trade, and he would meanwhile do for him what he could.

Meeting an inspector of the Institution, one of the great men of that day, Davy showed him Faraday's letter, saying:

"Peppys, what am I to do? here is a letter from a young man, named Faraday; he has been attending my lectures, and wants me to give him employment at the Royal Institution—what can I do?"

"Do? put him to wash bottles, (in the laboratory), and if he is good for anything he will do it directly; if he refuses he is good for nothing."

"No, no," said Davy, "we must try him with something better than that."

Faraday, like an honest, industrious man as he was, went back to binding books.

One night, late in February, just as he was about going to bed, Davy's carriage stopped before the humble house of widow Faraday, in Weymouth street, London. Davy lived and rode in style. Such a coach, with a coachman and footman, had never honored dame Faraday's home before. The footman knocked loudly at the plain door, which the widow soon unlocked. He handed her a note from Davy, asking her son to call at the Royal Institution the next day. At this interview Davy gave the young man good counsel. He warned him not to expect too much from the sphere he was trying to enter. That science was a hard mistress, and as a rule paid poorly in money.

Faraday said that men of science could acquire superior moral feelings by engaging their minds in such ennobling pursuits. Davy smiled at his notion, and said he would leave him to the experience of a few years to set him right on that subject. He offered him the place of assistant in the laboratory, at a salary of twenty-five shillings (a little more than six dollars) a week, and the use of two rooms at the top of the house. The book-binder's heart bounded with grateful joy at such an offer. He soon was promoted, and the same year was appointed Davy's Secretary and Philosophical Assistant, on a journey to the continent. It was a rare offer which his devotion to his mother, however, well nigh led him to decline. From Rome he wrote to her: "The first and last thing on my mind is England, home and friends. My heart expands



to the idea that Christmas is come, for I know that my friends in the midst of their pleasures will think of me. God bless the little one and you altogether. I shall never feel quite happy till I am amongst you again."

At his time of life this journey, in such company, and for his type of mind, was the best possible school. One little drawback was the haughty temper of Mrs. Davy. Sir Humphrey, like his student, was of humble birth. He had married a rich widow, who felt it her duty to treat Faraday more as a "servant" than a student, and had some unpleasant ways of doing this. It seems the *name* of a "servant," the way she put it, hurt him more than the thing itself. They had their little quarrels, until she learned to treat him more gently.

In the continental centres of science, Faraday learned much, and kept extensive notes. How he was impressed by it the following extract of a letter to a friend tells us:

"I have learned just enough to perceive my ignorance, and, ashamed of my defects in everything, I wish to seize the opportunity of remedying them. The little knowledge I have gained in languages makes me wish to know more of them, and the little I have seen of men and manners, is just enough to make me desirous of seeing more; added to which the glorious opportunity I enjoy of improving in the knowledge of chemistry and the sciences, continually determines me to finish this voyage with Sir Humphrey. But if I wish to enjoy those advantages I have to sacrifice much; and though those sacrifices are such as an humble man would not feel, yet I cannot quietly make them. Travelling, too, I find is almost inconsistent with religion, (I mean modern travelling), and I am yet so old-fashioned as to remember strongly (I hope perfectly) my youthful education."

Faraday was one of the best of sons. In early life affectionate and obedient to his parents; in later life he bore with the peculiarities of his aged mother with tender forbearance. All through life he kept "no secrets from her." Shortly before his return from the continent, in 1815, he wrote:

"My very dear mother: It is with

no small pleasure I wrote you my last letter from a foreign country. \* \* \* \* At Ostend we embark, and at Deal we land on the spot of earth I will never leave again. \* \* \* You may be sure that my first moments will be in your company. If you have opportunities, tell my dearest friends—there are some I should like to be first to tell myself—Mr. Rieban for one. I am too glad to write. Adieu till I see you, dearest mother; and believe me, ever your affectionate and dutiful son.

"'Tis the shortest and (to me) the sweetest letter I ever wrote you."

After Faraday had become a noted man of science his mother became very fond of him, as what mother would not of such a son. Her excessive delight in his fame seemed to annoy him. He charged his wife not to speak much to the old lady about his honors, that she was proud enough of him without additional promptings. She would call him "my Michael," did nothing without his consent or advice, and was contented and happy in his home during a large part of her life.

From his early boyhood Faraday was careful in the selection of his companions, and was extremely fortunate and faithful in his early friendships. He defines "a true friend to be one who will serve his companions next to his God; nor will I admit that an immoral person can fill completely the character of a true friend. A companion cannot be good unless he is morally so; and however engaging may be his general habits, and whatever peculiar circumstances may be connected with him so as to make him desirable, reason and common sense point him out as an improper companion or acquaintance, unless his nobler faculties, his intellectual powers, are in proportion as correct as his outward behaviour."

All that Faraday achieved was by hard work. "Work hard, work carefully and you will succeed," was the advice he gave to a young scientist. He did more than any one man to lay the foundation of all the inventions in which magnetism and electricity are the agents. Prof. Tyndall says: "He was the recognized prince of investigators, and had the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of Eng-



land for a period of forty years." He was the recipient of more than one hundred honors conferred by the different institutions of science, literature and royalty. A German correspondent addressed him as "Prof. Michael Faraday, Member of *all* Academies of Sciences." He bore his laurels with marvellous meekness, and prized them chiefly as marks of kindly appreciation.

One day he took, when he was sixty years old, Prof. Tyndall's arm and said: "Come, T., I will now show you something that will interest you." He took him into a certain street, and entered a stationer's shop; led him to a little side room with a window facing the street. In a low and eager tone of voice he said: "Look there, T.: that was my working place; I bound books in that little nook." Stepping to the counter he let on as if he wanted to buy cards, so as to have an excuse, or have a chat with the saleswoman. He asked her name, and who had been her predecessor in business there. Then the next predecessor, and the next. At length he traced back the business of the place to his old master, Mr. Rieban. "He, sir, was the master of Sir Michael Faraday," she continued. "Nonsense," he exclaimed; "there is no such a person." Tyndall could hold back the secret no longer. When he told the woman the name of her visitor she said, "that as soon as she saw him running about the shop—she felt—though she did not know why—that it must be Sir Michael Faraday." Thither he came as an errand boy, almost fifty years ago.

Instead of trying to conceal his humble origin, he loved to speak of it. The sound of the hammer on the anvil was music to his ears. He said: "I love a smithshop, or anything relating to smithery; *my father was a smith.*"

When Noble, a noted sculptor took his bust, and, producing a rattling noise with his tools, he noticed a look of thoughtfulness in Faraday's face, and asking him whether the noise annoyed him, he replied: laying his hand on the sculptor's shoulder: "No, my dear Mr. Noble, but the noise reminded me of my father's anvil, and took me back to my boyhood."

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God's heart is opened to men in Christ.

## Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

### IV. *In the Sunny Rhine Land.* (Continued).

Three days in Bonn gave us an excellent opportunity to enjoy its quiet beauty, to inspect its University, and to become somewhat familiar with German student life. The courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Christlieb insured us every advantage in this direction. His prominence as a theologian and his commanding position in the University faculty would of themselves inspire interest, and his fine presence and genial manners, his rare conversational powers both in English and German, and his lively appreciation of America's civil and religious institutions, these only increased my admiration for one of the leading minds of Evangelical Protestantism. On the first evening after our arrival he invited us to accompany him in his usual walk.—German professors are much given to this form of exercise—and for an hour or two we strolled along the banks of the Rhine and through the city's suburbs. Our newly-found friend presented the good and bad effects of the union of church and state in gloomy colors, and was pronounced in his admiration for the freer and, as a consequence, more spontaneous church life prevailing in the United States. Owing to the rigorous restrictions placed upon all denominations, but intended chiefly as a check to the rendering of Peter's Pence by over-zealous Romanists, the benevolence of the Evangelical church has been much crippled. There is no regular free-will offering, except by special permission of the government, setting forth the object of the contributions at each particular occasion.

The University at Bonn is much favored by the noble and wealthy classes. The grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm pursues his studies here, and one evening we saw this sprig of royalty on the balcony of his *pension*. Duelling still flourishes among the students, as their scarred and often horribly disfigured faces too plainly showed. They are for the most part divided into circles, fraternities if you please, wearing distinct



caps and colors, and broad tri-colored ribbons across their shoulder and breast. Many of them lead a reckless, rollicking life, wholly without restraint and ever seeking to provoke a quarrel which may end in a so-called duel. I say *so-called*, for there is nothing mortally dangerous in these highly honorable encounters. The breast and body are securely padded, and heavy buckskin gloves, gauntleted to the shoulder, protect the hands and arms. The one only purpose is to slash the face of your opponent, and yet this distinguishing and by no means beautifying mark is itself regarded as an honor. It is said, indeed, that these scarred faces are so dearly valued that "when the wound is not deep they keep it festering with nitrate of silver until there is an assurance that it will leave its mark." Nor is this surprising in view of the fact that not unfrequently a disfigured face is the passport to any lady's favor; a miserable travesty this of the doctrine that faint heart should not win. Duelling is of course more or less restricted to the European students. Americans are not regarded as cowardly if they refuse to be enrolled in one of the numerous fencing-schools. And as a rule all theological students may, if they so prefer, steer clear of the code.

My experience on the classic waters of the noble Rhine is intimately associated with my recollections of Bonn. On a bright and cloudless morning—the twenty-seventh of July—we took the train for Bingen—seventy miles farther to the south. But, notwithstanding this fact of latitude, we really went *up* to Bingen, for it will be remembered that the Rhine flows north. It is not easy to grow accustomed to this, and many are the mistakes in consequence. In Ireland, when driving, you are expected to turn to the left. This custom has given rise to the truly Hibernian adage—"when you go left you go right, and when you go right you go wrong." But for the too thoughtful and serious character of the Germans, this contrariness of their grand old river would doubtless have originated an analogous witticism. At Bingen we took an early dinner, and returned by steamer to Bonn. The day was delightfully warm, and the passengers were not, as is so frequently the

case, too numerous to allow a proper enjoyment of the trip.

It has been fashionable lately to affect disappointment with the Rhine scenery, and Americans especially are prone to make unfavorable comparisons with their own beautiful Hudson. "Were it not," says a writer of some note, "for the historical association of the ruins and castles and for the poetical fancies of Byron and Southey, we think that the Rhine would never have obtained the fame it has enjoyed." Perhaps not, but the glamour of historical romance is not illegitimate, and, however largely it may have contributed to the attractions of the Rhine, the fact of its unequalled beauty remains. Nor can we easily overestimate the worth of this same historical and poetical flavor. Other things being equal, that landscape or mountain, that lake or river which has been the scene, real or imaginary, of martial glory and heroic deed, of love's last extremity, or hatred's bloody pursuit, receives thereby a lease of fame, a new and spiritual beauty which unaided nature could never have secured to it. The presence of man is thus the crowning feature in all real beauty. What were this world of ours without the last great creation to give meaning and character to the whole? And it is the enkindling genius of man that must give to nature that living charm which we can all feel though we may not all be able to understand it. Nor is this all. The presence of man in his historical unfolding, whether in peace or war, in romance or song, is so far forth the presence of a continual inspiration which makes every tour a pilgrimage, and every exclamation of enjoyment an act of devotion. And right here do we find the key-note to all the complex harmony of Rhine enthusiasts.

We had taken passage on board the steamer "*Triede*," fitly so-named for this day at least. Bingen, which we have just left, is situated at the mouth of the Nahe, a comparatively small stream forming the boundary between Prussia and Hesse Darmstadt, and has a population of nearly seven thousand. The old castle of Klopp overshadows it. Here Henry the IVth was imprisoned in 1195. Between Bingen and Coblenz the Rhine is at its best. There is a



bewildering succession of attractions. The river rolls in quiet majesty through a wildly beautiful mountainous district, so that you scarcely know on which side of the boat to place yourself for fear this castle or that nymph-crowned promontory may escape you. It is well to carefully study your guide book and determine upon a few main points of interest along the route as deserving of your especial attention. Then let the glorious never-to-be-forgotten panorama pass. And please don't be too matter-of-fact. There is a certain kind of common sense so frightfully *common* that *no* sense remains. I sometimes wish we were all a little more given to dreaming.

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream;

\* \* \* \* \*

How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)

With half-dropt eyelids still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine—

To watch the emerald-color'd water falling  
Through many a wov'n acanthus-wreath  
divine!"

May it not be that our poverty of imagination is after all a consequence of the fall, and that, as the work of our regeneration goes on, the phantasy asserts itself more and more as the heavenly undertone of the divine in us, as the mysterious twilight of an ever-dawning spiritual day?

And now for some distance ruin follows ruin, legend is piled upon legend. In these castles once ruled feudal barons.

"Rich in some dozen paltry villages,  
Strong in some hundred spearsmen,"

with their vassals and retainers clustering about them. At times they lived at peace with their neighbors, but more frequently sallied forth and by fire and sword established the right of the fittest to survive. A large portion of their revenue was derived by exacting toll from the Rhine traders, who considered themselves fortunate if the whole of

their little store was not worthlessly confiscated.

The vine-clad hills must be seen to be appreciated. Down to the water's edge and often up to the very brow of apparently inaccessible cliffs, the living fruit confronts the eye. Long stretches of comparatively level, gently-sloping tracts are succeeded by acres of rock-terraced formation. The hardy peasantry have thus turned every inch of ground into account. Indeed, where there was no soil at all, there now fertile vineyards abound. What nature had denied skillful husbandry supplied. Low walls were erected at varying distances all over the hill side and between and upon them the ground, carried in baskets from the valleys below, was carefully deposited. Veritable hanging gardens, unlike those of Babylon, constructed not for beauty alone, but as a means of subsistence and revenue to their owners as well. Of a truth, however, the industry of these peasants has not merely supplied their own individual wants and contributed to the nation's wealth. The attractions of the Rhine are very sensibly increased thereby, and thus *again* the presence of man does not mar, but complete the picture.

Who has not read the oft-told legend of the Lorelei, nor dwelt with loving interest upon the romantic story of the Liebenstein? The still-enticing rocks of the former are beautiful beyond description. The mediæval siren's song were needed to induce one's admiration, and yet as our steamer rounds the cliff, and a wierd silence falls upon one and all, I can understand, with Heine, the dangerous spell of such a "wundersame, gewaltige melodie." The silvering glory of a western sun rests upon the summit, and I look in vain for the white arms and gleaming shoulders of the golden-haired Lorelei.

But although this far-famed German nymph no longer now entices the mariners of the Rhine, we were favored with an example of the way in which the Loreleis of the nineteenth century enslave their devotees. A short distance below Bingen a young couple came on board and continued with us until our steamer touched at Coblenz. They took seats near us and a few moments' observation revealed their secret. They



were betrothed. This relation, which so-called society holds so lightly in America, is of significance in Germany, where the banns are still publicly announced by the pastor, after which a certain amount of intimacy is expected and allowed. A blue-eyed Saxon beauty of graceful form and carriage, a lover almost as homely as she was beautiful, a little hand resting confidently in his whilst they talked of the river and themselves, her unconfined flaxen hair yielding to every breeze—I could not help wishing for “Tony,” the artist of our class in college. But Sægerstown, alas, was well-nigh four thousand miles from this picture.

It was nearly evening when we again reached Bonn. The grounds of our hotel ran down to the banks of the Rhine in a succession of lovely terraces and parterres of bloom. As we strolled along here the sound of sweet music reached our ears. A few steps brought us to the concert garden of Bonn. We will enter, if you please. In the centre of a well-kept, tree-shaded, garden—about an acre in extent—an orchestra of some ability reveals the source of the music above referred to. Around and about, at little tables under the trees, men, women and children are seated in evident enjoyment. Here are fathers and daughters, husbands and wives, entire families, young and old, professors, clergymen, and mechanics. Some are drinking coffee, some wine, others in the majority—beer. Each little group maintains its individuality. There is no commotion, no noise. Conversation itself is carried forward in subdued tones. And, except on the part of three or four University students, there will in all probability be no intemperance. The strains of Beethoven and Meyerbeer steal across the lawn and bury themselves in the gently-rolling waters of the Rhine. What now shall I say of all this? Well, it is perhaps better to let the readers of the “GUARDIAN” determine for themselves. But remember, please, that the scene is laid in Germany. Do not on the one hand grow unduly enthusiastic, nor on the other criticise too harshly. There are questions of morality—I use the word in its literal sense—and expediency concerning which the wisest and best of Christians need not necessarily agree.

## Syria's Leper Cleansed.

2 KINGS V.

In ancient days in Syria lived  
A man of great renown.  
He with the king in favor stood,  
And could from him whate'er he would  
Obtain to half his crown.

Deliverance for the king he'd wrought  
From many deadly foes.  
The greatest valor he displayed,  
Nor once his trust in least betrayed;  
And hence to fame arose.

Beyond the common lot of men  
He still was sore distressed.  
The dread disease of leprosy  
In a most virulent degree  
His body much oppressed.

In various ways it had been sought  
The foul disease remove.  
It mattered not what cure was tried;  
Or, with what care it was applied;  
All failed effective prove.

A little captive maiden dwelt  
In his own family,  
Who from Samaria had been brought,  
'Mid battles with that people fought,  
The spoil of victory.

Much sympathy for him she felt,  
And wished he might be healed.  
She knew a prophet of wide fame,  
Who, in the land from which she came,  
Great power to heal revealed.

One day she to her mistress said,  
As her she would console:  
“Would God! my lord could only see  
This prophet; for most surely he  
Would be by him made whole.”

These tidings to the king were brought,  
Who sought his aid to lend:  
“Let Naaman to Israel go,  
And to its king the letter show,  
Which I with him shall send.”

Most faithful to his master's will  
At once he started out  
And took with him a retinue  
Of servants, who all things should do,  
The end to bring about.

He also treasures with him bore,  
Of garments, silver, gold,  
To meet their wants as they arise,  
And do whate'er should seem most wise,  
As things to them unfold.

When they had come to Israel's king,  
They him the letter gave.  
To them he great surprise expressed,  
That he should thus have been addressed,  
As though he life could save.



" 'Tis God alone possesses power  
To kill and make alive !"  
He said, and sought his clothes to rend.  
" Assuredly he must intend  
Me of my throne deprive."

When, in some way, the prophet learned  
The king's perplexity,  
To him at once this word he sent :  
" Why hast thou thus thy garments rent,  
Send him direct to me ;

And this great truth he shall be taught,  
To him unknown before,  
That not by means of magic rod,  
But through His prophet, Israel's God  
Can him to health restore."

Obedient to the king's command,  
He to the prophet went ;  
And, in a chariot at his door,  
Began from him the help implore,  
For which he there was sent.

Elisha, through a messenger,  
Told him what he should do :  
" Go, wash in Jordan seven times ;  
If thou do this, in these fair climes,  
Thy flesh thou shalt renew."

This message was not well received,  
As Naaman had thought  
The prophet would have there appeared,  
And by some special potent weird,  
The cure himself have wrought.

" Do not Abana and Pharpar,  
Damascus streams renowned,  
Surpass the streams of Israel ?  
May I not wash in them as well,  
And be by them made sound ?"

These words he spake ; then turned away  
With angry feelings filled.  
His servants interposed and plead :  
Had some great thing on him been laid  
Would he not do as willed ?

Much more should he, when he is told,  
To wash, and thus be clean,  
Most cheerfully the voice obey,  
And learn in this most simple way,  
What words prophetic mean.

His servants thus o'er him prevailed,  
And from his purpose turned.  
As by the prophet he was told,  
Sev'n times himself in Jordan rolled,  
And healing virtue learned.

Amazed and also much rejoiced  
At what had taken place,  
He, to the man of God returned,  
Whom he'd before most proudly spurned,  
And sought to see his face.

He stood before him with his men,  
And there aloud proclaimed :  
There is no God in all the earth,  
E'en in the land of his own birth,  
Save Him in Israel famed.

A present he desired to give  
The prophet, and believed  
He would from him accept the same,  
With further blessings on his name,  
Besides what he'd received.

The prophet, with great emphasis,  
The gift receive declined,  
And though again most strongly urged,  
Still not in least had he diverged  
From his first state of mind.

Some earth to bear from Israel home,  
He then permission craved,  
From which he might an altar make,  
So that the God he'd ne'er forsake,  
Who him from death had saved.

With greatest cheer this favor was  
To him and his allowed.  
The prophet bid him " Go in peace !"  
And still in wisdom's ways increase,  
Amid the worldly proud.

Most truly great the blessings were,  
On Syria's son conferred.  
But greater blessings still than they,  
Belong to those who God obey  
In Jesus Christ the Lord.

Sin's leprosy far exceeds,  
In virulence and force  
That, which had Naaman assailed,  
And for whose cure no means availed  
Outside prophetic source.

It, like a venomous disease,  
Our vital parts affects.  
The body it deprives of health,  
And creeping o'er the soul by stealth,  
Death into it injects.

One only remedy for it  
Can any where be found.  
'Tis Jesus' blood alone can purge  
The soul from sin's polluting scourge ;  
Such grace does here abound.

This fountain open is to all  
Who will to it repair.  
Full virtue, they in it shall find  
To heal disease of vilest kind,  
And all its blessings share.

Oh that we could on all prevail,  
Its healing virtues test,  
Who in their sins are perishing !  
No merit need they with them bring,  
With Jesus' merits blest.

How anxious, also, should all be,  
Like Syria's captive maid,  
That others may the blessings know  
Which from this gracious fountain flow,  
In house of David laid !

Let all then ever cheerful raise  
The kind inviting voice,  
That sinners, who their danger see,  
May be induced to Jesus flee,  
And in His grace rejoice.



Soon would God's glory fill the world,  
 As waters do the sea,  
 Should all the dear Redeemer's friends,  
 For past remissness make amends,  
 And henceforth active be.

Oh! that the Spirit of our God  
 On all our hearts were shed,  
 That saints their duties may discern,  
 And sinners from their errors turn,  
 And be to Jesus led!

S. R. F.

### Downfall of Napoleon III.

The following article is republished from the June number of the GUARDIAN of 1866. At the time Napoleon III. was still in his power as Emperor of France. We have little faith in the prophecies of modern Seers, and yet we cannot deny that the following calculations were singularly verified. In the Summer of 1869 King William of Prussia was accosted by the representative of France as he strolled along the shaded walks of Ems. Then and there he gave France an answer which in a few days set the armies of both nations by the throat. On September 3, 1870, Napoleon III. surrendered at Sedan, and took up his abode at Wilhelmslöhe as a dethroned prisoner. Thus he ended his imperial career in "the fatal 1869."

(ED. GUARDIAN.)

Some one, curious in the statistics of fatality, has been making calculations to show that Napoleon III. will come to his downfall in 1869. The calculations are founded on some very odd coincidences of dates which we will try to explain. In the first place, they take the dates of the principal events in the history of Louis Philippe and his Queen, which they group together so as to sum up 1848, the year of his downfall. Thus, Louis Philippe was born in 1773 and ascended the throne in 1830. Now to 1830 add separately the figures 1, 7, 7, 3, of his birth date, and they make 1848, thus: 1830, and 1 and 7 and 7 and 3 make 1848. The same result is reached if we take the year of his marriage. That event occurred in 1809 and he ascended the throne in 1830 and 1 and 8 and 0 and 9 make 1848. Again, if we take the date of his Queen's

birth 1782 and go through the same process—1830 and 1 and 7 and 8 and 2 we arrive at the same fatal year 1848, in which he lost his throne.

The second part of the calculation is this: Napoleon III. was born in 1808, and ascended the throne in 1852. Now if we start with 1852, and the separate figures in his birth year, we come to 1869—for 1852 and 1 and 8 and 0 and 8 make 1869. So, too, of his Empress. Eugenie was born in 1826. Taking the date of his ascent to the throne in 1852 and adding the separate figures of his marriage year, and it still points to 1869. Thus, 1852 and 1 and 8 and 5 and 3 make 1869. In fact, these French historical dates are full of such curious indications. Robespierre fell in 1794. Taking that date and adding the separate figures of it as above, and we have 1794—and 1 and 7 and 9 and 4—making the date of Napoleon's fall, 1815. Pursuing the same method, we take 1815 and 1 and 8 and 1 and 5 making 1830, the date of the fall of Charles X. Going on to 1848 the date of Louis Philippe's downfall, and we find that 1848 and 1 and 8 and 4 and 8 brings us once more to the fatal 1869.

But there is still another fatality attending these French dynasties, which is put in this form: Seventeen years was the limit of the supremacy of Napoleon I.; seventeen years the restored Bourbons reigned; seventeen years Louis Philippe occupied the throne; and the same seventeen years being accorded to Napoleon III., it carries him to the same fatal 1869 as the end of his career. And this fatal seventeen is also produced by strange coincidences. Taking the figures in the year of his birth, 1808, and adding them up thus, 1 and 8 and 0 and 8, and they sum up 17; taking the figures in the year of his Empress' birth, 1826, and adding them, 1 and 8 and 2 and 6, and they also make 17; then taking the figures in the year of his marriage, 1853, 1 and 8 and 5 and 3, and they likewise foot up 17.

Here is encouragement to perseverance, that Jesus our Head is already in Heaven; and if the head be above water, the body cannot drown.



### Bill and Joe.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by—  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright with morning dew—  
The lusty days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a title trail,  
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;  
And mine as brief appendix wear  
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;  
To-day, old friend, remember still  
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,  
And grand you look in the people's eyes,  
With H O N, and L L D.,  
In big brave letters fair to see,  
Your fist old fellow! off they go!  
How are you, Bill! How are you, Joe!

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;  
You've taught your name to half the globe;  
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
You've made the dead past live again;  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,  
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,  
They talk like fellows in their teens,  
Mad poor old boys! That's what it means."  
And shake their heads; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe.

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling at his side;  
How Joe, in spite of Time's disguise,  
Finds the old school-mate in his eyes,  
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill  
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?  
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;  
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust  
A few swift years, and who can show  
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gaping thousands come and go,  
How vain it seems, this empty show!  
Till all at once his pulses thrill;  
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
The names that please our mortal ears,  
In some sweet lull of harp and song,  
For earth-born spirits none too long,  
Just whisper of the world below  
Where this was Bill and that was Joe.

No matter; while our home is here  
No sounding name is half so dear;  
When fades at length our lingering day  
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?  
Read on the hearts that love us still,  
HIC JACET JOE, HIC JACET BILL.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### Literary Value of the Bible.

Doubtless there are among our readers those who would form a correct literary taste. Such a taste guards the mind, as a healthy appetite does the body. It instinctively rejects, as the appetite does unwholesome food, poor books, and takes to good ones. Richard Grant White gives this personal testimony as to the value of the Bible in forming a literary taste that discerns between the evil and the good. He says:

"I had been brought up on the Bible, which I had read until even at this day I know it better than I know any other book; and this with the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and the Waverly novels, both of which I read over and over again, had made poor books distasteful to me and awakened in me a greed for the good, for which good fortune of my boyhood I cannot be too grateful."

One reason why the Bible has so great literary value is that its style is both simple and strong. Coleridge, a good critic of style, though he did not always heed his own criticisms, thought it a kind of providence that the Bible was translated about the time when the English language had its greatest strength. Any one may see for himself this simplicity and strength by comparing a chapter of the Bible with the leading article in a good newspaper. The contrast will teach him how much the modern style of writing has lost by sacrificing simplicity and strength for the sake of making, what Goldsmith told Johnson he would do if he were to write a book about animals, "all the little fishes talk like whales."

—Dean Stanley, one Sunday afternoon, years ago, remarked to his wife, it is said, that the people had gazed intently at him while he preached his morning sermon. "How could they help it, my dear," she replied, "when one of your gloves was on the top of your head all the time?" The good dean makes no gestures while he preaches, and stands quite still, so that the glove, which it seems had fallen from his hat to his head, remained there during the entire discourse.



## Dr. Franklin's Letter.

In his younger years Benjamin Franklin was somewhat skeptical in his views of Christianity, but his mind seems to have been so occupied with his philosophical and other useful pursuits that he never devoted to it his whole power of investigation. In his riper years he was better inclined to religious thoughts. Mr. Weems, in his life of Franklin, gives a great many illustrations of this. He says: "What but that religion which teaches 'the price of truth' could have made him so penitent for having said anything in his youthful days against revelation? And while the popular infidels of Europe were so fond of filling the world with their books against Christ, that they might, as one of them said, 'crush the wretch,' what but a hearty esteem for him could have led Franklin to write the following reproof of a gentleman who, having written a pamphlet against Christianity, sent it to him, requesting his opinion of it?" The following is Franklin's reply:

SIR:—I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a *particular* providence, although you allow a *general* providence, you strike at the foundation of all religion; for without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards, and guides, and may favor particular persons, there is no motive to worship a deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject; and the consequence of printing this piece will be a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself—mischief to you and no benefit to others. "He that spits against the wind spits in his own face."

But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good will be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to lead a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion; you, having a clear perception of the advantage of virtue and the disadvantage of vice, possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable

you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes habitual, which is the greatest point of its security.

And, perhaps, you are indebted to her original, that is your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors; for among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may make against you, and, perhaps, a great deal of regret and repentance.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it? I intend this letter itself as a proof of my friendship, and, therefore, add no professions to it, but subscribe myself simply yours.

B. FRANKLIN.

It is believed that Paine was the writer addressed, and that Franklin's cogent reasons deferred the work until after his death. While Paine subsequently was among the more violent French infidels, and after suffering imprisonment from them, he issued the book which, it is assumed, was then written, but may have been prepared in whole or in part years previous.—O. N. Worden.

—A Glasgow minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh, yes, sir, we gang to the Barony Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Dr. Macleod?" "Na, na, deed no; we wadna risk him. Do ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhus?"



### Our Book Table.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GENERAL GRANT. By John Russell Young. American News Company, New York, and 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Parts I., II., III., IV.

This promises to be a work of unusual interest. The author, traveling with Ex-President Grant through Europe, Asia and Africa, enjoyed rare advantages of studying the civil, domestic and social life of the leading cities and nations of the world. His descriptions of General Grant's receptions by the different municipal and national authorities of the earth are very graphic. The work possesses a freshness and novelty not found in ordinary books of travel. The author is well and widely known as an able European correspondent of the *New York Herald*. If he does not equal in all respects, Johnson's Boswell or Bismark's Busch, he reports many interviews and conversations between Grant and the distinguished persons whom he visited. The work will contain 800 fine steel engravings prepared by the best artist and engravers. The entire work will consist of twenty parts, four of which will be issued every month. The whole is to be completed by November 1. It is sold only to subscribers, and the parts will be delivered to them at fifty cents each. Or it will be furnished to them bound in different styles, as desired.

JONAS KING: Missionary to Syria and Greece. By F. E. H. H. Pp. 372. Price \$1.50.

THE GLORIOUS SUFFICIENCY OF CHRIST. By Rev. Cornelius Tyree, D D., Liberty, Pa. Pp. 116. Price 60 cents.

THE BRIDAL SOUVENIR. Compiled by Rev. Samuel Cutler, author of "The Name above every Name," etc. Pp. 62. Price 60 cents. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

Dr. Jonas King was in a certain sense the founder of Protestant Missions in Modern Greece. For nearly 50 years he labored as a foreign missionary; forty of these years he spent in Athens. Married to a Christian lady of Greece, Miss Annetta Aspasia Menzous, he could the more readily identify himself with the

fortunes and misfortunes of the country. In his earlier labors he passed through perilous persecutions, in which the influence of his Greek wife shielded him against many a danger.

This volume does not simply give us the biography of an individual, but a life-like sketch of the missionary work in Greece during a period of forty years. To the mind of a child of God it has all the fascination of a romance, with none of its faults,

Such a constant walking by faith, laying foundations amid danger and darkness, hoping against hope, loving these who hate him, and suffering for those who despise him—the study of such a life is a new inspiration to the heart of a believer. We expect to give a more detailed sketch of the life of this eminently good man, in a later number of the GUARDIAN.

*The Glorious Sufficiency* of Christ discusses in a practical way the subject of our Saviour's all-sufficiency. His fullness of light, merit, truth, mercy, patience, sanctifying grace, moral and religious excellence, moral beauty, joy to render us happy, consolation in affliction, power to deliver and protect, wisdom to manage the affairs of the soul, and glory. These several points are explained and illustrated in a clear and simple style.

*The Bridal Souvenir* contains many choice selections from standard authors, bearing on the subject of marriage and married life, and furnishes apt reading to persons who wish to make their state of wedlock one of permanent happiness. The book is very finely gotten up; the quality of the paper, style of printing the binding, the marriage certificate no less than the contents, make it a suitable Bridal Souvenir.

THE story is told of a boy who, having got into a passion, was told by his mother to go to God for forgiveness. She heard him say, in his childish way, never to be angry again; and he added, "Lord, make ma's temper better too." This simple prayer speaks volumes to parents. Do we govern the children with such kindly words, such pleasant tones, such a loving spirit that we can then and there ask God's blessing upon your work?"—*Congregationalist*.



## The Sunday-School Department.

### A Truthful Hero.

Master Walters had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars *whistling* in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such a disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender.

The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud, sharp whistle broke the stillness. Everyone asserted that it was a certain boy, who had the reputation of a mischief-maker and a liar. He was called up, and, though with a somewhat stubborn look he denied it again and again, was commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant a slender little fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, and with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying as he did so, with the clear and firm tone of a hero—

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him; I whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum, and in rubbing out another, I rubbed it out by mistake, and spoiled it all, and, before I thought, whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie when I knew who was to blame. You may cane me, sir, as you said you should." And, with all the firmness he could command, he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected. "Charles," said he, looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity, "I would not strike you a blow for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle. You have been a truthful hero."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face, and quietly went on with

his sums. He must have felt that every eye was upon him in admiration; for the smallest scholars could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted, consistent Christian. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

### Sailor Ben's Silver Purse.

For two years had sailor Ben been off on the sea. Now his ship touched the shore, and his heart was full of joy. When he said good-bye to his mother, he was a wild, careless boy; but in the rough days and nights on the water, he had learned not only to love his mother better, but to love and serve the God she loved. So he longed to go to her and tell her of this joy.

Once on shore he hurried to buy a gift for her; a silver purse with long silver fringe, and into it he counted twenty gold dollars. "I'll make your heart glad in more ways than one, mother," he said, as he snapped the clasp and bounded over the rocks to the ship, for this was to be his last night on board for many months.

In his haste his foot slipped and he fell heavily, bruising his head, spraining his wrist, and the precious purse was flung out of his hands, down out of sight to the rocks below. Poor Ben! Never thinking of his bruises he climbed down, searching for his treasure till the night closed about him, then slowly with an aching heart he went back to his ship.

But there was a boy whose name was Aleck, and who early every morning swung himself down among the rocks, to hunt for the eggs the sea-birds leave in their nests. The next morning he caught sight of something he never saw before in any nest, and eagerly grasped it. It is Ben's silver purse! No more eggs for Aleck to-day; but with his



treasure safe in his pocket, he climbs up the rope to show his riches to his mother. Up on the rocks he meets sailor Ben, with limping gait and anxious face, searching for his purse.

"My boy, I'll give you the brightest gold dollar you ever put your eyes on, if you'll find the purse I lost here last night. It was for my old mother. It will break my heart to go home without it!"

For a minute there was a battle fierce and terrible in Aleck's heart. Was not the purse *his*? He had found it. His mother needed the gold as much as Ben's mother; but would she ever touch it if she knew he had kept it from its rightful owner? No, he knew what she would bid him do, and laying the purse in Ben's hands he gained the victory, the battle was over.

And so while Ben was rattling along in the coach, happy to pour into his mother's lap the gold he had saved for her, in the little cottage among the trees, Aleck was telling his mother the story of his temptation. "Better an honest heart, my boy, than all the gold and silver in the land."—*Child's World*.

### Oil Yourself a Little.

Once there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distress.

"It seems to me," said his neighbor, sagaciously, "it would be well enough for you to oil yourself a little, my friend."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes; I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used ever since."

"So you think, then, that I'm like a creaking door," cried the old gentleman; "how do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise

him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterward. Every family should have a bottle full of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.—*Southern Methodist*.

### A Great Street Preacher.

Archbishop Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, "Have you been hearing a sermon?" "I've met a sermon," was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was Death. Great street preacher! Nor laws nor penalties can silence him. No tramp of horses, nor rattling of carriages, nor rush and din of crowded streets can drown his voice. In heathen, pagan, and Protestant countries, monarchies and free States, in town and country, the solemn pomp of his discourse is going on.

In some countries a man is imprisoned for even dropping a tract. But what prison will hold this awful preacher? What chains will bind him? He lifts up his voice in the very presence of tyrants, and laughs at their threats. He walks unobstructed through the midst of their guards, and delivers the messages which trouble their security and embitter their pleasures. If we do not meet his sermons, still we cannot escape them. He comes to our abodes, and, taking the dearest objects of our love as his text—what sermons does he deliver to us?

His oft-repeated sermons still enforce the same doctrine, still press upon us the same exhortation. "Surely every man walketh in a vain show. Surely they are disquieted in vain. Here there is no continuing city. Why are you laboring for that which I will presently take from you and give to another? Take no thought for the morrow. Prepare to meet thy God."



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 7.

LESSON XXXVI.

1879.

*Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis xi. 1-9.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

1. And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.

2. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there.

3. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.

4. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower, whose top *may reach* unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.

5. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded.

6. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do.

7. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.

8. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.

9. Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.

## QUESTIONS.

Where did the Ark land? Chap. viii. 4. Where was Ararat? In Armenia. In what valley did Noah and his family settle? In the valley of the Euphrates. What was this region afterwards called? Chaldea. What great city was built in this country? Babylon. What great Tower was erected upon it? Babel. When? One hundred years after the Flood.

VERSE 1. What is the difference between *Language* and *Speech*? The former is the Tongue, the latter is the mode of pronunciation—like the German and its dialects. What Language was this primitive one? The old Hebrew. How long was this the sole language?—1757 years.

2. What direction did the descendants of Noah journey? Westward. To what countries did this lead them? Assyria—Mesopotamia—beyond the Euphrates—Chaldea. What is the land here called?

3. What does *Go to*, mean? Come now. Why did they use *brick*? Because of the scarcity of *stone*. What is *slime*? Bitumen—a substance in the earth, of various degrees of consistency. What was the first trade we read of after the Flood? Brickmaking.

4. What *city* was this, probably? Babylon. What was the *Tower* for? To serve as a center,—observatory, and fort. What does the phrase *reach unto heaven*, mean? Its great height. What was their reason for building this? To create a home-feeling and prevent emigration.

5. How did the Lord come down? Through His servants. What does the expression, *to see the city and the tower*, mean? He caused a discussion as to their design.

6. Did their enterprise please God? It did not. Why not? 1. It was against His original precept given to Adam, and repeated to Noah, &c. See chaps. i. 28; ix. 1-2. They seem to have had an *idolatrous* intention too. How do some read the saying—*which they have imagined to do*? The image-worship which they will do. How do these read the phrase in verse 4—*whose top may reach unto heaven*? Whose pinnacle may be for the heavenly bodies. How then may we understand the saying—*one language* here? Of one mind to establish idolatry.

7. What does the phrase—*let us go down*—here mean? By fire or wind, to destroy their work. What does *confound* mean? To confuse. How could this be done? By causing different pronunciations; by attaching different meanings to words; and by suggesting misunderstandings among the workmen and designers.

8-9. What was the end? They abandoned their work. What does *Babel* mean? Confusion. Do we still apply this word? To every scene of great disorder.

What do we learn from this Lesson? 1. That the human race was one in origin and language. 2. That the variety of languages resulted from a want of harmony. In heaven, where harmony reigns, but one language will be used, as we learn from the day of Pentecost. 3. That the origin of Nations originated at the Tower of Babel. 4. That God can make the wrath of man to praise Him, (Ps. lxxvi. 10).

Finally, mankind will become one again in Christ, (Gal. iii. 28).

## CATECHISM.

XXXIV. *Lord's Day.*

5. COMMANDMENT.—Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.



NOTES.—Noah and his family landed on the highest mountain in Armenia—Ararat—and descended into the valley of the river Euphrates. As the infant race multiplied, its members and households settled along the borders until they came to the plain of Shinar, a very fertile region. This country was afterwards called Chaldæa, the capital city of which was Babylon. Here the famous Tower of Babel was built, about one hundred years after the Flood.

VERSE 1. *One language—one speech.* As the human race started in the single family of Adam, and then once more in that of Noah, there was but one *language*, or tongue, and but one *speech*, or mode of pronouncing—dialect. This was the old, original *Hebrew*—used 1757 years.

VERSE 2. *As they journeyed from the East.* This means *westward*, towards Assyria, Mesopotamia, Chaldæa, and beyond the Euphrates—here called *the land of Shinar*. Because of its water and great fertility of soil, they *dwelt*, or settled here.

VERSE 3. *Go to.* This is a phrase no longer in frequent use. We say, *Come now*. As there was a scarcity of stone, *brick* was used for building purposes. *Slime* was what we now call “bitumen”—a substance found in the earth of various degrees of consistency, from a watery fluid to pitch. Brick-making was the first trade we read of, after the Flood.

VERSE 4. *A City and a Tower.* This city was probably young Babylon. They liked the situation and intended to congregate in a large community. The *tower* was to serve as a grand rallying center, from which observation could be made abroad, and which might answer for an arsenal, or fort, in civil discord and riot. The saying—*whose top may reach unto heaven*—shows that it was a *high tower*. *And let us make us a name.* They felt the sense of pride because of their prosperity, increase and power. *Lest we be scattered abroad.* The desire to emigrate and wander may have moved some clans or households. This the rulers or chiefs intended to check. By building largely now, employment was afforded to all, wages were earned and the spirit of home pride was fostered.

VERSE 5. *The Lord came down to see the city and the tower.* This tells us that God caused the plan to be discussed and examined. This was likely done by the more thoughtful and wise men of that day. God moved them to protest against their design, as one which would miscarry and end in a failure. “Man proposes, but God disposes,” has passed into a proverb with us.

VERSE 6. *And now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do.* The enterprise did not please God. And why not? For two reasons:—1. It was against God’s original plan. To Adam and to Noah He had given a different command. “Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it,” was said to the first human pair (chap. i. 28). “Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth,” was repeated to Noah, (chap. ix. 1). Their design was in opposition to His original and fixed precept.

2. It seems that there was an intention to use the Tower for *idolatrous* purposes. The phrase *imagined to do*—is taken by some, to read—*from the image-worship which they will do*. It is supposed that an image was to be placed on the top of the tower. So too, the phrase in verse 4—*whose top may reach unto heaven*—is read also:—*whose pinnacle may be for the heavenly bodies*. In this view, the Tower was to be a Temple to the Host of Heaven. Accordingly, *the one language and one speech* (in verses 1 and 6) is interpreted to mean, *one tongue and one worship*—that is—“the people are one in their word to establish a universal system of idolatry.” Both views may be correct. At any rate, God defeated their plan for good reasons.

VERSE 7. *Let us go down.* A Jewish legend says, fire fell from heaven and split the tower. Another tradition says, the winds blew it over. In some way the disapprobation of the counsels of heaven was manifested. And to prevent its re-building, it was ordered to *confound their language, that they may not understand one another’s speech*. This was a very easy thing to do with their tongue in that day. The first language of the Hebrews was a very simple speech; mostly consisting of words of one syllable; and these words had different meanings attached, on account of the fewness



of them. Hence to confuse the thoughts of men, would also cause them to attach different ideas and meanings to them, in different minds. Thus a misunderstanding would arise and confusion was the result. Perhaps quarrels and contentions arose, too, and the unity of sentiment once gone, the work was abandoned. We will quote from a French poet, to make plain our thought:—

"Bring me," says one, "a *trowel*; quickly, quick!"

One brings him up a *hammer*. "Hew this brick."

Another bids and then they *cleave a tree*.

"*Make fast this rope*;" and then they *let it flee*.

One calls for *planks*; another *mortar* lacks;

They bear the first a *stone*; the last an *axe*.

One would have *spikes*; and him a *spade* they give.

Another asks a *saw*, and gets a *sieve*.

Thus crossly cross, they *prate* and *point* in vain;

What one hath *made*; another *mars* again.

\* \* \* \* \*

These masons then, seeing the storm arriv'd,  
Of God's just wrath, all weak and heart-depriv'd,

Forsake their purpose; and like frantic fools,  
Scatter their stuff and cast aside their tools.

VERSES 8-9. *Babel*. This word means, *to mingle—to confound—to destroy*. And we will all confess that its name is a very suitable one. Even now, we use the word, whenever we would express a scene of disorder and confusion.

It is also called the *Tower of Dispersion*, from the *scattering* of the people.

We learn something valuable from this Lesson. 1. That as the human race was one in its origin, so too, was there a *unity of Language*, in the beginning. 2. This variety of languages in the earth, resulted from a want of harmony in the minds and hearts of men. In heaven, where all is harmony and peace, but *one* language is spoken. On the Day of Pentecost that language of Heaven was spoken, and all understood it. 3. We see how the different nations of the earth originated. From the Tower of Babel they dispersed abroad. No other record has ventured to tell us of this phenomenon. 4. We see, too, how the wrath or folly of men can be confounded by God, and even turned to His praise, (Ps. 76: 10). From an evil design, He brought forth a grand result.

### Luther Taught by his Wife.

Great-souled Martin Luther could believe and doubt against any man of his time; in believing he could excel the angels, and in horrible thoughts of doubting he could almost match the devils. Great-hearted men are subject to horrible fits of faintness and despair unknown to minds of smaller caliber. One day he fell so low in spirit that his friends were frightened at what he might say or do. Things were going ill with the great cause, and the reformer might, in his dreadful condition, have upset everything. So his friends got him out of the way, saying to themselves, "The man must be alone; his brain is overworked; he must be quiet." He rested a bit, and came back looking as gloomy and sour as ever. Rest and seclusion had not stilled the winds nor lulled the waves. Luther was still in a storm, and judged that the good cause was shipwrecked.

I will now give my own version of the method adopted for the great man's cure. He went home, but when he came to the door nobody welcomed him. He entered their best room, and there sat Catherine, his wife, all dressed in black, weeping as from a death in the house. By her side lay a mourning cloak, such as ladies wear at funerals. "Ah," says he, "Kate, what matters now? Is the child dead?" She shook her head and said the little ones were alive, but something much worse than that had happened. Luther cried, "Oh, what has befallen us? Tell me quick. I am sad enough as it is. Tell me quick." "Good man," said she, "have you not heard? Is it possible that the terrible news has not reached you?" This made the reformer the more inquisitive and ardent, and he pressed to be immediately told of the cause of sorrow. "Why," said Kate, "have you not been told that our heavenly Father is dead, and His cause in the world is therefore overturned?" Martin stood and looked at her, and at last burst into such a laugh that he could not possibly contain himself, but cried, "Kate, I read thy riddle. What a fool I am! God is not dead. He ever lives; but I have acted as if He were dead. Thou hast taught me a good lesson."—*Spurgeon*.



SEPTEMBER 14.

LESSON XXXVII.

1879.

*Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis xii. 1-9.*

## THE SUBJECT.—THE CALLING OF ABRAM.

1. Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee:

2. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing:

3. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.

4. So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram *was* seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.

5. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into

the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.

6. ¶ And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite *was* then in the land.

7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.

8. And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Beth-el, and pitched his tent, *having* Beth-el on the west, and Hai on the east: and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.

9. And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south.

## QUESTIONS.

What effect had the Dispersion on the religion of the race? It declined. Of what did God take care? That a line of faith should be preserved until the birth of Christ. In whose posterity did this line run? In Shem's. What family was now especially chosen? Abraham's. Who was Abraham? Chap. xi. 26-27, and 31-32. How was he chosen? By a call of God. How long after the Dispersion? About 325 years. How old was he then? verse 4. Was he called but *once*, or *twice*? Probably twice. Compare Chap. xi. vs. 31-32, with Acts vii. 2-4. Why was this repetition made? The first was a general, the latter a specific call.

VERSE 1. What does the name *Abram* mean? A great father. Was his name changed afterwards? Chap. xvii. 5. What does *Abraham* mean? A father of a multitude. Which was his *country*? Mesopotamia, in Chaldea. Where did he leave his kindred? At Haran. Who were his kindred? Chap. xi. 26-27. Whither was he to go? Canaan. Had this land been plainly told him now? No. See Is. xl. 2, and Heb. xi. 8-10.

2. How was Abram to become a great nation? He became the founder of the Hebrews, or Jews. How was his *name* made great? Chap. xvii. 5.

3. How were all the families of the earth made blessed in his seed? By the Messiah and His Gospel. What makes His coming remarkable? This, the second great promise of a Saviour.

4. On what did Abraham now rely? On God's promise. Did this show a great faith in Abraham? Who accompanied him? Who was *Lot*? His deceased brother's son.

5. Who are meant by *the souls that they had gotten*? Families and servants. What country was *Canaan*? Palestine. What does *Canaan* mean? A Lowland. Between what waters did

it lay? Beyond Jordan; between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean. Who dwelt there? A bad people. What was done with this people? Lev. xviii. 25. Of what is Canaan a type? Of the Kingdom of God. Of what is Abraham a type? Matt. x. 36; Luke xiv. 33.

6. To what place did he come now? What is *Sichem*, or *Sechem* now called? Neapolis. What does *Sechem* mean? It signifies drunkenness. Where does this place lie? Beyond Jordan, near Hebron. Where may we read more of it? Chaps. xxxiii. 19; 1. 25-26; Ex. xiii. 19; John iv. 12; Acts vii. 16. What does *Moreh* mean? *A Teacher*. How may we read *the plain of Moreh*? The teaching Oak. Is this a famous Oak? See chaps. xviii. 2-9, and xxiii. 3; xix. 27-28. It still stands a majestic tree, 32 feet thick, and surrounded by a wall.

7. What did he build here? Why an altar? Because of God's manifestation to him. How did God appear to him? Perhaps in Jesus Christ. See John viii. 56.

8. Whither did Abraham now go? What does *Beth-el* mean? The house of God. How do we understand this, *called upon the name of the Lord*? He worshipped God through the Mediator, who had appeared unto him. Did he build another altar here? What had the place been called before? Chap. xxviii. 19.

9. Whither did he then move? What does the balance of the chapter teach? That he went to Egypt, and returned again to Bethel.

What do we learn from this part of the history of Abraham? 1. That God began a new spiritual race in Abraham. 2. That He called him for this purpose. 3. That Abraham's faith and obedience entitle him to the honorable position of the "Father of the Faithful," (Rom. iv. 11). 4. That to be worthy children of such a Father, we must believe and live in God.



NOTES. — After the confusion of tongues and the dispersion of the people, the true religion of that day was in danger of being lost entirely. God took care, however, to preserve it by means of one family, in one direct line down to Jesus Christ. The father of this pious branch of the human race was Abram, the founder of the Hebrew nation, or Jews, from whom our Lord came. He was of Shem's posterity—the ninth descendant, and the son of Terah, of the city of Ur, in Chaldæa, (chap. xi. 26–27). God marked him out as the champion of the faith in the true religion, about 325 years after the destruction of the tower of Babel. He was in his 76th year when he was called to this great mission. On *two* occasions his work was assigned him. His *first* call is preserved for us in the New Testament, (Acts vii. 2–4). This was a general information given him whilst he yet lived in his native town in Mesopotamia, or Chaldæa. His *second* and special call he received, when already on his journey, and resting at Haran, (chap. xi. 31–32). Here his father died. Thence he continued his course, under a divine impulse, though not knowing whither he went, (Heb. xi. 8) towards the land of Canaan. He came to Sechem and pitched his tent beneath the terebinth-tree of Moreh. Here he received a further revelation from Jehovah, in a vision, where he built an altar in memory of the divine appearance. The next halting-place was Bethel, where he built another altar. Finding a famine in the land he turned towards the rich corn-fields of Egypt. But we must not run ahead of the Lesson too far.

VERSE 1. *Abram*. This name means a *high* or *exalted father*, whilst *Abraham*, as he was later called, (chap. xvii. 5) signifies, *the father of a great multitude*.

*Get thee out of thy country*. From Ur, in Mesopotamia, in the country of Chaldæa. *And from thy kindred*. His brothers were Nahor and Haran. The whole family of Terah seems to have gone as far as to the place called Haran, where Terah died and the brother Haran. Here Nahor stayed, and Abram with Sarai his wife, and Lot his nephew, moved on. His leaving all back is expressed by *thy father's house*.

*Unto a land that I will show thee*. This was Canaan; but it had not been told him plainly yet. (See Is. xli. 2, and Heb. xi. 8–10).

VERSE 2. *I will make thee a great Nation*. The founder of the Hebrews or Jewish people. *And make thy name great*. This alludes to the change of name, from *Abram* to *Abraham*—a *great father* and a *father of many*, as well as its meaning.

VERSE 3. *And in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed*. This is the second great and direct promise of the *Messiah*. In Abram's seed, that is in Christ, the Gospel was to be preached throughout the world, and innumerable blessings be conferred upon mankind.

VERSE 4. *So Abram departed*. It was a great trial of faith for a man, who had lived with his own kindred for seventy-five years, to bid adieu—and not know, either, whither he was going. He simply knew that *the Lord had spoken*. Only *Lot*, his deceased brother's son, *went with him*.

VERSE 5. *And all their substance . . . and the souls that they had gotten in Haran*. This means their families and servants. *And they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came*. But not as easy done, as said. This was a country, called *Canaan* or “*Low-land*,” because it lay between the Jordan and the Dead Sea, on the one side, and the Mediterranean on the other. A bad people dwelt in it, who had to be driven out, for their iniquities, (Lev. xviii. 25). This country was made a type of the kingdom of God. As Abram left his own country, his kindred and his father's house, at God's command, nor ceased his journey until he entered it; so must all men leave the world, its people, and its vanity, in setting out for God's kingdom, nor cease to follow His command before the race is finished, (Matthew x. 36–38; Luke xiv. 33).

VERSE 6. *Sechem*, or *Sechem*. Here the town of *Neapolis* now stands, in Samaria. Here he first halted and pitched his tent, beyond Jordan, before he came to Bethel and Hebron. For more of it, see chap. xxxiii. 19; l. 25–26; Ex. xiii. 19; John iv. 12; Acts vii. 16. *Moreh*. This means—*A Teacher*. The word *plain* here is *oak tree*. The famous



OAK (or Terebinth) OF ABRAHAM has been photographed. It is a majestic, venerable tree, two miles from Hebron. It measures thirty-two feet in circumference. A stone wall surrounds it. See also chaps. xviii. (1-8 and xxiii. 33). It is old, at least 3800 years.

VERSE 8. *Bethel.* This means *the house of God*. It was called *Luz* before, (chap. xxviii. 19). Where he pitched his tent he also built an altar, it seems. *And called upon the name of the Lord.* This reads properly—*he invoked in the name of Jehovah*. No doubt Abram received special revelations here again. Perhaps he was taught the great lesson of approaching God through a Mediator. It may be that our Lord refers to this fact, when he said, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad," (John viii. 56).

VERSE 9. And now the faithful pilgrim moves onward again towards Canaan. An interesting episode occurs now in the history of the man, in consequence of the famine raging in the land, (ver. 10). This is the first record of a famine. He turns into Egypt, even as his great-grandson was subsequently sold into Egypt, as his posterity was delivered from Egypt, and as our Lord Himself was carried into and called out of Egypt. It is not likely, however, that his stay in this country was a long one. He left Egypt with great possessions, and accompanied by his nephew Lot, he returned to his former encampment, Bethel, (chap. xiii. 3).

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—1. God may be said to have begun the new spiritual race in Abraham. 2. God's call to Abraham was a direct act of heaven to maintain an unbroken line from which our Lord was to be born. 3. Abraham's faith and obedience entitle him to the honorable position of "Father of the Faithful," (Rom. iv. 11). 4. If we would be worthy children of Abraham, we must implicitly believe God, and obey His commands.

### Teach your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is far

better than a college education, without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy; that it is better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and point your precept by the examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and when He gave the seventh commandment, He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

### Let Little Ones Laugh.

A child's mirth is easily aroused. How still is the house when the little ones are fast asleep and their pattering feet are silent. How easily the fun of a child bubbles forth. Take even those poor, prematurely-aged little ones, bred in the gutter, cramped in unhealthy homes, and ill-used, it may be, by drunken parents, and you find the child nature is not all crushed out of them. They are children still, albeit they look so haggard and wan. Try to excite their mirthfulness, and ere long a laugh rings out as wild and free as if there was no such thing as sorrow in the world. Let the little ones laugh, then—too soon, alas! they will find cause to weep. Do not try to silence them, but let their gleefulness ring out a gladsome peal, reminding us of the days when we, too, could laugh without a sigh.



SEPTEMBER 21.

LESSON XXXVIII.

1879.

*Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis xiii. 1-13.*

THE SUBJECT.—ABRAM AND LOT.

1. And Abram went up out of Egypt, he, and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him, into the south.

2. And Abram *was* very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold.

3. And he went on his journeys from the south even to Beth-el, unto the place where his tent had been at the beginning, between Beth-el and Hai;

4. Unto the place of the altar, which he had made there at the first: and there Abram called on the name of the Lord.

5. ¶ And Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents.

6. And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together.

7. And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle: and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelt then in the land.

8. And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no

strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we *be* brethren.

9. *Is* not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if *thou wilt* take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if *thou depart* to the right hand, then I will go the left.

10. And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it *was* well watered every where, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, *even* as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar.

11. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; and Lot journeyed east: and they separated themselves the one from the other.

12. Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelt in the cities of the plain, and pitched *his* tent toward Sodom.

13. But the men of Sodom *were* wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly.

## QUESTIONS.

Of what two men does this Lesson treat? How are they related to each other? Where do we find them now? Had they been here before? Chap. xii. 8. Whither had they gone? Chap. xii. 10.

VERSE 1. Whence had Abram and Lot now come? How do you understand the phrase *into the south*? South of Canaan. Had *all* who went down, come up out of Egypt? Yes.

2. How was Abram circumstanced? In what did his riches consist? How did he obtain them in Egypt? Chap. xii. 16. Was *gold* and *silver* abundant in Egypt? The Pharaohs were immensely rich. Was this *coined* money? Rings and ornaments.

3-4. Was it *accidental* that the Patriarch returned to this place again? It was doubtless ordered of God. Why? To renew his revelations and fervor of his call. How may we say this? From the act of worship named.

5. Had Lot been prospered, too? Is good company a source of blessing to us? Verily.

6-7. What is said about the increase of their flocks? Why could they no longer dwell together? 1. The pasture-land was too small. 2. The neighboring tribes encroached on them. 3. The herdsmen quarrelled.

8-9. What noble speech did Abram now

make? Why was strife a reproach to both? What choice did he give his nephew? Was this generous on Abram's part? How so? As the elder, uncle and favorite of God, he might have chosen first. Why was he so disinterested? He was more spiritually-minded, and mindful of his call, (Heb. xi. 10).

10. How did *Lot lift up his eyes*? Ascended a mountain. In the direction of what cities did he look? In what plain were these? Of what did the valley remind him? Like what former land did it seem?

11. What choice did he make then? Did you ever think of the similarity between *Lot* and our terms, *lot* and *lottery*?

12-13. Where did Abram remove? What was the character of Lot's neighbors? Had he considered that? Of what did he *only* think? Is that the case frequently to-day?

What may we learn, concerning *wealth*, from this Lesson? That it is no evil in itself; that it is oftentimes a source of discord and misery; that it steels men's hearts against better feelings: that it is a strong temptation even to good men, (2 Pet. ii. 7-8); that our possessions should always be baptized of God's benediction: and that we should have a loud sermon preached on our Lord's text, (Matt. vi. 24).

## CATECHISM.

XXXVIII. *Lord's Day.*

103. What doth God require in the Fourth command?

First, that the ministry of the gospel and the schools be maintained; and that I, especially on the Sabbath, that is, on the day of rest, diligently frequent the Church of God, to hear His word, to use the sacraments, publicly to call

upon the Lord, and contribute to the relief of the poor, as becomes a Christian. Secondly, that all the days of my life I cease from my evil works, and yield myself to the Lord, to work by His Holy Spirit in me, and thus begin in this life the eternal sabbath.



NOTES.—We find Abram and Lot back again, between Bethel and Ai. But the place is now too small for their households. The hills no longer afford pasture enough for their sheep, goats and cattle. Between their servants who tended their herds, quarrels arose. The uncle, feeling still the stern inner call of God and duty, and looking rather for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, (Heb. xi. 10) he proposes a separation, leaving the choice of locality to his nephew. Lot, who was not so spiritually-minded, was tempted to select the well-watered and green garden-valley of the Jordan. A great calamity befel him, however. He was taken captive, with other dwellers in Sodom. Abraham, with three hundred men pursued, conquered and routed his captors, and brought back Lot, with a large booty. Still, Sodom and Gomorrah, with other cities, were destroyed because of their abominable wickedness; Lot and his two daughters only escaping by God's intervention. Though he was a religious man, (2 Pet. ii. 7-8), he sinned greatly in the end. He became the progenitor of the Moabites and Ammonites, who proved sore enemies to God's people. Thus, after twenty-three years of prosperity and adversity we lose sight of him, whilst Abram's character shines more and more unto the perfect day.

VERSE 1. *And Abram went up out of Egypt.* God moved him to both go and return, we may well believe. The parties stood well together, thus far. *Into the South.* This means to the south of Canaan.

VERSE 2. *And Abram was very rich.* The Pharaohs of Egypt were immensely wealthy. In verse 16, (chap. xii.), we learn one source of Abram's increase. Josephus says, he acquired a part of his property by teaching the Egyptians. Here we first read of silver and gold. Stores of it were treasured up in Egypt. But it was not coined so early. It was in the form of rings and ornaments. Wealth hurts no man, if he has grace to use it aright.

VERSES 3-4. His return to his former habitation was not accidental. We may suppose, from the saying, "and there Abram called on the name of the Lord," that it was in order to inquire

further, and obtain light concerning his divine call.

VERSE 5. *And Lot also, &c.* As long as he was with his uncle, prosperity attended him. Good company is a source of blessing, for this world and the next.

VERSES 6-7. *And the land was not able to bear them.* Though their flocks were slaughtered for sacrifice, for food and clothing, yet there was a great increase. *They could not dwell together.* 1. Because their quarters were too narrow for their herds. 2. The Canaanites and Perizzites had taken up the adjacent plains. 3. Their herdsmen quarreled.

VERSE 8. *Let there be no strife, I pray thee.* This is a beautiful speech of the old Patriarch. *For we be brethren.* We are of one blood, of one faith, having like surroundings and like promises. Let us have peace, even at the price of separation.

VERSE 9. *Is not the whole land before thee?* Abram might well have exercised the first choice. He was the uncle, and the favorite of God. But he was less worldly-minded, and paternally inclined towards his nephew; hence he gives him the right of choice.

VERSE 10. *And Lot lifted up his eyes.* From a hill of Bethel, he looked in the direction of Sodom, Gomorrah and Zoar, and it reminded him of the green and fertile land of Egypt, which they left behind them. It seemed to him like the garden of the Lord.

VERSE 11. *Lot chose the plain of Jordan.* His choice was soon made, and he left his uncle the barren hills of Bethel. This we cannot regard as a generous, or filial act. Is it not strange that the terms *lot* and *lottery* bear such a sameness with the name of him who first exercised it?

VERSES 12-13. *Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan.* No doubt this was after God's mind; yet it does not excuse Lot. He never considered the character of the people, in choosing a home. Like him, many never weigh advantages with disadvantages in locating, and ruin body, soul and family. Of the wickedness of the Sodomites, we learn in chap. xix.

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—1. Wealth, in itself, is not an evil. The patriarch Abram had a good share of it, under God's ordering. 2. Wealth is often-



times a source of great evil. It destroyed the unity and harmony of Abram and Lot. 3. Wealth oftentimes hardens the heart. It steeled Lot's mind against all reverence and affection for his great uncle. 4. It is a strong temptation to good men even. Lot's fall resulted from his covetousness. 5. Whatever we possess should always challenge God's benediction, in order to prove to us a source of felicity. Finally, this lesson preaches us a strong sermon on one of our Lord's texts, Matthew vii. 24.

### An Indian Boy.

"I found him," writes a missionary, "dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind-covered hut, with nothing but a few fern-leaves under him and an old blanket over him. After recovering from my surprise I said, 'My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know you should not have been lying here.' He replied, 'It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore.' I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in Him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, 'Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there.' Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly spoke in precisely the following words: 'This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg (about two hundred miles off), where I remained about two months. When I was half-way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it

again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have it buried with me; but I have thought since I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good.'"

Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings he sees you express—these will educate him. The society you live in will educate him; above all, your rank, your situation in life, your home, your table will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw from him the continual influence of these things except you were to withdraw yourself from him also. Education goes on at every instant of time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that will he be.—*Barnes' Monthly*.

THE GOOD SCHOLAR.—Dean Stanley says, "Two things together are the very model of a good scholar. First you must listen. You must hear; you must be silent; you must be attentive. We can never hope to gain real wisdom or knowledge unless we are willing to be taught; unless we look out for instruction, unless we fix our minds. He who is always talking without listening to what others say; he who is always asking questions without waiting for an answer; he who allows his mind to wander from one thing to another; he who thinks he is wiser than his teachers and cleverer than his companions; he who does not look up to what is above himself, whether old or young, is not learning as Christ learnt. We must also be good askers of questions."

IN Winthrop's History of New England is the following statement concerning the whipping of students at Harvard College, under date of June 5th, 1644: "Two of our ministers' sons, being students in the college, robbed two dwelling-houses in the night of some £15. Being found out, they were ordered by the governors of the college to be there whipped, which was performed by the president himself—yet they were about twenty years of age."



SEPTEMBER 28.

LESSON XXXIX.

1879.

*Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis xiv. 17-24.*

THE SUBJECT.—ABRAM AND MELCHIZEDEK.

17. ¶ And the king of Sodom went out to meet him, after his return from the slaughter of Chedorlaomer and of the kings that *were* with him, at the valley of Shaveh, which is the king's dale.

18. And Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine: and he *was* the priest of the most high God.

19. And he blessed him, and said, Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth:

20. And blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand. And he gave him tithes of all.

21. And the king of Sodom said unto Abram,

Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself.

22. And Abram said to the king of Sodom, I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth,

23. That I will not *take* from a thread even to a shoelatchet, and that I will not take any thing that *is* thine, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abram rich:

24. Save only that which the young men have eaten, and the portion of the men which went with me, Aner, Eshcol, and Mamre; let them take their portion.

## QUESTIONS.

Of what two characters does this Lesson treat? How did Abram and Melchizedek meet? When Abram was returning from battle. From *what* battle? Of the four confederate kings, with the five kings of Canaan, who had taken Lot captive, (vs. 11-12). How did Abram become involved? He joined the forces of the king of Sodom in rescuing his nephew, (vs. 13-16).

VERSE 17. Who was the king of Sodom? His name is unknown. Who was Chedorlaomer? The first Monarch of Persia—1913 years B. C. What was his place of residence called? The King's dale.

18. What does *Melchizedek* mean? *My Righteous King*, or the *King of Righteousness*. Over what city was he king? What does *Salem* mean? *Peace*. What was this city afterwards called? Jerusalem. What was Melchizedek? The priest of the Most High God. Whom do men take him to have been? 1. A pious descendant of Shem, who ruled the city in peace and righteousness; 2. An Angel in the form of Christ, as His forerunner; 3. Christ Himself; 4. A Type of Christ. Which view seems the correct one? The last. Why? Because of the resemblance between him and Christ. What are some of the points of resemblance? 1. Their Names; 2. Their Residences; 3. Their Offices; 4. Their Mysterious natures and histories. What *three* offices did both unite in themselves? That of Prophet, Priest, and King. Did ever any other one before Christ unite them in Himself? No. Where do we further read of him? Ps. cx. 4, and in the Epistle to the Hebrews, especially in the vii. chapter. What did he bring before Abram? Bread and wine. Why? To refresh him. Of what does this offering remind us? Of the Lord's Supper. Did Abram recognize him as a superior character?

19. What did he further do for Abram? In

whose name did he bless him? What form did he probably use? Numb. vi. 24.

20. What did Melchizedek offer for God? What is the difference between *God blessing man* and *man blessing God*? God speaks good upon man; whilst man speaks good of God. What does *tithes* mean? The *tenth* part of any thing. Was this habit of giving the tenth of our possessions to God well known among the ancients? It was. Did it become a duty for the Jews afterwards? It did. Is it a common custom now? No. Is it still a duty? It is.

21. What did the king of Sodom offer to Abram? All the spoils. What would he do with the captives? Relieve Abram of them. Why did he make this generous offer? Out of gratitude. Could he have retained all as king? Yes. Was it a noble act on his part, then? Yes.

22. What does—*I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord*—mean? I have made a vow. Do we still appeal to God in this way? We do. To whom did Abram think all belonged? To the most high God.

23. What does he mean by not taking *a thread, even to a shoelatchet*? Nothing at all, would he take. Did he wish his name and riches to stand in God alone? Verily.

24. What only did he except of all the booty? The victuals for his servant-soldiers, (v. 11). Who were *Aner, Eshcol, and Mamre*? Those who had joined in the battle. How were they to be treated? They were to be sharers of the spoils.

What have we learned in this Lesson? Something of the mysterious man *Melchizedek*. What is the golden thread running all through these ancient writings? The coming of the Messiah. What then will we believe Melchizedek to have been? A Type of Christ. Have we more than the *type*? We have Christ Himself.

1. God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform:  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sov'reign will.



NOTES.—Lot exposed himself to great danger by choosing his residence among the wicked Sodomites. Soon the various tribes of the surrounding country commenced a war with each other. A number of Chiefs joined together and fought against a similar band of chieftains. The petty kings of Sodom and Gomorrah were slain, the cities plundered, and Lot, with his goods and family, were captured, and carried away. Abram, hearing of the disaster of his nephew, collected an army, pursued and routed the enemies, and brought back Lot and all his. On his victorious return, Melchizedek met him, blessed him, and took tithes of him. The king of Sodom, out of gratitude to Abram for his services, offered him all the spoils they had taken. But Abram would give God all the glory for the victory, and allowed only some of the booty to be given to the three chiefs who had assisted him in battle.

Let us now study the strange character, who crosses the path of Abram—MELCHIZEDEK.

VERSE 17. *The king of Sodom.* We do not know his name. The former chief had fallen in battle, (vs. 2 and 10). Another had taken his place. *Chedorlaomer* was the first of the great monarchs of Persia. He had overrun and subjected the rulers of Sodom, Gomorrah, Zeboiim, Zoar and Admah, who are meant by the kings that were with him. His home was in the adjacent valley of *Shaveh*, or *King's dale*.

VERSE 18. *Melchizedek.* He is called *King of Salem*. This was another name for Jerusalem, (Ps. lxxvi. 1-2). His name signifies—*My righteous King*, or *King of Righteousness*. His full title then is—*My Righteous King of Jerusalem*. Or, as *Salem* means *peace*, he may be—*My King of Peace and Righteousness*. Now let each one read Psalm cx. 4. Then take time to read the vii. chapter of *Hebrews*. 1. Some suppose him to have been a descendant of Shem, who maintained a pure and righteous government over Salem, and thereby typified Christ the King over the heavenly Jerusalem. 2. *His genealogy was lost, and hence "without father or mother."* Others hold him as an Angel, who appeared as forerunner and model of Christ, who was to come and realize

all the features of this Person. 3. There are those who believe Melchizedek to have been Christ Himself. All concede him to bear some relation to the MESSIAH. Further than this we may not venture to teach, namely: *Melchizedek was a type of Christ*. This fact is proven:—1. By his name—*King of Righteousness*. 2. By his residence—*Salem, the City of Peace*. 3. By his threefold office—*Prophet—Priest—King*. 4. By the mystery of his appearance. "Whoso shall declare his generation?" (Isa. liii. 8). The Redeemer of the world is the *King of Righteousness, in the City of Peace; the Priest of the Most High God; and the last Prophet, as well as the greatest—the Mystery of Godliness. Brought forth bread and wine. Why? Certainly to refresh Abram, who was exhausted by the fatigues of the battle and march. But Christians are here reminded of the Lord's Supper. And he was the priest of the most high God. Abram at once recognized him as a person of supreme rank and in direct relation to God. He had doubtless preserved the true faith in his family, and served as teacher, intercessor and ruler over his subjects. The features of Christ shone forth in him.*

VERSE 19. *Blessed be Abram.* The higher blesses the lower character here. This was the priest's office. And he does it in the name of the most High God, possessor of heaven and earth. Perhaps the form of blessing may be the formula recorded in Numbers vi. 24-26.

VERSE 20. *And blessed be the most high God.* Here the blessing ascends to the Supreme Being. When a benediction descends upon an inferior, it is a speaking good to the subject; and when it ascends to a superior, it is a speaking good of Him. God sends us blessings, and we render thanks. *And he gave him tithes of all.* Though nothing had thus far been recorded of rendering the tenth part of one's possessions as a religious tribute to God, Melchizedek and Abram seem to understand the offering quite well. This became a duty for pious Jews in later days. Almost all nations of the earth, in ancient days, knew of tithing; but in modern days it seems a strange and hard task.

VERSE 21. *Give me the persons, and take the goods thyself.* As it was a war



undertaken for the King of Sodom, he was entitled to all the spoils. He generously offers to relieve Abram of the captives, but wishes him to retain the booty. This was a noble proposal.

VERSE 22. *I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord.* This means that he had made a vow to God, not to appropriate any gain to myself. It belongs to God—the possessor of heaven and earth. This is still a mode by which we appeal to God with uplifted hand.

VERSE 29. *I will not take from a thread, even to a shoe-latchet.* This was a proverb, and means—"I will take nothing at all." *I have made Abram rich.* He desired his name and possessions to stand wholly in God.

VERSE 24. *Save only that which the young men have eaten.* His servants had eaten of the victuals, (v. 11). *Aner, Eschol, and Mamre—let them take their portion.* These had joined with him in battle, and had a right to share in the goods of conquest.

In the following two chapters God appears to Abram again, grants him new revelations, and confirms His former promises.

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—The coming of the Messiah is the golden thread that runs through these ancient writings. He is pictured forth in word, and act, and person. Melchizedek was a famous photograph of Jesus Christ. "Abram saw His day," all along his long journey, "and was glad." How much more should we rejoice, who have Christ Himself.

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### Mr. Spurgeon on Peril from the Pulpit.

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The following is a "warning note" sounded by the great London preacher:

"The habit of perpetually mentioning the theories of unbelievers when preaching the gospel gives a man the appearance of great learning, but it also proves his want of common sense. In order to show the value of wholesome food it is not needful to proffer your guest a dose of poison, nor would he think the better of your hospitality if you did so. Certain sermons are more calculated to weaken faith than to render men believers. They resemble the process through which a poor unhappy dog is

frequently passed at the Grotto del Cane at Naples. He is thrown into the gas, which reaches up to the spectators' knees, not with the view of killing him, but as an exhibition. Lifted out of his vapory bath, he is thrown into a pool of water, and revives in time. Such a dog is not likely to be a very efficient watch-dog or pursuer of game; and when hearers Sunday after Sunday are plunged into a bath of skeptical thought, they may survive the experiment, but they will never become spiritually strong or practically useful. It is never worth while to make rents in a garment for the sake of mending them, nor to create doubts in order to show how cleverly we can quiet them. Should a man set fire to his house because he has a patent extinguisher which would put it out in no time? He would stand a chance of one day creating a conflagration which all the patents under heaven could not easily extinguish. Thousands of unbelievers have been born into the family of skepticism by professed preachers of the gospel, who supposed that they were helping them to faith. Young men, in many instances, have obtained their first notions of infidelity from their ministers—they have sucked in the poison, but refused the antidote. The devil's catechists in doubt have been the men who were sent to preach 'Believe, live.' This is a sore evil, and it seems hard to stay it; and yet ordinary common sense ought to teach ministers wisdom in such a matter. Life and death hang upon the question of truth or falsehood. If lies be propagated, or truth be clouded, the watchmen of the Lord will have to give in their account of permitting it."

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A Methodist clergyman on one occasion having sent around his hat at the close of a meeting in the midst of a somewhat promiscuous congregation, receiving it back again quite empty, looked down into the bottom of it and said, with a sigh of relief, "Well, I thank the Lord at any rate that I got my hat back." It is somewhat with the same sentiment that I express my thanks to the chairman that Mr. Blaine has got his wind back. It shows the advantage of having placed our distinguished guest next to the great American Bellows.



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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1879

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN entered upon its XXXth volume, on the first of January 1879. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be mainly devoted, as heretofore, to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

In addition to its usual variety of reading matter, THE GUARDIAN will hereafter appropriate at least ten pages of each number to the interests of the Sunday-School cause. It will aim to serve as an efficient helper of Sunday School Teachers, and thus meet a want which has long been felt in the Reformed Church.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

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No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

OCTOBER, 1879.

No. 10.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

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907 Arch Street Philadelphia



# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

OCTOBER, 1879.

NO. 10.

## Editorial Notes.

OUR nation has military schools at West Point and Annapolis. Only a certain small number from each Congressional district can be admitted. Among the applicants possessing a healthy body and sound mind the one who stands the best examination will be admitted. The students or cadets must serve the United States army eight years—four years as students and four in active army service. For this they receive \$540 a year. At school all are treated alike. The son of the millionaire must wear precisely the same kind of clothing and live in the same kind of a room as the son of a poor mechanic. Sometimes a new, foppish cadet does not like his plain trowsers, and wants a more dainty, stylish cap. By using his wealthy father's money he smuggles better clothing into his room, which are taken from him as soon as discovered. The rooms are all furnished alike. Woe to the youth who ventures to adorn his room with an extra chair, or hang the wall with an extra picture. All are absolutely placed on the same level, and treated alike. "The cadet is not allowed to visit a shop or to receive parcels from abroad without the consent of the Superintendent; and the mess (meal) is a common one, to which no additions may be made by individuals. There are two cadets in each room; no carpets, no pictures on the wall, and not more than a dozen books. When they are called at six in the morning, they must roll up their bedding, sweep the floor, and dust the furniture. If they are caught lying on their beds between 6 A. M. and 10 P. M. they are punished. To a civilian the discipline seems severe. A nervous or peevish boy could not endure it. Several offences—such as intoxication, false-

hood, libel, hazing, duelling, dishonesty—are punished by dismissal. Others are punished by fines, confinement, or the abridgment of leisure hours. Less than one-half of those admitted graduate. During their four years' course they have only one vacation, which lasts two months."

SIX HUNDRED years have wrought singular changes in the domestic and social habits of the civilized world. In the year 1234 the King of England slept on a bag of straw for the first time: before that he slept on bare boards. In 1246 the houses of London were yet mostly roofed with straw. In the year 1300 the Londoners knew nothing yet of stoves, but warmed their persons around iron pans filled with coals of fire. The houses were entirely built of wood. The nobility and wealthy people travelled on horseback, with the ladies seated behind the men. A two-wheeled cart or carriage was considered an extraordinary luxury. Wine could only be bought in drug stores, the same as medicine. Duty and taxes were paid in the form of different products. In 1340 30,000 bags of wool were received for taxes. Judges and lawyers were paid their fees in cinnamon and pepper. Not till 1344 was gold coined into money in England. And before 1499 windmills and bridges were unknown here. In 1443 metallic needles were introduced. Before this wooden needles were used. Silk stockings were first worn by the King of France in 1547, and by the Queen of England in 1561.

FOR years past the *Lancet*, an English publication, has been one of the most popular and deserving medical journals in Europe. Every number sparkled with sprightly reading. Its editors were first class men in literature



and in the medical profession. Chief among these was Dr. Tilbury Fox, the head of the University College Hospital, and widely known in Great Britain for his writings on skin diseases and their cures. Lately he died, and left a written request that in any obituary notice that might be made of him in the *Lancet* the following should appear:

"I die a Christian in the now, I fear, much despised sense of that term, a 'simple believer in Jesus Christ as a personal living and loving Saviour,' without any righteousness of my own, but perfect and secure in His; and that 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day.'"

That is good sense and sound scriptural doctrine, expressed in the fewest and aptest words. The best and most enduring memorial of this good and great man, is his dying confession of faith.

IN Christ's family every soul counts one. The humblest no less than the highest have their place and mission. Many a negro slave of the South has taught his master to believe in Christ. It was charged against John Wesley that he only had poor servant-girls in his congregations. He replied: "Only let the servant-girls be truly converted, and they can do a good work in bearing the Gospel into higher circles." One of Wesley's hired servants happened to be child-nurse in a certain noble family in England. For several years she had charge of a child. She played and prayed with him, and to her simple talk about the dear Saviour he listened with rapt attention. His first prayers and first good news of our Lord she taught him. And like Timothy the boy was pious from a child. Since then he has become Lord Shaftesbury, one of the most liberal and zealous Christian workers in England. He presides over and speaks at more charitable, missionary, and religious meetings than any layman in England. But the nobleman and the Church which his piety blesses owe his conversion and training to a poor servant-girl.

SOME twenty-five years ago a poor German family travelled afoot through a certain county in Southern Pennsylvania. A few little children toddled

along the road by the side of their parents. They stopped at a certain farm-house for a meal. One of the little girls said on going away, "I wish I could stay here." The parents at the farm-house overheard the wish: they had at the time one or two children of their own. They took the little German girl, whose parents moved further on their aimless journey. She found a Christian home, was trained and treated like one of their own children. The girl's parents were irreligious. Possibly they were glad to get rid of her. Children were born into the farmer's home. The German girl soon became a pious angel in her new home, like the Hebrew damsel in the family of Naaman the Syrian. She played with the children of her foster-parents, had charge of them as they grew up, clothed them in the morning, and unclothed them at night. At length the parents loved her as they did their own children, and she loved them more than her natural parents. Some years ago her foster-father, a man of wealth and Christian influence, told us, with tearful eyes and trembling lips: "That little German girl has brought untold blessings into our home. We owe her more than we can tell for the pious training of our children. From the time they were quite small she taught them little prayers. At night she folded their hands and knelt by their side at their little beds in prayer. She is very thankful to us for giving her a home and a Christian training; but how much we have to thank her for helping us to train our children piously!" We confirmed the dear man, all his children, and the German damsel. The latter now has a Christian husband and five bright children. Both families are active in the Reformed Church; both bless God that the little girl found the home she did. Less than a year ago, the good man who told us the above incident suddenly died. We give it here to illustrate the well-known truth that by entertaining strangers, and God's needy and homeless ones, we may entertain angels unawares.

"PRINCIPLES and not men" has been a pernicious maxim in our American politics. It has given prominence



and leadership to a corrupt and depraved class of men. For as this saying is generally taken, it simply means: My party right or wrong. Or, as some politicians have put it: "If Satan were put on our ticket I would vote for him to support the party." The standard-bearer of a party ought to be a man of good character, and if not a professing Christian, at least one who shows a proper regard for the claims of the Gospel. For no other person ought a Christian to vote. In ordinary times the essential differences of the political parties are in reality not so vital as to make the triumph or defeat of the one or the other ruinous to the nation. Do not vote for a gambler, a drunkard, a licentious or lustful man; do not vote for an infidel, for a vile blasphemer, for a man who trims his sail for every breeze; who burns incense at every shrine of the Jew and Gentile, to gain votes. It is high time that the Christian voters of the nation should unite their votes for the best men—men of well-attested integrity and of an unblemished moral record. In this respect the Christian sentiment of Illinois has set the country a noble example in the defeat of one of her most brilliant citizens as a candidate for her highest office.

SHORTLY after Robert G. Ingersoll was defeated in his race for the governorship of Illinois, he was one day boisterously and blasphemously proclaiming his infidelity on board of a railroad-train between Chicago and Peoria. After being for some time offensively voluble, he turned to a gentleman near him and defiantly demanded, "Tell me of one good and great public result that Christianity has ever accomplished?" The gentleman, not wishing to open an argument with the boaster, hesitated to answer. The train had stopped, and all was silent in the car. Just then an old lady of eighty years, who sat just behind Mr. Ingersoll, touched his arm with her trembling hand and said, "Sir, I do not know who you are, but I think I can tell you of one glorious thing that Christianity has done." "What is it, Madam?" asked Ingersoll. "It has kept Robert G. Ingersoll from being governor of the great State of Illinois." If lightning had that moment flashed

through the car the effect would not have been greater. Ingersoll turned literally pale with rage, and remained silent. The grand old woman lies under the prairie daisies now, but her courageous act "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

INTELLIGENT Americans travelling in Europe are often mortified in witnessing the rudeness of many of their countrymen abroad. Dr. E. S. Porter, of the Dutch Reformed Church, writes from Edinburgh:

"As yet I have not been at a single hotel from which Americans have been absent for a day. But I have been intensely ashamed of some of them. Their coarse, consequential, fussy manners prove that while they may have money, they have nothing more except that stupidity which makes money the substitute for character and culture. The well-bred English notice the vulgarity of these American fools and are swift to draw the inference that our country is the paradise of swells and snobs. It is a pity that these pitiable people could not come abroad to learn something, and take home a little more modesty than they bring with them. But to know how to travel requires large intelligence and liberal culture—and what can be expected of those who can neither read nor write the English language with propriety?"

---

Michael Faraday.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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NO. II.

The loves of men of genius are singularly unfortunate. How many of them have married in haste and repented at leisure! Some have no time, others no inclination for courtship and marriage. Not unfrequently they marry from a sense of duty or for purposes of convenience, more than from love. In some people the intellect develops at the expense of the heart. Strong-minded women, as a rule, are poor lovers, intellectual, but cold. How large a number of the best men of genius, from Socrates down, were ill-wedded! Some judg-



ment, discernment and, above all, good sense, are needed in such a matter; but the heart must have a controlling voice. The heathen, in a manner, got along with a blind Cupid, and their home life, from the gods of Olympus, down to the slave, was as a rule heartless and homeless.

Faraday would hear nothing of love at an age when people usually are the most susceptible of it. In youth and early manhood he thought the pursuit of science was too important to fritter away time on anything else; not even on the charms of woman. To act the gallant as other young men did, would rob him of time, he thought. Besides, he had no taste for it. The following lines in his note-book give his views on the subject at this time:

"What is the pest and plague of human life?  
And what the curse that often brings a wife?  
'Tis love.

"What is the power that ruins man's firmest  
mind?  
What that deceives its host, alas! too kind?  
What is 't that comes in false, deceitful guise?  
Making dull fools of those that 'fore were  
wise?  
'Tis love."

"We've honor, friendship, all the powers  
That still with virtue do reside;  
They've sweetly strewed our lives with flowers,  
Nor do we wish for aught beside.  
Love, then, thou'st nothing here to do;  
Depart, depart, to yonder crew."

Thus wrote a pure-minded young man during the ardor of his first love for science. To science would he be wedded, and to none other, however charming. Hence ye profane ones! he must have muttered as female charms now and then threatened to touch a tender chord in his heart.

At that time a young man, Edward Barnhard, was in the habit of calling on Faraday. His father, a silversmith in Paternoster Row, near St. Paul's Church, was an elder in the church which Faraday attended. The young friend saw the note-book, with Faraday's ungallant verses. Of course he told his sister Sarah. And she told—how many others? He may be a clever young man, but what a monster! "A woman hater!" thought many of the fair ladies.

Meanwhile Faraday's heart began to thaw, as thaws the frozen earth beneath the spring sun. There was no use to resist it. All his attempts to fight down such a power were fruitless. Who precisely the spring sun in his case was, no one but himself knew. Unwittingly she made a happy havoc in his heart, turning his cynical resolutions upside down;

"Making a dull fool of him who 'fore was wise."

On July 5, 1820, Sarah Barnhard received the following letter from Michael Faraday:

"You know me as well or better than I do myself. You know my former prejudices, and my present thoughts; you know my weaknesses, my vanity, my whole mind. You have converted me from one erroneous way; let me hope you will attempt to correct other ways that are wrong. Again and again I attempt to say what I feel, but I cannot. Let me, however, claim not to be the selfish being that wishes to bend your affections for his own sake only. In whatever way I can best minister to your happiness, either by assiduity or by absence, it shall be done. Do not injure me by withdrawing your friendship, or punishing me for aiming to be more than a friend by making me less. And if you cannot grant me more, leave me what I possess, but hear me."

Thus a bashful girl unintentionally converted the strong-minded young man into a lover. Unintentionally? Without design or effort? That we do not know for certain. For who would blame this young lady for trying to be as charming as possible when Faraday visited the home of the silversmith in Paternoster Row? Of course he simply returned the calls of Edward Barnhard. Are we certain that this was his only object?

Like a good girl, the astonished lady showed Faraday's letter to her father. "Love makes fools of philosophers," was his unamiable reply. Beyond this he had no advice to give.

What should she do? Evidently, as often happens in such cases, her mind was perceptibly perplexed. She must say, Yes or No. To say either little word would involve much for her and her lover. In company with a sister,



partly for reflection, perhaps partly for mental diversion, she visited Ramsgate. Three weeks later Faraday followed her thither, pressing his suit. Did he now think of the verses against love in his note book? How this same love now made a "dull fool" of him?

"The heights of Dover" are familiar to all tourists who have ever passed that way. The high hill overlooking the town is the last object you see sailing from this harbor towards France or the Netherlands, and the first to greet your eyes as you approach it by sea. The two lovers make an excursion from Ramsgate to Dover, ascend the heights, perhaps pluck a wild flower here and there as they slowly climb up its slopes. On its top, whilst enjoying the grand outlook over land and sea, they twain pledged heart and hand.

Many had known and admired Faraday as a young man of extraordinary talent, application and promise; had known his insensibility to female charms. What has come over the cool-headed, calm-spirited, enthusiastic man of science? Poor Faraday seems hardly to know himself. He says:

"I could not master my feelings or prevent them from sinking, and I actually at last shamed myself by moist eyes. \* \* \* Sincerity takes away all the policies of love. The man who can manage his affairs with the care and coolness of his usual habits is not much in earnest. Though the one who feels is less able than the one who does not to take advantage of circumstances as they occur, still I would not change the honorable consciousness of earnest affection and sincerity, for the cool caution and procedure of a mind at ease, though the first were doomed to failure and the last were blessed with success."

The following June, less than a year later, they were married. According to his wish, the ceremonies were attended with as little commotion as possible; there was "no bustle, no noise, no hurry." "It is in the heart we expect and look for pleasure." At their marriage he was nearly thirty years of age, and she twenty-one. England is noted for its happy homes, its peculiarly genial firesides. None more so ever graced the domestic annals of Great Britain than that of Michael and Sarah Faraday.

In his book of notes he calls his marriage "a source of honor and happiness which far exceeds" those of all the honors and events of his life; it contributed more than any other to his earthly happiness and healthful state of mind. "The union has continued for twenty-eight years, and has no wise changed, except in depth and strength of character." Amid the ardor of his scientific researches and discoveries, he tires of the dull details of things when absent from his wife, and wants to talk of love to her. "The theme was a cheerful and delightful one before we were married; but it is doubly so now. We are happy, and our God has blessed us with a thousand causes why we should be so."

Amid the many marks of honor bestowed upon him, at a meeting of the British Association, held in Birmingham in 1848, he writes to her: "After all, there is no pleasure like the tranquil pleasures of home; and here—even here—the moment I leave the table, I wish I were with you IN QUIET. Oh! what happiness is ours! My runs into the world in this way only serve to make me esteem that happiness the more."

Few men of science have been as happily mated. Every pleasure and recreation he and his wife must mutually share. They went little into what is called society. For that he had no taste. Once a year he would, from a sense of duty, attend the levee of his sovereign. Beyond that he found his greatest enjoyment and solace around his quiet hearth.

After the day's hard work he walked out on pleasant evenings, "hand in hand with my dear wife, to enjoy the sunset." In writing to friends, he must needs speak of her who, with meek and wifely affection, was his good angel. "We are both very thankful for each other's company, and for the abundant blessings God has granted us." Thus he wrote at sixty-two. Two years later he wrote:

"My wife and I go on our way together; our happiness arises from the same things, and we enjoy it together with, I hope, thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

In 1863, four years before his death, he wrote to her from Glasgow:



"I long to see you, dearest, and to talk over things together, and to call to mind all the kindnesses I have received. My head is full, my heart also; but my recollection rapidly fails, even as regards the friends that are in the room with me. You will have to resume your old function of being a pillow to my mind, and a rest, a happy making wife."

Outside of Faraday's letters, we are told little about the excellencies of his wife. They made no parade in the salons of fashion, which they might have done. Whilst the great and noble were proud in counting them among their acquaintances and friends, one never finds either of them toadying to lords and ladies. Only the few who were admitted into the more sacred privacies of their home life, saw what a haven of peace it was. Prof. Tyndall says that Faraday, "in his relation to his wife, added chivalry to affection, and to her loving care his fellow-workers and the world are indebted for the enjoyment of his presence here so long."

Outside of his study hours he sought to unbend in a rational way. Sitting together at their cozy fireside, he would read to his wife from some favorite English author; from Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Coleridge, parts of Byron and other poets. Gray's *Elegy* he could repeat from memory, when he could remember little else.

Some pleasant evenings they would visit the zoölogical garden together, where he would laugh at the odd pranks of the monkeys until the tears ran down his cheeks.

He was a warm friend of children, although he never had any of his own. He would join in their plays, and devise games for them. He even founded a course of juvenile lectures, which the parents and older friends of the little folks enjoyed as much as they. The children sat on the front seats in the lecture-room; older people and the philosophers sat back. He simplified his chemical experiments, showed them curious things about a burning candle and other everyday matters. He said: "I never found a child too young to understand intelligently what I told him; they would come to me afterwards with questions which proved their capability." Even Prince Albert and the

Prince of Wales attended these lectures to little children, and sent Faraday their written thanks for the pleasure they derived from them. One deaf nobleman attended them because he liked to see the happy faces of the little ones.

At a friendly evening gathering, he asked to see the children of the family. The "wee things" had already been put to bed. When the oldest daughter marched them in their night-gowns to the foot of the stairs, the dear man was overjoyed with the lovely scene, and said: "Ah, that's the best thing you have done to-night."

One of his little nieces was a frequent inmate of his home. With her child-sewing in hand, she loved to sit quietly in the laboratory, watching him at his experiments. Now and then he would please her with a kind word or a nod, or set a glass of water a burning by dropping a bit of potassium into it. She says: "In all my childish troubles he was my never-failing comforter, and seldom too busy if I stole into his room to spare me a few minutes; and when I was naughty and rebellious, how gently and kindly he would win me round, telling me what he used to feel himself when he was young, advising me to submit to the reproof I was fighting against. If I had a difficult lesson, a word or two from him would clear away my trouble, and many a long, wearisome sum in arithmetic became quite a delight when he undertook to explain it."

All this shows the truth of the saying that "genius is childlike." The greater the man, the more humble; the more he is in sympathy with the innocent life of childhood. Even in his habits and language, Faraday shows this. He abhors obscure phrases and words which fail clearly to give the sense intended. When his niece spoke of a person who had "abstracted" some manuscripts from a library, he quickly asked: "What do you mean by 'abstracted'?" You should say stealing; use the right word, my dear."

He was a "delightful" reader, and spoke his native tongue with great beauty. Von Raumer praises him for speaking with "ease and freedom, but not with a gossiping, unequal tone." "A great number of Englishmen speak



it very badly." Faraday "articulates what other people swallow and chew. It is a shame that the power and harmony of simple speech (I am not talking of eloquence, but of vowels and consonants), that the tones and inflexions which God has given the human voice should be so neglected and abused."

### German Church Architecture in Eastern Pennsylvania.

BY REV. GEO. MERLE ZACHARIAS.

Relics of German ecclesiastical architecture can still be found on the hills and in the valleys of Berks county, Pa. Quietly nestled in a vale or perched high on a hill, the German church, surrounded by its God's Acre, radiates a peace and preaches a grand sermon of silence, which in tone and majesty is "*Sui generis*." Here on the Lord's Day the worshippers are gathered from near and far. No false idea of religious worship manifests itself in social conventicles and cottage gossip clubs. The services of the church and the reading of "Die Bibel" constitute their religious pabulum. To them the "Old Church" is indeed religiously grand in its rigid simplicity, and wonderfully attractive with its whitened walls wine-glass pulpit, square altar and piped organ. Here their ancestors worshipped, and there they sleep in the God's Acre. Within, they heard of the City of Peace; without, they rest in its bosom. In the sacred walls, the congregational polity requires der Vater to sit on the right, die Mutter on the left hand side of the church—on the hill-side they sleep side by side, awaiting the resurrection.

It is very evident that a highly educated and refined ministry superintended the construction of these early churches. This can be explained by the fact that the missionaries who were the "Fathers of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches" in this country were all men who had received a University education in the Fatherland; more than this, they usually belonged to families prominent, socially and religiously. Very naturally and properly the "Fathers of the Church" in emigrating to this country from the

Fatherland, would reproduce a form of architecture similar to that in use in Germany. This remark is mainly true as to the material used in construction and their interior arrangement. They were uniformly built of stone, that being more durable and churchly. In the oldest specimens this is rigidly adhered to, although in the transition, owing to English pressure, many were built of brick. In their external shape there was a departure from the apsidal form of the church, generally to be found in the structures of the Fatherland. In this country, the square, Swiss form of church building was rather in favor. The finial of the windows and doors is preserved, the rounded arch with fretted wood-work being generally preferred. One of the oldest and the best preserved examples of this early period in Germano-American architecture is the Trinity Lutheran Church in Reading, Berks county, Pa. This building is standing in its original plan. The tower of the church faces the God's Acre, whilst its side fronts the street. Its central windows have rounded arches with triple divisions. Three large doorways with rounded arches pierce the very thick wall. And yet, in one striking particular, it varies from the oldest churches in other localities, being built of brick; in this it seems to have been the model for most of the churches in Berks county. It is a remarkable fact that the style of a county metropolitan church building serves as a pattern after which are copied the rural churches. For this reason structures from good designs should be erected in county-seats, and pastors of metropolitan churches should ponder long and well over such designs before making their final selection. In this way churchly edifices will be erected, and the architectural taste of our membership advanced.

The Oley Reformed Church is the best preserved and the best example of what may be called Germano-American architecture. Following the almost unvaried custom, its builders placed the side of the church facing the road. This is readily explained by the position of the sanctuary proper, which with its chancel, altar and pulpit, faced the main door-way. It will be remembered that



an apsidal recess, as a rule, is not found in these churches. The only exception that can be mentioned is the "Trappe Church." Several contain a very shallow square recess, as the Trinity Lutheran churches of Reading and Lancaster, Pa.

It was the pleasure of the writer to make a pedestrian tour through Berks county, Pa., in order to trace the architectural development of its churches. In this place he would thank his student friends, Edwin Gernant and Charles Levan, for their kindness in furthering him in such work. Arriving one morning at the Oley churches, I was kindly shown their interiors by the quaint old "sextonin" and her still quainter brother. Erected of brick, its walls are entered by the customary three doors. Within, I was doubly astonished by its churchly arrangement and the excellent preservation of its wood-work. The chancel railing around the sanctuary extends from the side wall to the middle of the church, and is semicircular in form. In the middle of this sanctuary stands the altar alone, square in shape, and covered with black cloth, this sombre but dignified color being the favorite with the Germans for such purposes. Almost hovering over the altar, and yet separate from it, is the pulpit, with its sounding-board, projecting, canopy-like, from the wall. This sounding-board is unique, as it is the only one I have seen with an eagle, the bird of St. John, hovering upon its top, which is life-size, and is a fine piece of wood-carving. Opposite the sanctuary rises the high, stately choir-loft, so high that the choir certainly should have heavenly aspirations. None enter this loft but the organist, the rosy-cheeked maidens and young men who lead the sacred song. Here roll out the hearty old German chorales, led by the robust choir-master. From the galleries to the right and left, the other young men cast wistful glances at the maidens and wish that they were members of the choir; they would even be willing to be organ-blowers. The arrangement of the pews is after the old German style, being divided by the aisles, forming a cross, into four compartments. In these the fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, are accustomed to sit and

look up, with strained neck, at the preacher. This order is scrupulously adhered to, each sitting in their respective compartments. The walls of the interior of the church, although severely plain, are exceedingly chaste. Before we leave the interior, I must refer to a relic stored away in the church, which the old "sextonin" wished me to accept, viz.: an old metal weathercock, which served as the vane for the still older church building. I thanked her very much, but reverently placed the old vane in its cooped closet, which, in its old age, it is contented to guard. Thus I take leave of the Oley churches, hoping that the Lutheran congregation will not think illy of my not mentioning their still older structure. Reference has been made in a former article to Trinity Lutheran Church at Reading—in the present to the Reformed Church at Oley; thus ecclesiastical courtesy has not been violated.

Having enjoyed the German pie-crust of the old Sextonin, I bade good-bye to the Oley churches, standing as they have been for years, the silent monitors to a German community, and excellent examples of Germano-American architecture. One who is very much interested in these traces of old German life and church customs would respectfully ask that the Rev. Dr. Bausman offer a resolution on the floor of the Synod, requesting the Oley Reformed congregation in the name of the Synod, not to make any change in the interior arrangement of its church building or sanctuary furniture. This church should be left intact, as the best preserved and best arranged of the churches in Berks county, representing Germano-American church architecture, and in the opinion of the writer, the most churchly example in the reformed communion.

Reading, the pride as well as bride of Berks county, Pa., can truly be called an American Palatine City. Although English in origin, it is largely German in settlement and development. The greater part of its sturdy inhabitants descend lineally from the old German settlers. The old English seems to have almost been superseded by the equally old but stronger German life. It is, therefore, a consequence that Ger-



man characteristics and German tastes should linger, even though the German language is being displaced by the English educational influences. Singular as it may seem, the native of Berks county often speaks the English tongue with more distinctness than in many localities where the English is exclusively spoken. Their vocal organs seem to be so perfectly formed that distinct articulation is the result. This is on the principle of carrying coal to Newcastle. The very worthy Principal of the Kutztown Normal School is an excellent example; his distinctness of articulation and clearness of enunciation are rarely excelled.

Reading wears an air of comfort and home-spun activity. It seems provincial and cosmopolitan, and has the quaintness of something old, and yet the thrift and activity of something new. It does not look like an old place, and yet seems like a Bremen or Hamburg transferred to American soil, minus their shipping interests, which here give place to railroads and coal trade. Its continuous bustle is said also to resemble the English manufacturing towns. All this activity is due to the steady flow of Palatinate blood bequeathed to succeeding generations. Of course this Palatinate city must be viewed from a Reformed standpoint. If a Lutheran were writing he could say the same with equal truth.

Let us visit the Reformed churches. In design and finish, the First Reformed is very churchly and beautiful. It is the mother church, and in the true old German way, it makes the side view to be more prominent than the front. Although recently repaired and refitted, it still preserves its original shape, and, with its spire, looks well in its new dress. The gray color of the church may be spoken of as cooling to the eye. In the side which faces the street, three Gothic doorways form entrances to the church. The spire, pointing heavenward, is surmounted by that symbol through whose merits we enter the Heavenly Fatherland. The interior has a German home-feeling, which very few churches possess to the same degree. In the ceiling are two large paintings representing scenes in the life of Christ, whilst between the large memorial windows are statuesque figures of the

Apostles. In the recess, back of the pulpit, are the figures of the chief Apostles, with Christ in the middle. These ever seem ready to whisper the words of eternal life into the ears of the pastor. Not less quaint is the effect produced by the curved galleries extending along three sides of the church. The preacher and the hearers seem so much nearer than in churches without galleries. Indeed the pastor can almost touch the heads of the children when they occasionally show a disposition to shut their eyes.

The church furniture is of very excellent workmanship and beautiful design. The altar is especially German in shape, size and finish. Not less unique are its Gothic sedilia and chaste pulpit. When the grand old German choral ascends from such surroundings, truly Teutonism seems attractive and the customs of the Fatherland doubly dear.

Mention should also be made of St. Paul's Reformed Church, which, on account of its strictly Gothic design and complete arrangement, might be called the Reformed Cathedral; of the venerable Dr. McCauley's church, with its cultivated congregation; of the growing St. John's Church. But as it has been the object of these articles to develop Germano-American church life and architecture, the latter congregations with their churches are less representative in type.

Congregations and church edifices representing Germano-American life and architecture are found in other portions of Berks county, Pa., and the adjoining counties of Lebanon, Lancaster, Schuylkill and Lehigh.

In Berks county reference should be made to Epler's church, where the love of church music has been advanced and cultivated by the organist, Mr. Hines, who also fills the position of chorister, sexton and tomb-stone cutter. To the Berne church, with its unusually neat interior; to Belleman's church, with its antique pulpit, altar and antique copy of the Bible; to St. Michael's Church, with its bell, which, curfew-like, sounds the time for the midday meal to the peaceful community for many miles—all these are excellent examples of German life, and to each one the writer made a pilgrimage.



In Lebanon county not less pleasure was derived from visits to the Jonestown church, with its baldachino, or canopy, over pulpit and altar. Under its shade the Chrysostom of the Reformed Church, the sainted Harbaugh, often preached and prayed. Equally enjoyable was the visit to the Rev. Dr. Kremer's church in Lebanon, which has a more refined interior than many church buildings. But the quaintest of the quaint is the church at Fredericksburg in this same Lebanon county. Could a German ancestor reappear he would not be more interesting than this little blue-brown ecclesiastical souvenir of German taste. Its rectangular shape is so strictly geometrical that this quaint little ecclesiastical box would satisfy the religious aspirations of a Davis and a Loomis. The pulpit with its dependencies takes up a third of the interior of the church, and resting as it does against a large, high reredos of blue and brown, it would cause the eyes of some of our good Episcopalian connoisseurs to fairly dance with delight. To the eyes of the writer it suggested a genuine, old-time, fat, rosy, dimpled Fräulein in her Christmas head-gear and gown. Perhaps such an one was in the mind of the mechanic and painter who painted our blue-brown Fräulein. Very excellent is the wood-work in this very unique relic of German life—particularly a railing, the only example I have seen separating the pews from the space in front of the altar railing. Perched almost inconceivably high, is the organ-loft, which is also religiously guarded by a railing. Indeed, in this church, it seems as if a railing were the necessary symbol of special privileges and functions. Long will this trace of remote German taste be remembered, and one can truthfully say that in no other church was there more of strange interest aroused. It is to be hoped that no vandalism will be permitted to remodel it. As the writer left the church, visions of plump women in blue-brown homespun flitted before his eyes, and the old pastor was heard to say, "Meine geliebte."

If an interest is awakened on the subject of German life and church customs, then the writer will feel amply compensated for the time spent in preparing these articles and in gathering

this information. Such is the prayer and wish of one who is deeply interested in German church life and church architecture.

### The Blind Preacher.

Once, on a steamer made their way,  
A band of worthies, as they say,  
Toward the city Washington,  
Their duties there to enter on.

A jolly, merry crowd were they,  
As could be found at any day.  
They spent their time in friendly chat,  
Talked now of this and then of that.

Nor did they rest with this alone;  
But, only as too often done,  
Their speeches mingled with foul words,  
Such as disgrace the vulgar herds.

They also added games of chance;  
Engaging too in silly dance;  
And freely of foul whiskey drank,  
Until they into stupor sank.

There chanced to be with them on board,  
A faithful servant\* of the Lord,  
Who, although blind, still full well knew  
The doings of the rowdy crew.

To them on board the Sabbath came,  
On which 'tis wont God's word proclaim;  
They asked His servant undertake  
Perform this duty for their sake.

He, whom his Master's work ne'er tasked,  
Most cheerfully, as he was asked,  
Proclaimed God's word, as he it knew,  
And gave to each his portion due.

He spared not either rank or state;  
Nor young nor old, nor small nor great.  
Especially to Congressmen,  
He boldly spake with sharpest ken.

They representatives should be  
Of this great nation's purity;  
Through them its glory should shine forth,  
Before the nations of the earth.

Instead of this, their conduct vile,  
Its name must tarnish and defile;  
Besides, corrupting precious youth,  
Diverting them from paths of truth.

The preacher said, he felt disgraced  
By what they had before him placed;  
As one, who dwells in this fair land,  
Must for its honor faithful stand.

To mend their ways, he them besought;  
With penitence and faith well fraught,  
From their vile sins to Jesus turn;  
Since else they must forever burn.

This faithful servant of the Lord,  
Met with a prompt and rich reward,  
Though some had feared he gave offence,  
For which he would be banished hence.

\* William H. Millburn, Chaplain of Congress.



Those, whom so plainly he'd addressed,  
 Their gratitude at once expressed;  
 That this was so, most clearly told,  
 A gift of purse well filled with gold.

Nor did their kindness stop e'en here,  
 As it was plainly made appear.  
 Its fires in them still warmly burn,  
 When they to Congress halls return.

As chaplain of that body famed,  
 They the blind preacher proudly named.  
 Nor were their efforts made in vain,  
 As easily their end they gain.

Thus was confirmed God's wondrous laws,  
 That those, who to their Master's cause,  
 Prove faithful and no favors show,  
 Shall its rich fruit and blessings know.

August 25th, 1879.

S. R. F.

### Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

#### *V. Imperial Germany.*

A day on the Rhine is an excellent preparation for Sunday. Such at least was my experience. Between beauty and true religion there exists not merely an external compatibility, so that the two may be easily united in the service of the Good, but some day and somehow we shall all discover that their relation is intimate and organic, and that the varied forms of ugliness, physical, intellectual and spiritual, whether within or without ourselves, are but as the form-assuming clay in the hands of the Great Potter.

In the morning we attended the regular service in the University Church. This was the first opportunity to worship with our own people since leaving home, and I need hardly say that the privilege was fully appreciated. The two great factors of the Reformation have in Germany lost their external individuality. As a result of this union, brought about by Frederick William III. we have the state-established Evangelical Church. But, although this forcible welding together of the Reformed and Lutheran communions was conceived and executed with the best intentions and with reasonable prospects of success, it has not put an end to the irreconcilable differences between the contracting parties. There is an undercurrent of denominational life still in active assertion of its power. As the State

Church they follow the same order and use a common liturgy, but it requires no very profound acquaintance with their separate thought and animus to discern the outcroppings of their earlier church life. Thus while in one section of Germany the tone of pastor and people may be prevailingly Lutheran, in another the Reformed element maintains its internal conservative character; here, at least, Melancthon, there Luther. Thus in Bonn the sentiment, whether acknowledged or not, is decidedly Reformed. In Berlin, on the contrary, one week later I discovered an equally positive Lutheran bias, moulding the service and sermon.

On the morning of our visit the Rev. Dr. Christlieb, as dean of the University of Bonn, preached the annual sermon before the students, upon the text—"By their fruits ye shall know them." As I listened to his fearless and manly words of counsel and reproof, pronounced in the soft accents which invariably indicate the native of South Germany, I realized anew the mighty influence which the learned and conscientious clergyman ever exerts. The service was solemn and impressive. The hymns were not announced but were indicated on tablets hanging on either side of the chancel, in full view of the congregation. This custom has many advantages. In our own country it is confined almost exclusively to our Episcopalian brethren. The Church of England, which sometimes seems unwilling to acknowledge its historical dependence upon the Reformation, has nevertheless borrowed many of its forms from its German sister. This fact seems to have been entirely forgotten by those at home who are ever ready to raise the cry of ritualism. The pulpit, here in Bonn, was of beautifully carved wood, and stood to one side of the chancel, in the rear of which the beautifully ornamented altar, surmounted by a cross of chaste design, centralized the attention of the worshipping congregation. I could not help being reminded of some of the churches in my own dear Reformed Zion. Pastors and people, the former wearing black clerical gowns, engaged in the liturgical exercises with evident feeling and marked devotion. Nor need I say that the American strangers felt themselves thoroughly at home.



Next morning we started for Berlin, carrying with us the most gratifying recollections of the sunny Rhine-land. The ride was a long and in the main uninteresting one. Our route took us, as my companion has well remarked, through a flat country of red-headed towns. As we neared the imperial city I could not but notice the proportional increase of military force. Indeed all Germany is one great camp, with its headquarters in Berlin. It is emphatically a nation of soldiers; soldiers, moreover, who have seen hard service and are prepared to do and die for the Fatherland. In the language of another, "everything you see of the German army impresses you with its great strength, thoroughness, and perfect efficiency. The soldier is modest, self-possessed, unassuming, as the men who campaigned in 1870 can well afford to be. The victors of Metz and Sedan could hardly afford to swagger. This power of the German army, which to-day stands first in the world, is the force of brain and not of mere brute strength. Back of its physical strength lies the directing intellect, and that intellect goes down through grade after grade to the last executive instrument. It is the most highly educated army in the world. This fact shows on the outside. The young officers all have intelligent features, and the faces of many of them are quite scholarly. The faces of the old generals are those of thinkers."

One month later, when witnessing the review of the French troops at Vincennes, it seemed as though I could readily discover the reason of the latter's defeat in their late struggle with United Germany. Notwithstanding the dash and bravado of the French army, and their innate love of glory, they lacked that physical endurance which naturally stronger bodies, nurtured and trained by the sternest discipline, had afforded their enemies. The French soldier, under ordinary circumstances, presents the most warlike appearance,

"—Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth."

Slower and for this reason surer, more

prudent and therefore more successful, the German bides his time, smokes his pipe, waits the most favoring opportunity, and determines, like the hero of Appomattox, "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

The military spirit prevails throughout the empire. Indeed, if I mistake not, the police of Germany are for the most part soldiers detailed for such civic duty. Certainly in the chief cities this is the case. The plan works well. These guardians of the peace act with greater precision because trained in the arts of war, and are invariably courteous. Thus the iron hand of Bismarck is present everywhere. And no one can contemplate the results of his endeavors—German unity, a nation of invincible soldiers firmly planted in the heart of Europe—without being filled with admiration for, perhaps, the greatest statesman of our generation.

We changed carriages at Hanover, and at Minden tarried long enough to partake of a light lunch. There was a middle-aged Jewish couple in our compartment who were nothing if not sociable. Fortunately for us they were disinterested in their entertainment, being anxious only to make our visit in Berlin as satisfactory as possible. Herr Blank was a jeweller, and evidently well-to-do. He and his wife were returning from the Paris exposition. They were full of questions concerning our own centennial jubilee. Only once did the genuine Jewish financial curiosity come to the surface, and even then it was on the part of the woman. I had noticed Frau Blank eyeing my satchel. As we neared our journey's end she leaned over and politely asked what I had paid for it. There was no disposition to purchase, and although an Englishman would probably have been offended, I felt that there was no real occasion for rebuke.

Berlin is frequently despised by tourists who *know nothing* about it. But it bears inspection and improves wonderfully upon acquaintance. A population of nearly one million souls shows an increase of more than eight hundred thousand since 1800. Its history, dating from the twelfth century is an epitome of the varying fortunes, the ups and downs of the German people. The



sober and classical character of its architecture is steadily yielding to the gayer Renaissance, and the government seems determined to make their royal city rival Paris in general attractiveness. The task is herculean. The present massive and sombre appearance of its buildings is in strictest keeping with its proud position as the centre of United Germany. There is, however, a constant aping after French manners hardly gratifying, for whatever is really German can well afford to remain such, subject only to the development of its own inherent life. The providential *höflichkeit* of the Prussians is in striking contrast with the sterner and more whole-souled frankness of their southern brethren. In Berlin an extravagant politeness rules their every action. You hear "*Ich bitte doch, mein Herr,*" on every hand and grow so accustomed to doffing your hat to any and everybody that you seriously question the convenience of leaving it at home when next you walk the streets. Berliners, moreover, have a dialect of their own, mincing their words and affecting the air *distingué*, coining new expressions and inventing the most unaccountable idioms.

The Prussian helmet is never out of sight. No matter which route in or about the city you may take the evolutions of some portion of the military are sure to attract your attention. The presence of so large a body of troops—in number equal to our entire American army—has given rise to the saying that Berlin is not a city with a garrison but rather a garrison with a city. During our visit the military were perhaps unusually active. It was but a few months after the last attempt upon the life of the Emperor. This outrage and the socialistic scare had prompted the government to greater prudence and more determined vigilance. Its strength must be asserted. The spirit of lawlessness must be overawed, its leaders apprehended and punished. There was, however, no unnecessary commotion or excitement. The sternest discipline prevailed among the soldiers. Squads of infantry, whole platoons of cavalry moved along almost noiselessly and without either license or bravado. Before leaving our hotel on the morning

after our arrival the porter asked for our passports. It was the first and only demand of the kind in our experience. He explained it as a government-imposed informality with many apologies for what he feared the gentlemen would regard as an impertinence, adding, that since the recent disturbances all travellers were subjected to this suspicious scrutiny. Uncle Sam had given us clean papers, and accordingly we made a good record. No doubt the fact of our visit, including our professions and *personnel*, was known to the authorities soon afterward.

The streets of Berlin are wide and generally well-paved. There is not nearly as much bustle as one might reasonably expect in a city of such size. The street railway is of comparatively recent growth, and has been introduced only on a few of the leading thoroughfares. Carriages, however, are numerous, and the rates are cheap and regulated by law. There are three classes differing in appearance, accommodation and speed. Among the drivers there seems to be but little competition or even ordinary straining after custom. They invariably sit and smoke until hailed, when they lazily respond, but without any indication of satisfaction at the prospect of a job. Not until you come to pay them do you find their weak point. Under no circumstances do they forget to remind you that they expect "*ein schönes Trink-geld.*" The *pourboi* system or rather lack-of-system is the great annoyance of American tourists. We, as a nation, are accustomed to pay for what we get, and there's an end on't. Indeed, we submit cheerfully to exactions provided they come regularly and as belonging to the particular business transaction in hand. The idea of gratuities, at least in the sense in which it obtains throughout Europe, is unknown amongst us. Accordingly our countrymen have to learn by experience. In order to avoid the appearance of misers they are at first *too* liberal, giving twice and even three times more than is expected.

We tarried a full week upon the banks of the Spree, and I may truly say enjoyed Berlin beyond all anticipation. The Royal Museum is one of the finest in Europe, indeed second only to the great British Museum in those features



which have rendered both so justly famous. The Thier Garten and Aquarium are complete and beautiful. I regard the former as superior both to the London Zoo and to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Of course we made the usual excursion to Potsdam, the Versailles of Berlin, the fitting home of German royalty, and, careless as great Fritz himself, watched the fountains of Sans Souci. But all these and the many other attractions of the imperial city deserve fuller description than this article would allow. In my next they will claim our attention.

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### Paula and Jerome.

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A late number of the *New York Tribune* contains this interesting abstract of a lecture lately delivered at Chickering Hall by the Rev. Dr. John Lord:

Paula, said the lecturer, was an illustrious Roman lady of rank and wealth, who will be spoken of in this lecture, especially with reference to her remarkable friendship for St. Jerome, in the latter part of the fourth century, when Christianity was the established religion of the crumbling empires of the Romans. If from her we do not date the first great change in the social relations of man with woman, she is at least the most memorable example that I can find of that exalted sentiment which Christianity called out in the intercourse of the sexes, and which has done more for the elevation of society than any other sentiment, next to religion itself. Female friendship must ever have adorned and cheered the world. It naturally springs from the depths of a woman's soul. However dark and dismal society may have been in ages of barbarism or superstition, it is probable that glorious instances could be chronicled of the devotion of woman to man, and of man to woman, which was not intensified by the passion of love.

I select Paula to show that friendship, the noblest quality of woman, was not common until Christianity had greatly modified the opinions and habits of society. Paula was a highly favored as well as a highly gifted woman, and was born A. D. 347, at Rome. She was a descendant of the Scipios and the Grac-

chi, and was married at seventeen to Textarius, of the still more illustrious Julian family. She lived on Mount Aventine in great magnificence, and owned, it is said, a whole city in Italy. Until her husband died she was not distinguished from other Roman ladies of rank except for the splendor of her palace and the elegance of her life. She was first won by the virtues of the celebrated Marcella, and hastened to enroll herself with her five daughters as pupils of the learned woman. On her conversion she distributed to the poor the greater part of her immense income. She became a nurse of the sick; her piety could not escape the asceticism of the age. She lived on bread and a little oil, wasted her body with fastings, and dressed like a servant. Yet her palace was the resort of all who were famous: the woman was never lost in the saint. She spoke the Greek language as an English or Russian nobleman speaks French, or as a theological student, who knows anything, understands German. It was when Rome was the field of her charities that she fell under the influence of St. Jerome.

Jerome was a man of rank and fortune, like the more famous of the Fathers, but gave away his possessions to the poor. His accomplishments and his character made him the leading spirit at Rome. Learned, pious, courtly in his manners, eloquent in his teachings, independent and fearless in spirit, brilliant in conversation, he became a favorite in those high circles where rank was adorned by piety and culture. At the house of Paula he was like Whitefield with the Countess of Huntingdon, or Michael Angelo in the palace of Vittoria Colonna—a friend, a teacher and an oracle. The friendship which immortalized Paula and Jerome rarely exists except with equals. They spent their leisure hours together, read the same books and kindled at the same sentiments. Weary of the honors and excitements of the great city, Jerome embarked for the East in 385; and two years afterward Paula, with her daughter, joined him at Antioch, and they finally settled at Bethlehem, which Jerome had chosen as his final resting place. Here he performed his mighty literary labors. During the eighteen years which Paula passed in Bethlehem, and in the pre-



vious sixteen years at Rome, never did a scandal arise nor a base suspicion exist in reference to the friendship which has made her immortal. There was nothing in it of that Platonic sentimentality which masked the mediæval courts of love, nor mere intellectual admiration. Paula died at fifty-seven. Jerome closed her eyes. The Church has ever since cherished her memory and has raised shrines and monuments in her honor. Jerome survived her fifteen years.

We see in Paula's life that noble sentiment which was the first development in woman's progress from the time that Christianity snatched her from the pollutions of paganism. She is made capable of friendship for men without sullyng her soul or giving occasion for reproach. Rare and difficult as this sentiment is, it is the choicest flower that a man finds in the path of his earthly pilgrimage. Woman may share with man the great prizes bestowed on genius and learning, but her nature cannot be half developed, her capacities half known even to herself, until she has learned to mingle with man in the free interchange of those sentiments which stimulate the noblest powers. Then only does she realize her æsthetic mission. Then only can she rise to the dignity of a guardian angel, an educator of the heart.

The true mission of woman is to administer the antidote to evil by which labor is made sweet, pain assuaged, courage fortified, truth made beautiful and duty made sacred. Woman made a great stride forward from the pollutions and slaveries of the ancient world when she proved herself capable of a pure and lofty friendship without becoming entangled in the snares of an earthly love. She will make a still greater stride when our cynical world shall comprehend that it is not for the gratification of passing vanity, of foolish pleasure or matrimonial ends that she extends her hand of generous courtesy to man, but that he may be aided by the strength she gives in weakness, encouraged by the smiles she bestows in sympathy, and enlightened by the wisdom she has gained by inspiration.

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God hangs up some eminent sinners in chains as spectacles and warnings to others.

## The Funniest General in all the World.

Ever so long ago, there lived and fought in Germany a mighty general, and he was awfully funny. I think he was about the funniest general in all the world.

He was very fat and very clever, and, like all fat, clever people, he loved little children. The fatter he grew, the more clever he grew, and when he had a dozen or so of children about his knees, he wasn't much of a general, as generals go, not much of a fighting general, I mean.

But we must give the name and date of this general, and so crack the historical nut-shell, before we can set our readers the sweetmeat of our story. This we will do in a single paragraph, and we shall have all the rest of the space to tell you about the agreeable general, and the funny things that he did.

Procopius, or Procope, the famous fat general, was a Bohemian, and became commander of the Hussites, who were almost an army of giants, in 1424. He won many victories with his terrible army, and caused the princes of Moravia, Austria, and Saxony, to sue for terms at his feet. The fame of his great deeds and wonderful victories filled all Europe for eleven years, when he was killed in battle in 1434. Now, the historical nut-shell is cracked, and we will have some account of the funny fat man who loved the children.

In the summer of 1432, good-natured Procopius and his tall army came marching through the hot mountain passes into Saxony, and encamped in a very lovely valley on the banks of the Saale, and invested the old walled town of Naumburg. It was cherry-time—a lovely time of the year to lay siege to the tough old town—and the valley was full of cherry-trees, which was calculated to make fat Procope and the tall besiegers, who were very fond of the good things in the world, contented and happy. So, while a part of the army besieged the town, the rest went cherrying, and a very comfortable time they had.

But the Saxons who were shut up in Naumburg were resolute and stubborn, and refused to yield. The golden moon that hung over the Saale on the still nights when June perfumed the vale



with roses, waned, and halved, quartered and rounded again; but the Saxons gave no signs of coming to terms with the fat general. And Procopius, although generally so clever and good-natured, began, we are very, very sorry to say, to lose his patience and his temper.

It was far past midsummer. The roses were falling, and the cherries were rotting, and Procope himself was getting sour. So one morning he put on his high-heeled boots, and seemed to be unusually out of sorts, and he sent a terrible message to the good people of Naumburg that if they did not surrender the town before the end of the week all of the people in it should at last be put to the sword.

Oh, then there was distress in Naumburg. Yet the sturdy old Saxon lords refused to surrender the town.

But at last the store of food in the town was nearly gone, and strong walls grow weak when the people have no bread. The women began to be hungry, and the children to cry for food.

What was to be done? They called a council, but the council could do nothing. The besiegers were strong without, and the corn was gone within, and their lives were forfeited if they opened the gates to the enemy.

There came to the council an old German school-master, and when the lords and chief men could offer nothing, he begged leave to say a few words to them.

"Procope," said he, bowing very low, so that his queue stuck out like a horn behind, "is very fat."

"That will not help our leanness," said the lords.

"Fat men are very clever," said the spare old pedagogue.

"All the more inglorious to die at the hands of a clever man," said the lords.

"And clever, fat men love children," said the pedagogue, looking very wise.

"That does not help our case," said the lord.

"A man who loves a child will not harm the parent," said the old pedagogue.

"But the Hussites do not love our children."

"Every man has a tender place in his

heart," said the wise pedagogue. "Get at that, and one is safe."

"But how does that apply to us?" asked the lords.

"Listen," said the pedagogue, looking still more wise, and bringing the tip of one finger over into the palm of his other hand, in a very knowing way.

"Procope loves children, and when they are around him, he grows jolly and mellow, and his heart gets warm, and his sternness all melts away like a glacier in the spring sunshine. Send the children of the town out of the gates to him. Tell them to cling about his knees, and climb up into his lap, and when he begins to pity them, and grow fond of them, tell them to beg mercy for us, and the foodless town of Naumburg."

That quiet summer afternoon the gates of Naumburg swung open, and a long procession of little boys and girls issued forth, and wended their way through the astonished Hussites to the gay pavilion of Procopius. We fancy we can see them now, and an old German picture we have seen helps our fancy. This odd picture represents the old pedagogue following behind with a bundle of books under one arm, and a brisk switch in the other hand, with which latter implement he was refreshing the memories of some of the little boys in the rear by a wise application in the usual way.

When Procope saw them coming he seemed mighty pleased, and with large eyes and puffing lips he waddled out to meet them. The little girls seized him around his funny legs, and hugged him tight, and the little boys began to say:

"O, good Procope, we've come to you to protect us."

What could Procopius do? He tried to be hard, but it was impossible. So he sat down under a big cherry-tree near by, and the boys and girls in a few minutes were running all over him like goats over a mountain. His heart was besieged, and a breach was soon made in its weakest place.

He put his hand on one little boy's hair and kissed another little girl, who looked so pretty and innocent that he could not help it. And his great arms clasped a half-a-dozen children at once,



and his heart grew warm and mellow, and he found that he could resist no longer. So the clever fat general suddenly cried out:

"It's no use. I can't see the children suffer, you know. I guess I shall have to surrender."

Then he ordered the Hussites to bring him baskets of cherries, and he and the children had a cherry feast, and great was the happiness on the banks of the Saale, near the foodless town of Naumburg.

The children returned to the city at night, and each one hugged and kissed Procopius as they parted, and said in a low, sweet voice:

"Spare, for our sakes, the town of Naumburg."

The moon hung over the Saale in the golden air, and in the late hours dipped behind the far mountains. The sun rose fair, and the watchmen looked down from the grim walls of Naumburg on the long valley; but Procopius and the Hussites were gone, and a happier day never was seen in the town.

For four hundred years the Saxons have loved to recall this delightful event of history, and have celebrated it by the "Kinderfest," or "Children's Fete," or, as it is often called, "The Cherry Feast of Naumburg." This festival corresponds to our Fourth of July, and occurs on the 28th of July, and a right glad day it is to the children of Saxony. And, would you see how long the happy influence of a single good deed may last? why then, when you go to Germany, drop down to the Saale in the summer time, and eat some cherries with the children at the Children's Fete, in honor of the funniest general in all the world.—*St. Nicholas*.

### Macaulay's Love For Children.

It is one thing to be fond of children, and another never to get tired of them. And Macaulay, Hannah says, was one who never got tired. He often spent the whole morning at her home playing with the children, and then after luncheon carried one of them off for a long walk. But the great treats for him, as well as for them were the excursions

into the city to see the shows. These did not come often enough to suit either him or the children—twice a week is said to have been the average he would have liked—and they used to last till the little ones, to use his own expression, "could not drag one leg after the other." The afternoon's diversion began with a bountiful luncheon in London, to which Macaulay always added some knick-knack for which the children had an especial contempt, for the pleasure of seeing them reject it with scorn. The afternoon's sights were the lions and bears, the panoramas and the wax-works, or even the British Museum. One day he tells their mother in a letter how, all the other exhibitions being exhausted, he took the children to the National Gallery, and how, while Charley and Margaret played the connoisseur, Georgy said honestly, "Let us go; there is nothing here that I care for at all;" and again, "I don't call this seeing sights; I have seen no sight to-day;" all of which seemed to have amused Macaulay greatly. The elaborate process of sending a valentine to his little niece Alice is recorded at length in his diary. February 12th he buys a superb sheet of paper and writes the valentine. February 13th he sends it off to his sister Fanny at Brighton to be forwarded. February 14th the whole entry of the day is about the valentine—how Fanny came at three with the children, Alice in perfect raptures, and begging quite pathetically to be told the truth about it. When they were alone together she said—the little witch—she was going to be very serious, and down she goes on her knees, lifting up her hands in supplication: "Dear uncle, do tell the truth to your little girl. Did you send the valentine?" And then he had to own it. Macaulay would do almost anything to please his favorites. He even tried to like their dog; and dogs he was not fond of. In one place in his diary he denounces the animal as "a beast that is always spoiling conversation." But when the dog was a pet of the children that was another matter, and he bought things for it at the shops, and made poetry about it to an extent which made the children happy, if it had no particular effect upon the dog. When he was busy upon the second in-



stallment of his history, he would spend some precious time inserting a gold-piece in the seal of a letter to his nephew George, so that it might slip past the post-office authorities, and would transmit it with the casual remark that while the best part of a lady's letter was in the postscript, the best part of an uncle's was in the seal. One day, coming out from a collection of pictures, he saw a more delightful picture, he says, than any there. It was four pretty little sisters, from about eleven to six years old, riding in a donkey cart in a deep shady lane, and quite beside themselves with delight at the treat. They were laughing and singing in a way that almost made him cry with a sense of the beautiful; and when he asked them to go on, they sung like little larks. Whereupon all the silver he had in his pockets went to buy dolls.—*D. D. Lloyd in Harper's Magazine.*

### Oliver Cromwell's Last Illness.

The Protector's popularity had been much increased by the possession of Dunkirk; petitions were even sent in by some counties, desiring him to take the title of king; and whether men feared or hoped, the expectation that he would be crowned was general throughout the country.

But this expectation was never to be realized. Sorrows fell upon Cromwell in his own family, and these to him were harder to bear than the plots and machinations of his enemies. Death had already deprived him of two relatives—Robert Rich, lately married to his youngest daughter (16th Feb.), and the earl of Warwick, a firm friend to himself, the young man's grandfather (19th April). And now his favorite daughter, Lady Claypole, "of excellent parts, civil to all persons, courteous, friendly," lay ill at Hampton Court, "under great extremity of bodily pain," dying in fact by some terrible internal disease. The Protector was constantly at her bedside, and so overpowered with grief for his dying child, that he had but little attention to bestow on public business. The groom of his bedchamber relates how "his sense of

her outward misery, in the pains she endured, took deep impression upon him, who indeed was ever a most indulgent and tender father." He also relates how the text, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," was what restored him from despair. For "this Scripture," as Cromwell himself said, "did once save my life when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." Lady Claypole died (6th Aug.) and a fortnight after her death his own health, which had for some time past been failing, quite broke down. He was seized with a dangerous ague, and by advice of his physicians removed from Hampton Court to Whitehall (21st Aug).

Men prayed for his recovery, looking into the dark future with dismay at the anarchy that might ensue, when the one man was gone who could hold the rival parties down and compel them to live in peace. "His heart," says one who then attended him, "was so carried out for God and his people—yea, indeed, for some who had added no little sorrow to him, that at this time he seemed to forget his own family and nearest relations." "He would frequently say, 'God is good, indeed He is,' and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervor of spirit in the midst of his pains. Again he said, 'I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people.' He was very restless most part of the (Thursday) night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same, and endeavor to sleep, unto which he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.'" The next day was the 3d of September, his lucky day, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day Oliver Cromwell lay dead.—*From "King and Commonwealth, a History of Charles I., and the Great Rebellion."*

A loose, careless life, puts many terrible stings into death.



## The Sunday-School Department.

### Take Care of the Girls.

A stranger in Philadelphia, or even a sedate citizen who walks upon the south side of Chestnut street on a holiday night, must be astonished and puzzled at the number of pretty young girls he meets, who saunter along the sidewalk with all the airs and assurance of women of the town, and yet with an evident simplicity and childishness that forbid any imputation on their character. In no other large city in the world can anything like this be seen. In New York, or almost anywhere else, a woman going out at night unattended proclaims her position at once; but here, although street-walking is carried on with a flagrancy that would not be tolerated elsewhere, we could not take the thousands of young women that we meet for street-walkers without assuming that half the female population of the city had lost its virtue. We must hope and believe that this alarming custom in the majority of cases works no serious result; and yet it requires a great deal of faith in human nature to believe even this, and no great degree of foresight to predict the mischief that in very many cases must come of it. It is probably true that a lady may go through the streets of Philadelphia at night with less liability to insult than she would encounter in other cities, and this is as it should be; but there is a manifest difference between the timid, hurried walk of a lady unwillingly belated, and the careless saunter of these girls, too simple to harbor a wrong thought and too young to understand the frightful risks they run.

They are the same silly creatures that may be seen in the afternoons, each with two or three well-thumbed novels under her arm, on the way to the circulating library, where they get up little flirtations with youths as silly as themselves; they go to the afternoon performances

at the theatres, perhaps, and the young men join them afterward, and walk home with them; or their flirtations may be carried on as they go to and return from school. Sometimes it is no more than an interchange of glances, a cough, a wave of the handkerchief; but these little departures from maidenly modesty lead to greater and more dangerous ventures, of which the walking out at night, in twos and threes, is the last and most dangerous of all. It is no wonder that so many well-meaning girls fall into the abyss on whose brink they carelessly wander.

What kind of parents can they be who let their daughters thus expose themselves to the greatest of all dangers? They cannot be ignorant of the evil custom of the time, nor would ignorance justify them, since a parent is bound to watch over and care for and guide his children, and not leave them to wander through the thorny places of the world. Perhaps the mother thinks that girls will be girls; that she had her flirtations in her day and no harm came of it, and her girls will have time enough to sober down when they are married and off her hands. So they will, poor things; but what chance of a happy married life has a girl brought up, or allowed to grow up in this way, not only with no domestic training, but with no sense of womanly dignity and responsibility? Once in a while there comes a dreadful reckoning to one of these silly mothers, the discovery of an awful shame that casts a perpetual shadow on the household. The daughter perhaps is turned adrift upon the world, to suffer alone the inevitable penalty of the fault that was more her parents' than her own. We have not exaggerated the magnitude of this evil; we are sure that we do not exaggerate its danger. Mothers of Philadelphia, as you value your own souls and theirs, take care of your daughters.—*Philadelphia Times.*



### Boy Culture.

I wish fathers would be persuaded to buy and read three or four numbers of the story-papers which flame out at every railway station and are to be obtained at every news-stand. They would then get a fair idea, as they can in no other way, of what it is which bewitches their boys. The dramatic movement of these sensational stories is simply telegraphic. It leaves railroad speed quite out of sight. The lack of good common sense, the inattention to probabilities, and the wild extravagance of their narratives, seem to an adult so transparent, that the wonder is that intelligent boys do not see through them. The adult has forgotten the flights and fancies of his own imagination while it was still crude and immature. And the insidious subtlety of the whole thing is after all, in this, that the bad boy of the school and the home, the disobedient, reckless, profane lad, is spiced with a certain prodigal nobleness, which takes with boys in general. He can do a generous act occasionally, though he shirks his lessons, laughs at his mother, and despises the instructions of his father and teacher. The dominant motive of this meretricious fiction, is contempt for legitimate authority, and the atmosphere is indescribably vulgar. But fathers and mothers are so busy, so dainty, or so careless, that they see their children poring over these papers and never even ask to have the fascinating novelettes read aloud in their hearing. That would be a test.

There is no excuse for this folly on the part of parents. A line of pure, excellent, and sufficiently animated literature is provided for boys and girls, and where parents choose to take the trouble, they can so form their children's tastes that they will be satisfied with what is good. A boy may not precisely choose Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," or Baxter's "Saints' Rest," dear as you and I have found those classics of the soul, but he can be led along by such books as those of George Cary Eggleston and others, to like American history; he can be introduced to Dickens, Walter Scott, and Shakespeare, and he can roam the world around with Hayes, and Seward, and Henry M. Field, and Mrs. Leonowens and Bayard Taylor. There are

books of natural history, which he will love, if they are provided, and he is encouraged to study nature, by sympathy in his pursuits in the home.

In the home, mind. If there he meets with perpetual don'ts, and naggings, and scolding, if he is snubbed before his boy friends, or forbidden to bring them indoors on account of the noise, if his mother and sisters cannot endure tools, or pets, or innocent mirth, he will seek the street. The street is a school of iniquity, but it is a paradise of freedom as well. There, he may do as he please. Once let *home* define itself as *prison* to a boy and its charms are over; also its blessed power of influence and guidance.

I cannot understand how any loving mother can suffer her sons to seek the street in the evening, or after nightfall as a play-place. Surely evening should gather the boys around the home table, not let them stay in the street, shouting and tearing about, and learning of things which prefer darkness to light.

Do not let your boys be lonely at heart, if you want to save them from temptation. Is not their confidence worth winning? Are they not as well worth petting, mother-petting, sweet caressing now as when they were babes? But many of them do not receive much of it, unless they are ill. Many a mother stands almost hopelessly outside of her boy's young life. Think of it, dear woman, and if you and I cannot do much to help the great army of the next generation let us do this: let us care lovingly and prayerfully for our own.

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IN MORALS and religion the interval between seed-time and harvest is often long. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." This is the law and order of growth, under the guidance of Divine Providence. True faith learns "to labor and to wait." Our duty is to faithfully scatter the seed, and water it with our prayerful care. Like Paul and Apollos, we can only earn it by honest toil. The same is true with our spiritual living. God has promised to give us life, but we must enter and labor in His vineyard to get it. "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling."



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

OCTOBER 5.

LESSON XL.

1879.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis xvii. 1-8.

THE SUBJECT.—THE CHANGE IN ABRAM'S NAME.

1. And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, *I am the Almighty God: walk before me, and be thou perfect.*

2. And I will make my covenant between me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly.

3. And Abram fell on his face: and God talked with him, saying,

4. As for me, behold, my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations.

5. Neither shall thy name any more be called

Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham: for a father of many nations have I made thee.

6. And I will make thee exceeding fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee.

7. And I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee.

8. And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God.

## QUESTIONS.

How long is it since Abram left his native Chaldæa? Between 13 and 23 years? Where was he dwelling now? At Hebron, about 20 miles from Salem, or Jerusalem. Had the original promise to him still been kept alive? It had been renewed several times. What did God establish with Abram here? A Covenant. How many Covenants did God frame before the Gospel Covenant? Three: Adam's, Noah's, Abraham's. Were these the same in spirit? They were. How did they differ? In additional precepts and clearness. What rite was now established? The rite of Circumcision. What rite has taken its place? Baptism.

VERSE 1. How old was Abram now? Was there a good prospect at this time of the fulfilment of the promise, that his descendants should be numerous? He had no heir even. Why did God appear to him here? To support his faith, and grant him new revelations. Why does He call Himself *the Almighty God*? To show that He was *all-sufficient* to make good His word. What did He require of Abram? To rely on Him. How was he to manifest such reliance? By walking before Him and being perfect. What does *walk before me* mean? To obey Him. What does *be thou perfect* mean? Wholly dedicated to God.

2. What did we find the word *Covenant* to mean before?

3. Why did *he fall on his face*? It was an eastern mode of showing reverence. How did *God talk with him*? In vision, or audibly.

5. What change was made in Abram's name? But one letter was added in Hebrew. How many letters were added, according to the English? What does *Abram* mean? A great father or *Lord*. What does *Abraham* mean? The father of many. Was Sarai's name likewise

changed? verse 15. *Sarai* means *Princess*; *Sarah*, *Princess of many*.

6-7. How did this pair become *exceedingly fruitful*? They were the remote parents of the Israelites, and Christians. What *nations* sprang from them? The Jewish and Christian people. What kings stood among his descendants? David, Solomon, Christ. How was this Covenant an *everlasting* one? The Gospel grew out of it?

8. Did the descendants of Abraham enter and possess Canaan? What is this land a type of? Of the heavenly Canaan. Is it an *everlasting* possession, then?

How often do we read of a change of names, in the Old Testament? Twice: here and in chap. xxxii. 28. What does *Jacob* mean? A supplanter. What does *Israel* mean? A soldier of God. Why were these two persons' names so changed? They were the chiefs of God's ancient people, and stood in a new relation to God.

How often do we read of a change of names in the New Testament? Twice. Mention the first instance? John i. 42. Did the Apostles stand in the New Covenant of the Gospel as the Patriarchs in the Old? They did. Mention the second case? Rev. ii. 17. Will every Christian then receive a new name? Of what is it indicative? Of his new heart and state. Will the Christian be glorified? 2 Cor. iii. 18. When will he be raised in glory? 1 Cor. xv. 43. How does St. Paul speak of that state? Rom. viii. 18. Are Christians' names already written in heaven? Luke x. 20. May they be blotted out too? Rev. iii. 5. What is said of those whose names are not so recorded, or are blotted out? Rev. xx. 15; xxii. 19.

1. God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sov'reign will.



NOTES.—It was now about thirteen years that Abram lived at Hebron, twenty miles from Salem, or Jerusalem. Three times the promise had been repeated, that he should become a great nation in Canaan. Now an important change was made in Abram's and Sarai's names. The "Covenant of Abraham" was now established, which succeeded the "Covenant of Noah," as this succeeded the "Covenant of Adam." These covenants were all one in spirit, only that additional and more distinct precepts were added. The rite of circumcision was established with Abraham, and the land of Canaan, as the *promised* land and type of Heaven became an immediate expectation.

VERSE 1. *Ninety years old and nine.* He was now in his *one hundredth* year. The fulfilment of the promise seemed more distant than ever. So old, without an heir, and yet his offspring was to be so numerous! How might this be? It was necessary that his faith should be constantly strengthened by renewed revelations from God. Hence *the Lord appeared to Abram* again. *I am the Almighty God.* Whatever difficulties might oppose, with God all things were to be regarded by him as possible. He was taught that God was all-sufficient. *Walk before me.* "Just you obey Me." *And be thou perfect.* Be thou wholly dedicated to Me in spirit and life.

VERSE 2. *I will make my covenant between me and thee.* Just as God had established an agreement with Noah and with Adam. *I will multiply thee exceedingly.* Whatever little prospect there was as yet, all His declarations would become true.

VERSE 3. *Abram fell on his face.* This was the Eastern manner of doing reverence. They first knelt, and then lowered the head until the forehead touched the earth. *God talked with him.* Perhaps this was a *spiritual* voice; though it may have been an audible speech too.

VERSE 4. The substance of His revelation is given us now.

VERSE 5. *But thy name shall be Abraham.* In our language an *h* and an *a* are inserted—Abram—Abraham. In the Hebrew text but the *h* is placed within. It means that the *high father*

shall now become the *father of many*. The same change is made in his wife's name, (ver. 15). *Sarai* becomes *Sarah*. It is a substitution of an *h* in place of an *i*. *Sarai* means *princess*, as *Abram* means *lord* or *prince*. *Sarah* signifies *princess* or *mother of many*. From this pair was to spring the Jewish nation, and the family of the Faithful.

VERSES 6-7. *Exceedingly fruitful.* Who can count the number of Israelites and Christians? *I will make nations of thee.* The Jewish and Christian people are here meant. *Kings shall come out of thee.* The kings of the Jews sprang out of his seed—David, Solomon, and Jesus Christ.

*For an everlasting covenant.* The spirit and soul of the covenant of Abraham remain to this day, and will remain to the end of time. The Gospel is but a fuller and plainer system of grace that grew out of it.

VERSE 8. *The land of Canaan.* The Israelites literally entered and possessed this country, until the Gospel came. As Canaan is a type of heaven, the heavenly Canaan is the everlasting possession of the children of Abraham.

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—*Twice* do we read of the changing of names in the Old Testament. 1. *Abram's* and *Sarai's* names. 2. *Jacob* (a supplanter) to *Israel* (a soldier of God) (Gen. xxxii. 28). Abraham was the great or remote progenitor, and Jacob, his grandson, was the immediate parent of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. God bestowed upon them new names to indicate their new and intimate relation to Himself as chiefs.

*Twice* do we read in the New Testament of such a change of names. 1. *Simon, son of Jonas*, was called *Cephas* or *Peter*, a rock (John i. 42). In the New Covenant of the Gospel, the Apostles occupied a position similar to that which Abraham and Israel held in the Old. 2. Every Christian has the promise of a change of name (Rev. ii. 17). It is indicative of the entire renewal of our nature and spirit. The soul that is in covenant relation with God through Jesus Christ shall be changed from "glory to glory" (2 Cor. iii. 18). We shall be "raised in glory" (1 Cor. xv. 43). Our present state is "not worthy to be compared with the



glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18). Hence our NEW NAME. It is already "written in heaven" (Luke x. 20). Let us strive to follow in the footsteps of Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, and just men made perfect, lest our names be "blotted out of the book of life" (Rev. iii. 5). All whose names are not so recorded, or are erased have no hope of heaven (Rev. xx. 15; xxii. 19).

### Cowper and his Pets.

No doubt many of our little friends keep rabbits, and are very fond of their docile yet lively pets; but none of you, I think, have kept pet hares like the poet Cowper. I will tell you how it was that he became so much interested in those little creatures. Some children, whom he knew, had a leveret, which, you know, is a little hare; but though it was a nice plaything for a change, they soon grew tired of it, and their father seeing the poor little thing neglected, offered it with their consent, to Mr. Cowper, who at this time was suffering from a strange and distressing mental affliction; and his friend hoped that the little amusement of tending and taming the leveret might prove an agreeable diversion from his own thoughts. Several more friends who were glad enough to do anything for him, brought him other hares, till, as he said, he might have had enough to stock a paddock.

He selected three, whom he named Puss, Tiny and Bess. Bess was the largest and strongest, and at first the tamest. He would have made you laugh at his funny antics, as he frisked about the parlor; for after supper the hares were allowed to play in the poet's room. Puss at first was shy, like a wild hare, but his master's kindness soon made him feel at home, and he would jump upon his knee, and sometimes go to sleep in his lap. Once he was taken ill, so Mr. Cowper kept him apart from his companions; for hares, like many other animals, will persecute their sick friends. He nursed the little thing very carefully till he was well again, then the faithful creature showed his gratitude in the most unmistakable manner, by licking his master's hand all over, and

then every finger separately. Sometimes the poet would take him into the garden, for he had become so tame that there was no fear of his running away. Puss liked this very much, and would ask to go out as plainly as if he could speak. How would he ask? By drumming with his paws on his master's knee, and looking up with an appealing expression that plainly said, "Please take me out." Then he would take Mr. Cowper's coat-tails between his teeth, and pull at them with all his might. The great attraction in the garden was a cucumber vine, where he would often lie all day until the evening.

Tiny was of a very different disposition: in spite of all his master's kindness, he would not allow him to stroke his fur without a grunt; but even his solemn surliness amused the poet.

The three little animals lived a very happy life, and seemed quite to enjoy being domesticated. You will think they had good reason to be comfortable, when I tell you that their master himself made each of them a snug, cosy bedroom, with a bed of clean straw on which to sleep, and in daytime they had a nice hall where they could play all together. Bess was the first to die; he caught cold one day after his room had been cleaned, he having been put to bed before it was dry. Tiny lived to be eight, and Puss ten years old. When Tiny died the poet wrote his celebrated Epitaph "On a Hare," which perhaps, some of our little readers have read.—*Early Days*

It is always well to remember that nothing in the world is easier than to pull down and destroy. It requires no intelligence, no character, only power and will. A hog can root up a garden. One hen, scratching for worms, will destroy in an hour what nature and the gardener have been years in producing. The veriest dolt, with a pickaxe, on the Parthenon, allowed to indulge his destructive propensities, would soon make that charming building an unsightly ruin. Nothing is easier than to find fault, to tear down and to destroy. An oil spot can be put in a second on a silk dress, and every day it will gather more and more of the dust that is always flying.—*Christian Intelligencer*.



OCTOBER 12.

LESSON XLI.

1879.

*Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis xviii. 16-33.*

THE SUBJECT.—ABRAHAM PRAYS FOR SODOM.

16. ¶ And the men rose up from thence, and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way.

17. And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do;

18. Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him?

19. For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him.

20. And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous,

21. I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which has come unto me; and if not, I will know.

22. And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom: but Abraham stood yet before the Lord.

23. ¶ And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

24. Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein?

25. That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked;

and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

26. And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.

27. And Abraham answered and said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which *am but* dust and ashes:

28. Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous, wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it.

29. And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for forty's sake.

30. And he said *unto him*, Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it, if I find thirty there.

31. And he said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake.

32. And he said, Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.

33. And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned to his place.

## QUESTIONS.

Who visited Abraham at Mamre? Three heavenly messengers. What place was Mamre? Hebron. How did Abraham treat his visitors? What did they announce to their host? The birth of a son. Read verses 1-15.

VERSE 16. Why did Abraham go *with* his guests, and bring *them on their way*? The laws of hospitality required this. Why? There were no public roads, and strangers needed guides. Do we now understand our Lord's saying, (Matt. v. 41)?

17. What was to be revealed to him? The destruction of Sodom.

18. Why was it to be told him? Because of his peculiarly near relation to God, and his fatherhood of God's people.

19. How did such a knowledge help Abraham's posterity? It was a standing memorial for them to do *justice*, to avoid *judgment*, and to keep *the way of the Lord*. What was the way of the Lord? The religion of the true God.

20. What is meant by the *cry* of Sodom and Gomorrah? Their reputation. To what cluster of cities did these two belong? To the five cities of the Plain of Jordan. What other three cities belonged to the cluster? Admah, Zeboim and Zoar.

21. How may God have gone *down*? Through some servant of His—perhaps Lot, (2 Pet. ii. 7-8). What is meant by the Lord seeing it? That the character of the city should be exposed. What means—*I will know*? The nature of Sodom should be known in heaven and earth.

22. Did all these three visitors leave Abraham now? But two. Who remained? The Angel called "the Lord." Who may this Chief Angel have been? Christ.

23. How did Abraham draw near with reverence?

24-32. What does *Peradventure* mean? What does Abraham now do? What is *intercession*? On what *ground* does he pray for the city? Does God concede this principle? Yes. On what number of righteous ones is it agreed to save Sodom? What do these several numbers signify? *Any number* or class of men identified with the city. How does Abraham carry himself towards God? How is his humility shown? (vers. 27, 30, 31, 32). How does he regard himself? verse 27. What is a *supplicatory* prayer? Continued and importunate asking. Is there enough of this order of praying? Is there always sufficient *reverence* shown in praying? Is there enough *intercessory* prayer? What feature of God's character is exhibited in this negotiation between God and Abraham? His Patience. Was God *anxious* to destroy Sodom? Why was it not delivered? How long does God spare and save? As long as any one remains to be saved. What may the destruction of man or the community then be? A mercy. Why? To continue it after all hope of reformation is gone, is but to aggravate misery.

33. When did the Lord leave Abraham? When the communing ceased. Whither did Abraham go?



NOTES. Three heavenly messengers visit Abraham at Mamre or Hebron. He welcomes, entertains and refreshes them after the Eastern mode of hospitality. They inform him of the birth of his son Isaac (vs. 1-15).

VERSE 16. *And the men rose up — looked towards Sodom. And Abraham went with them.* This was another piece of Eastern hospitality, which a host owed his guests, to direct them on their journey. To this duty our Lord refers — “And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain” (Matt. 5: 41). As public roads and highways were not then; as villages, towns and cities lay apart, with wildernesses between, guides were necessary to strangers in the neighborhoods. Hence Abraham brought them on their way.

VERSES 17-19. *Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?* This is put as a question, but means, that a revelation shall be made to Abraham concerning the end of Sodom. We often make use of this form of speech, when we mean to say something positive. *Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation.* Through Abraham’s posterity the world knows that such cities once existed and what became of them. Among his descendants the threatened destruction and its fulfilment were remembered and preserved. God was all the more feared on this account, whilst every man’s household and people may take warning by Sodom’s fate. That *his children* and all after him may keep *the way of the Lord*, and learn to observe justice and avoid judgment, as well as challenge God’s benediction.

VERSE 20. *Sodom and Gomorrah.* There were five cities clustered around the Dead Sea, in the Jordan Valley, noted for their iniquity. The two here mentioned were the largest—the other three were *Admah, Zeboim* and *Zoar*. Our word “Sodomy” is from the name of the first city, and is a standing memorial of the wickedness of the fated place.

VERSE 21. *I will go down now.* This may have been done through one of His servants sent thither; or it may have been Lot himself, according to the saying of St. Peter (2 Epis. 2: 7, 8). *See whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it.* Their evil reputation,

as it spread over the earth, or ascended to heaven, was to be laid open and proclaimed to themselves and others. *And if not, I will know.* That is, the people’s true character shall be revealed.

VERSE 22. *And the men turned their faces from thence and went towards Sodom.* It seems but two angels left in this direction. *But Abraham stood yet before the Lord.* This was the third and chief angel, called *the Lord*. He was, likely, Christ Himself, who in the early ages manifested Himself on rare occasions.

VERSE 23. *And Abraham drew near.* In some reverential manner he approached this superior angel. His intercession for the city, whose doom had been told him, commences with the question—*Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?* This was the ground of his intercession. He pleads from this principle. Thou wilt not punish the just with the unjust.

VERSES 24-32. *Peradventure.* This word occurs six times in his prayer, and means—if it should be the case, that *fifty righteous*, or *forty-five*, or *forty*, or *thirty*, or *twenty*, or *ten*, be found. These numbers represent the idea of completeness, or some select company, large or small—rather than just so many.

Abraham appears to assume the character of an intercessor, or mediator between God and Sodom, or the race, as it were, since the change of his name occurred. And with a great reverence towards the Lord, and a profound humility within himself, does he carry his office. He addresses Him *Lord*, and “*judge of all the earth;*” whilst he counts himself “*dust and ashes.*” Besides, he apologizes for venturing to speak, so much and so long. *Behold, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord;—Oh, let not the Lord be angry!—And I will speak yet but this once!* Thus he supplicates five times, and each time earnestly, but humbly.

There is much praying done, without any supplication, importunity or perseverance; and much supplication, without modesty, or reverence. So, too, is there much prayer offered, without intercession, or asking for others.

The patience of God also shines out brilliantly. “God is patient because He is eternal,” says an old saint. He accepts every condition which Abraham



proposes; and for the very reason, that it was suggested in the right spirit.

Sodom was on the verge of destruction, and this negotiation or treaty is related for us, to teach us, that its impending doom was but a reaping of its own sowing; that the salt had all died out of its bosom, or lost its savor; and that its ripe harvest was at the door, just as it was with Jerusalem in later years, or many other cities. From Abraham's solicitude and God's condescension we see, that heaven is more inclined to prevent and deliver, than to arbitrarily strike and angrily light upon men. Because Abraham was allowed to search out, from fifty to ten men, and did not find any number after all, we may infer that to spare the city would but aggravate its misery. It is always *far from the Lord* to destroy the good, since *the judge of all the earth* always saves as long as there is any one to save. The Lord is good to all, and exhibits mercy in what strikes us as wrath indeed. In Sodom He delivered the only household that served Him, and suffered the city to come to an end, rather than to sink into a still deeper deep.

VERSE 33. *And the Lord went His way.* But only after Abraham ceased supplicating Him—as soon as he left communing. Now Abraham returned to Hebron. The destruction of Sodom follows next.

LOOKING at the rich colors of stained windows from the outside of a church, one sees but blurred and confused shades on the glass. But seen from the inside, the full figures, with all their marvellous colors are clearly seen. So may persons fancy that they can fully understand the power and glory of Christ's Church without entering or becoming living members of it. They see nought but defects from without, and enlarge upon them. But as soon as with sincere penitence and faith they enter Christ's fold, they see the glorifying light and loveliness of the Saviour's presence. No one can form a correct opinion of the Church from an outside shadow. Years have elapsed since the first baptism, and now there are seventy churches, averaging one hundred members each, on the former field of His labors.

## A Happy Scientist.

PROF. SCHLIEMANN'S GREEK WIFE.

Dr. Schliemann, writing from Troy (Asia Minor) to a friend in Indianapolis, says: "I think that there is no lady in the world who could have made me so happy as Mrs. Sophia Schliemann, whom I married ten years ago from pure affection, and because, though she then only knew her native tongue, the modern Greek, she showed a great enthusiasm for Homer and archæology. Since that time she has perfectly mastered nearly all the European languages, learned nearly all the Homeric poems by heart and constantly assists me with fervent zeal in all my undertakings; nay, the French edition of my Mycenæ is dedicated to her, and she fully deserves it. You say my work has not been profitable to me; but if, as you say, you read my Mycenæ, you ought to know that I work from pure love for science, and that I gave away to the Greek people the immense treasures found by me and my wife at Mycenæ \* \* \* Believe me we have nearly all our money in America, and if we buy a home in Indianapolis it is with the intention to remove thither sooner or later. We spend the value of palaces in our scientific explorations, but are content and happy in a modest little cottage."

WHENCE COMES THE EXPRESSION: "*Oil on the Troubled Waters?*"—The fishermen of the Shetland Isles, as we learn from a writer in *Chambers's Journal*, are wont, when in utmost peril during a storm, to throw oil on the waters to still them. They crush in their hands the livers of any ling or cod they may have caught, and keep throwing them astern and around them. "The effect," we are told, "is magical. The waves are not lessened in size; but they no longer *break*, and it is only from their breaking close to the boat and so being dashed in upon her and filling her that there is danger. The rapidity with which the oil spreads over a considerable space of sea around is marvellous, and scarcely to be credited except by one who has witnessed the phenomenon."



OCTOBER 19.

LESSON XLII.

1879.

*Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis xix. 15-25.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

15. ¶ And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.

16. And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city.

17. ¶ And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.

18. And Lot said unto them, Oh, not so, my Lord.

19. Behold now, thy servant hath found grace in thy sight, and thou hast magnified thy mercy, which thou hast shewed unto me in

saving my life; and I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me, and I die:

20. Behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: O, let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live.

21. And he said unto him, See, I have accepted thee concerning this also, that I will not overthrow this city, for the which thou hast spoken.

22. Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do any thing till thou be come thither. Therefore the name of the city was called Zoar.

23. ¶ The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar.

24. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven;

25. And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.

## QUESTIONS.

Whither did the two angels come after they left Abraham? At what time? Who sat at the gate of the city? Did he invite them in? Did they comply with his invitation? Finally. What occurred about his house during the night? A riot. Did he feel concerned for the safety of his guests? Did the rioters persist? They attacked the house. Who rescued Lot? His guests, and smote the ringleaders with blindness. How did they exhort to do now? To escape with his whole household out of Sodom. Why?

VERSE 15. Did the angels assist the family to fly? How many departed?

16. Why did Lot linger? Perhaps to persuade his sons-in-law, verse 14. What did the angels then do?

17. What three directions did they give to Lot?

18-19. Was Lot willing to obey? Why did he hesitate? From fear. What did he ask? For a nearer place of refuge.

20. What place did Lot suggest? Did he perhaps hope to retain it as an inheritance? Perhaps.

21. Was his prayer heard? Does this show the value of prayer?

22. Why was he to hasten now? Could it come before Lot had gone out? Why not? Chap. xvii. 23-5. What was the city formerly called? Bela. What was it now called? What does *Zoar* mean? Little. What did it then owe to Lot's prayer? Its all.

23. How long was Lot in going from Sodom to Zoar? Compare verses 15 and 23.

24. How was this city destroyed? Did Gomorrah also perish? What other cities of the plain? Admah and Zeboim. How did the district appear afterwards? verse 28.

Do we know *how* this destruction was sent by God? It may have been brought about by a peculiar thunder-storm and shower of meteoric matter; or, by a sinking of the land, and intruding of the Dead Sea.

Was it at all events *possible* for God to bring it about? If He ordered the Flood, why should this doom have been too great for Him? Do we know where these cities once stood? Not certainly. Were other cities of *Christ's* day destroyed, leaving no ruins behind even? Matt. xi. 20-24. Where is the old city of Jerusalem now? Between twenty and eighty feet beneath the present city. Are there other buried cities? Many of them which we know, and are now being exhumed again.

Does the Lesson teach us any practical things? 1. Our Lord compares this sinful world to a fated city, (Luke xvii. 28-33.) St. Peter, too, speaks of its fiery doom, (2 Epist. iii. 10-12) 2. The kingdom of God is a *Zoar* of temporary refuge for the *little* flock, who would escape. 3. Our final refuge is in the Holy mountains, (2 Pet. iii. 13.)

1. Not by Thy mighty Hand,  
Thy wondrous works alone,  
But by the marvels of Thy word,  
Thy glory, Lord, is known.

2. Forth from the eternal gates,  
Thine everlasting home,  
To sow the seed of truth below,  
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.



NOTES. The two angels, after leaving Abraham, came to Sodom in the evening. Lot sitting at the gate of the city invites him in. They at first refuse to enter, but after being pressed greatly they partake of his hospitality. The dwellers in Sodom came rioting about and upon Lot's house so that he was greatly concerned for the safety of guests, whom the laws of the East obliged him to defend at all hazards and cost. The angels rescue Lot from the barbarity of the Sodomites, and strike the leaders of the gang with blindness. They now exhort him and his family to hasten off, as destruction was at the door. Lot exhorts his sons-in-law in vain to accompany his household. The day of doom had come.

VERSE 15. *And when the morning arose, on that fatal day, the angels hastened Lot, his wife and his daughters out of the city of iniquity, or destruction as it likewise reads.*

VERSE 16. *And while he lingered, probably in affectionately entreating his sons-in-law to hasten with him, the angels took them by the hands, leading now this one and then that one, and by God's mercy brought him and his with-out the city.*

VERSE 17. *Escape for thy life. Thou art in most imminent danger! Look not behind thee. One look may delay thee too long! Neither stay thou in all the plain. The valley will be submerged! Escape to the mountain. Ascend the high land!*

VERSES 18-19. *Oh not so my Lord!* He cried out, not in a gainsaying spirit, but in fear. Seeing the destruction so nigh, he fears, lest he cannot journey rapidly enough, and must fall under it. From the *magnified mercy*, in which the Lord had shown him how to escape, he prays to have a nearer place of refuge allowed him.

VERSE 20. *This city is near to flee unto.* It may be that Lot wished to have this *little* place for an inheritance. As it was so small, he hoped to have it granted to himself.

VERSE 21. *See I have accepted thee.* God heard and answered his prayer. For Lot's sake it is written: *I will not overthrow this city, for the which thou hast spoken.*

VERSE 22. *Haste thee—escape thee*

*thither.* That shall now be his city of refuge. *For I cannot do anything till thou be come thither.* Just as Abraham had said (Chap. xvii. 2, 3 and 5). *Zoar.* Its former name had been *Bela*, from its former king. "Zoar" means **LITTLE**—from Lot's saying. It owed its all to Lot.

VERSE 23. *The sun was risen.* Between dawn and sun-rise then, he had made the distance, for it was *near to flee unto* (ver. 20).

VERSE 24. *Brimstone and Fire.* What we are to understand by these terms is not easy to say. "Brimstone" may have been nitrous particles or meteoric stones showered down. A thunder-storm of a peculiar nature may have been the only agent. We know too that the plain was rich in bitumen or pitch, which was readily ignited by lightning. *Sodom* has been said to mean *burning*—from the inflammable nature of its surroundings. It is useless to speculate, however. The fact is given us, which is enough. Besides, if we believe in the destruction of the old world through the Flood, we will not doubt, that God suffer such a visitation to come.

VERSE 25. *And he overthrew those cities.* It is mentioned by some, that the cities and *plain* were submerged by the Dead Sea. As no satisfactory account has yet been given of their location, we take the word "overthrew" in the sense of *destroyed*. They may be buried under the Dead Sea, or beneath the deluge of matter, as Jerusalem lies entombed from twenty to eighty feet under ruins, and another city upon it. So Capernaum, Bethsaida and Chorazin, once flourishing towns on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, have long since disappeared, leaving no wreck to mark their situations (Matt. xi. 20-24). So many other cities are now under the earth, and are being exhumed after two thousand years' burial.

Lot's wife tarried too long, was overtaken by the shower, struck dead, and covered with a crust of matter which riveted her to the spot for a time (ver. 6). Abraham saw by the following morning, that even ten righteous men had not been found. Still what was worth preserving was saved. The garden of the Lord was a burning, smoking



waste (vers. 27-8). Lot left Zoar, because *he feared to dwell* in so horrible a plain, and came to the very mountain, to which God had ordered him to go at first.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. — 1. Our fallen world is an Empire of Sin, like the cities of the plain. It is condemned, and its doom is foretold (2 Pet. iii. 10-12). 2 There is a *Zoar* for us too—for the *little* flock who escape after the command of our Lord (Luke xvii. 28-33). 3. Our final refuge is in the Mountain of God (2 Pet. iii. 13).

ALFRED TENNYSON, the poet laureate of England, is doubtless known to many of our readers through his works. He is now in his seventieth year, and lives in retired ease on the Isle of Wight. He has always been simple and retired in his habits. During his earlier years he lived a sort of recluse life in, or near London. At his Island home he is often greatly annoyed at the impertinence of curious tourists, eager to stare at the great man. He morbidly shrinks from being lionized, and in order to evade the vulgar gaze of obtruding admirers, he is tempted to become a recluse. Like many men of genius, he seems to pay little attention to his external appearance. He has never been a society man in the English sense of that term, but sought enjoyment in his library, and his communings with nature. Meeting him on the street no one would suspect that he were England's great poet, who officially writes the poetry for all occasions and events of joy and sorrow in the royal family and of the nation. A certain correspondent, who recently met him in a London park, says:

"He looked tall, somewhat stout, round-shouldered, and he walked with a stick, as though the gout were hanging about his legs or feet. He had a long beard which almost buried his face, and wore a pair of large, round, Chinese-looking spectacles. He had on a very broad-brimmed, weather-worn felt hat, dark trousers, gaiters, several undercoats or jackets, covered over all by a thin, shabby-looking, red tweed dust coat, buttoned very tightly, as though it were much too small for him. Dangling outside, from what should

have been a clean white shirt front, was a pair of large, gold-rimmed nose-spectacles. He was one of the oddest-looking creatures I have ever seen out of a Mormon meeting."

CERTAIN editions of the Bible, owing to the errors they contained, have received many odd names. What is known as the "Breeches Bible" (Geneva 1560) was so called because Genesis iii. 7, was translated: "They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches," instead of "aprons" as in the English version now used. In the "Treacle Bible" (1568), Jeremiah viii. 22 was made to read: "Is there no treacle in Gilead," etc, instead of "balm," and in 1609 the word was changed to "rosin;" "balm" was first used in 1611. The "Vinegar Bible," printed in Oxford in 1717, by John Basket, derives its name from the heading of Luke xx., which was made to read: "The parable of the vinegar." The book had many other errors from which it has also been called, after the printer's name, "A Basket of errors." In 1631 a Bible was printed in England, and in 1732 another appeared in Germany, both of which made the seventh commandment read; "Thou shalt commit adultery," the word "not" being omitted. It has been very appropriately called the "Wicked Bible."

"THE world owes me a living," is the mistaken motto of tramps, young and old. Our Creator has ordained that in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." Young people fearful of bronzing their delicate hands by working as their parents had to do; fond of fine clothing and costly jewelry, without caring who pays for them, are the material tramps are made of. The world owes you a living, but you must plant and water; God must give the increase in His own good time. Work on, faithful soul. Even though in thy life-time the results may seem trifling, the fruitage, the harvest, must surely come.



OCTOBER 26.

LESSON XLIII.

1879.

*Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Genesis xxi. 12-21.*

THE SUBJECT.—HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

12. ¶ And God said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bondwoman; in all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice; for in Isaac shall thy seed be called.

13. And also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation, because he *is* thy seed.

14. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave *it* unto Hagar, putting *it* on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba.

15. And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs.

16. And she went, and sat her down over against *him* a good way off, as it were a bow-shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of

the child. And she sat over against *him*, and lifted up her voice, and wept.

17. And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he *is*.

18. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation.

19. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink.

20. And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.

21. And he dwelt in the wilderness of Paran: and his mother took him a wife out of the land of Egypt.

## QUESTIONS.

Did Abraham remain at Hebron, after the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. He removed to Gerar in Arabia. What slave had Abraham in his household? Hagar. Who was her son? Ishmael. Was her mistress, Sarah, pleased with her? She had her sent away on several occasions.

VERSES 12-13. Was Abraham willing to send Hagar away? How did God console him?

14. What did Abraham provide her with when she and her son departed? What kind of a *bottle* was it? A sack of goat skin? Did they miss the way?

15-16. After losing their path and wandering about, what followed? What did they seem most in want of? Were there many wells in the desert? Only a few at long intervals. Why did she put Ishmael under the *shrubs*? To shield him from the sun. How old was the lad? About sixteen years. Had the heat and journey affected him seriously? Did Hagar fear he might die? Where did she go? How far is a bow-shot? As far as an arrow flies. How did she *lift up her voice*? In prayer.

17-18. Whose voice did God hear? How did Ishmael probably call? He may have called the mother; or, his sighs and groans may be meant. Who appeared now? What did the angel say? Was she told what to do? Was she told directly that Ishmael should *not* die? Was the same promise given her, which Abraham had received?

19. How did *God open her eyes*? He directed her to a well. What did she do?

20-21. How was *God with the lad*? Where was his home? Where did this desert lay? In Arabia, near Mt. Sinai. What is an *Archer*? A hunter. Whom did he marry? An Egyptian woman. Had he any sons? 12 (xxv. 12-17). Of what nation did these become the stems? Arab nation. Were Ishmael and Isaac enemies? They were at the funeral of Abraham, and friendly disposed, (xxv. 8-10). How old was Ishmael when he died? 137 years.

Where may we read of the spiritual meaning of Jerusalem—Sarah and Hagar—Ishmael and Isaac? Galatians iv. 22-31.

## CATECHISM.

XLIII. Lord's Day.

112. What is required in the ninth command?

That I bear false witness against no man; nor falsify any man's words; that I be no back-biter, or slanderer; that I do not judge, or join in condemning any man rashly or unheard; but that I avoid all sorts of lies and deceit, as the proper works of the devil, unless I would

bring down upon me the heavy wrath of God? likewise, that in judgment and all other dealings I love the truth, speak it uprightly, and confess it; also, that I defend and promote as much as I am able the honour and good character of my neighbor.



NOTES.—When Abraham saw the ruins in the valley of the Jordan he was filled with sadness, and left Hebron. He now settled at Gerar, which lay south of Canaan, near Gaza, in Arabia, under a king of the Philistines, called Abimelech (chap. xx). Here Isaac was born, when Abraham was *an hundred years old* (ver. 5), 1896 years before Christ.

Now there lived in the family of Abraham a female slave, whom Pharaoh had given him when he sojourned in Egypt (chap. xii. 16), called *Hagar* (a stranger or sojourner), who was the mother of *Ishmael* (a wanderer)—the father of the Ishmaelites, Bedwins and Arabs. This woman and her son caused considerable trouble in the old Patriarch's household. Her mistress, Sarah, obliged her to leave his house once before Ishmael was born. On her way back to her native country, Egypt, the Lord met her, brought her back and reconciled the slave to her mistress (Chap. xvi.). But Sarah was more or less jealous of her maid and her son. When Ishmael was sixteen years old and Isaac three, the trouble broke out afresh, and Hagar was sent away, with her son, forever (vers. 9-11).

Read the following graphic account of the scene by Pastor Talmage:—

Morning breaks upon Beersheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard, and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham, as he gave the lunch to Hagar and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose, bounded away in the morning light. Boys al-

ways like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart, young Ishmael.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with unsufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert how wearily and slowly the miles slip. A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, I suppose, instantly falls asleep. Hagar—as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other—Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out, and every falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half awakes her son by crying out in her sleep, "Ishmael! Ishmael!" And so they go on, day after day, and night after night; for they have lost their way; no path in the shifting sands; no sign in the burning sky. The sacks empty of flour; the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael upon a stunted shrub of the arid plain she sees the bloodshot eye, and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert of Beersheba. "We shall die! We shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, and even smiled upon him when he felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let



him die. She had thought she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart. But as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst and struggle in distortion and beg his mother to slay him, she cannot endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bow-shot and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the appalling grief, and cries, "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up and sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God!

VERSES 2-13. God comforted Abraham and removed his distress by revealing to him, that Ishmael's posterity should be a great *nation*; but that in Isaac the proper line of the Messiah should be maintained.

VERSE 14. *Took bread and a bottle.* He gave her provisions enough to sustain her and her son, till they should arrive at the place to which he had directed them. The *bottle* was a goatskin, filled with sufficient water to the next well. But she *wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba*. That is she lost her way, in this southern desert of Palestine.

VERSES 15-16. *The water gave out*, since they missed the next well, of which there were only a few at long intervals. The lad could not bear the heat of the desert, and the fatigue of the journey. His mother placed him *under one of the shrubs* or thicket, to shield him from the sun. *A bow shot* means as far as an arrow would fly. She feared to see him die, as he lay fainting and unconscious. It is sad to think of her *lifting up her voice*—praying—and weeping.

VERSES 17-18. *God heard the voice of the lad.* Perhaps he moaned and groaned. *The angel of God called Hagar.* One feels a pleasant sense of relief over this timely intervention of God. Let us learn that God is ever near us in our distress. The angel speaks with sympathy and cheer to the poor mother: "*What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not! God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is*"—even though faint

and hidden. *Arise! Lift up the lad! Hold him in thine hand*—nurse him as a mother. *For I will make him a great nation*—he shall not die.

VERSE 19. *God opened her eyes.* This means that God directed her to a well. Water was most needed for the fainting boy. She went filled the bottle, raised him up, "held him in her hand" (ver. 18), and revived him.

VERSES 20-21. *God was with the lad.* Providence presided over him and his destiny. He was an *archer*, or hunter, and supported himself by his calling. *He dwelt in the wilderness of Paran*, the wild country of Arabia, near Mount Sinai, which was near to his father's house. *His mother took him a wife out of the land of Egypt.* He married an Egyptian woman, of which blood Hagar was. He became the father of twelve sons (xxv. 12-17), who constituted the chief element of the Arab nation. He was present at the funeral of his father Abraham, with his brother Isaac (xxv. 8-10), which shows that the two brothers were reconciled, nevertheless. He died, aged 137 years.

PRACTICAL REMARK. To understand the spiritual sense of the relation between Isaac and Ishmael, we must turn to the Epistle to the Galatians (Chap. iv. Vers. 22-31). *For there are the two covenants*—two orders of religion, one of MOSES, the other of CRIST. *Hagar is Mount Sinai*, which represents the Law, the earthly Jerusalem, whose children were in *bondage* to the letter of commandment, rite and ceremony.

*Sarah* represents the Jerusalem which is above—free—and *the mother of us all*. We are, therefore, *the children of promise*, the brethren of Isaac, in whom Abraham had been told, all the nations of the *earth* were to be blessed. No wonder, then, that St. Paul exhorts us in these words: "So, then, brethren, we are not children of the bond woman, but of the free. Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again, with the yoke of bondage."

The motions of Providence are all judicious; the wheels are full of eyes! it is enough that the affairs of Zion are in a good hand.



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Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

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No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. II.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

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GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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TO OUR PATRONS.

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# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

NO. 11.

## Editorial Notes.

PARENTAL affection oft-times fastens names upon children which afterwards become a burden to the bearer. Some from a mere whim name their children after some noted heathen, even noted for his vices. By accident a parent comes across a name which for the moment seems pretty. Without asking as to the character of the person from whom it is derived, it is given to a child. After it is grown up it finds that its name is associated with a historical criminal. We have two men of the name of Judas in the New Testament. The good one was in danger of being taken for the betrayer, hence he is referred to as "Judas, not Iscariot." Often parents select the name of a person just then a popular favorite. Twelve months later he may become a defaulter—in other words a thief. There are persons bearing the names of James Fisk and William Tweed, who would be glad to be called by some other name. The name sticks to the child although the original bearer of it dies in prison. A certain father in New York once proposed to Charles Sumner to name his son after him. Sumner frankly and wisely replied:—

"Don't make a mistake. Never name a child after a living man. This is the counsel I give always, and most sincerely. Who knows that I may not fall? I too may grow faint, or may turn aside to false gods. I hope not; but this is one of the mysteries of the future. Therefore name your boy some good Christian name (it may be Charles, if you will; for that is general); but do not compel him to bear all his days a label which he may dislike. I once met a strong anti-slavery youth who bore the name of Martin Van Buren. He was born while New York sat in the

presidential chair; and his father named him after the chief of the land. But the youth did not find the sentiments of the late Mr. Van Buren such as he wished to be associated with."

THIRTY years ago an intelligent young lady in France, Miss Leontine Nicolle, applied for the situation of an assistant matron in a Lunatic Asylum. She was a bright attractive girl, with ample means. Her friends were surprised by her application, for the position was very laborious and trying. After waiting a good while a vacancy at length occurred. She entered the dismal place with a light heart, although greeted with the wild screams of the maniacs. Her friends then little divined her motives. Her mother was among the inmates. For years she tried to keep her afflicted parent at home. Now she follows her to this place to nurse her with tender care. She can only do this by taking the situation of a servant. For years her desire was to be locked up with her mother, in order that she might take care of her. The poor sufferer in her raving attacks, repulsed the hands of her devoted child, who by day and by night, for twenty-eight years, lived in this hideous place to comfort her parent. A year ago the maniac died in the arms of her daughter. And now the pitying heart of the daughter is so devoted to this class of sufferers, that she has decided to give her remaining life to their relief. It is reported that since her connection with the asylum more than five hundred deranged women have been cured by her care. Few people in France knew anything about her, until lately the noted French statesman and senator, Jules Simon, awarded the prizes of the French Academy to meritorious persons, and conferred one on her. It was done



in the presence of a brilliant assembly. In a touching address, whose tenderness moved many to tears, he described the noble life and filial heroism of Leontine Nicolle, who from love to her unfortunate mother buried her beautiful life in a dismal insane asylum. All present felt that no one living was more deserving of a prize than she.

WE give in this number of the Guardian—"Life in Olden Time—A Thanksgiving Contrast," which furnishes a graphic picture of society when Thanksgiving day was observed for the first time.

"Thanksgiving day was instituted by the Pilgrims at Plymouth as a day of fasting, thanksgiving, and prayer, in memory of the bountiful crops gathered at their first harvest, in 1621. Occasional days of thanksgiving were held from then until 1680, when it became an annual custom in Massachusetts, and they were frequent in other colonies, often at different seasons and for various purposes, as for the safe arrival of ships after dangerous voyages, or for victories over the Indians. Thanksgiving Day was a national institution throughout the revolutionary war; but there was no national appointment after the general thanksgiving for peace in 1784, until President Washington recommended one in 1789, for the adoption of the Constitution. There were other official appointments for national thanksgiving, in 1795 for the suppression of an insurrection, and in 1815 for the successful termination of the second war with Great Britain. It early became one of the most prominent holidays throughout New England; in other sections it was frequently observed locally, and by some religious bodies. The Governor of New York has annually recommended a day of thanksgiving since 1817. Proclamations for the observance of the day were made by the Governor of Virginia in 1855, and in eight Southern States in 1858. President Lincoln issued proclamations recommending days of special thanksgiving for victories in 1862-3, and in 1863-4 for the annual observance of the day by the nation; since which time the President has issued such a proclamation annually, supplemented by one from the Governors of many of

the States. Year by year the day is becoming a truly national festival."

ORDINARILY the Hollanders are men of great dignity and decorum. Yet, measured by our American standard, the following description of the Synod of the Reformed Dutch Christian Church, held at Dort in August last indicates a strange kind of ecclesiastical propriety: "On either side (of the President) sat the ministers and elders at two long tables. In front of them lay writing materials, and printed papers bearing on the business of the Synod, pipes, tobacco, cigars and matches, which were not left unused; and from time to time coffee was quietly handed round by the officer of the court. At intervals a verse or two of a psalm was sung with great fervor. The audience was composed chiefly of men, who seemed to follow the proceedings with great interest."

AFTER dinner speeches are objects of dread to the speaker, and often to the hearer. Many a person has his anticipated pleasures of a commencement dinner or of the reunion of a Literary Society spoiled by the dread of being called on for an after dinner speech. A full stomach, with most people, prevents mental activity. They may be capable of flashes of eloquence, but the intellect is not likely to flash at such a time. And the more one tries to produce a flash the more likely is he to flatten. The speech might sparkle with wit and humor, were not his drowsy system just then toughly grappling with a mass of eaten matter, to start its digestion. Even Washington Irving could not make an after dinner speech. At a dinner of literary celebrities he presided, and stuck so completely in an attempted speech as to feel keenly mortified long afterwards. As for complimentary toasts to get a speech out of a man, unless he be a vain fellow eager to display himself, they are as a rule an annoying imposition. Complimentary *roasts* they ought to be called. An English journal says: "The fashion of after-dinner speechifying is simply unendurable. It poisons every festal feeling in the minds of the unhappy victims whose names are down for the toasts. The amount of



suffering which this wretched English habit has caused can never be known; but no man who has been a guest at public dinners but is able to guess at its extent. Why should we go on sanctioning a fashion which deprives yonder poor fellow of his appetite, keeps him pale and perspiring, holds him deaf to the conversation of his neighbor, sets him counting his fingers under the table-cloth like a half-witted man, finally to pull him on his trembling legs and oblige him to stutter and cough and roll his ghastly eyes, while everybody yawns, and only the waiters seem to listen? There is not a more dismal and shocking moment in the life of a nervous man than when the quavering of the singers up there having come to an end and silence fallen, he lays hold of the table and drags himself on to his legs and begins to talk. Yesterday he may have had a hundred splendid ideas in his mind, and to-morrow these hundred splendid ideas will return to him; but now, when he never in all his existence wanted ideas more desperately, he has none. He forces a dreadful smile; he starts with horrid quickness; his h's get mixed; his throat feels to have been newly painted with nitrate of silver; he blunders on in tones which the wife of his bosom would not recognize; and finally sits down a wretched man, oppressed with a sense of universal ridicule and indignant hate of the chairman who took the inhospitable, the unwarrantable liberty of associating his name with that last wretched toast.

WE have read of a man given to being much alone and to speaking to himself. When asked why he did this he replied: "When I am alone with myself I am always sure to be in good and entertaining company, and can carry on pleasing conversation with an intelligent gentleman." Dr. S. C. Coleridge speaks of a German that he met in Berlin, who, in conversation would always take off his hat and make a profound bow when he alluded to himself. The poet Dr. Young says Ambrose Philips had a conceit that Julius Cæsar was a man much like himself, being of his own height and habits. And when the plump and witty Dean Swift heard him speak of this he

courteously replied: "And I, Mr. Philips, should take Cæsar to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high; not very neatly dressed in a black gown with pudding sleeves." In all persons, great or small, self-conceit is very disgusting. Many cannot converse five minutes without extolling their own achievements and virtues. Some such, otherwise worthy people, we dread to meet; for a meeting means hours of boasting and self-applause. To this class belong the people who always blow their own trumpet, write their own puffs for the newspapers or ask some one else to do it for them. They are pampered on the pap of their own boiling. "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thine own lips." (Prov. 27: 2).

In a certain Sunday School Bible Class under our pastoral care there was a young man who had a great fondness for the book of Revelation. No matter what was the subject of the lesson, he would in some way always try and turn up in the last book of the Bible. Now it is well known that this book is the most difficult to understand. Perhaps this is one reason why it has been put to the end of the holy Scriptures, so that by the time one has searched and studied all that goes before, he may be able the better to understand this. The singular preference of our young friend reminded us of a builder who tried to put the roof on his house before he had laid the foundation. The pious Gossner, noted for his evangelical zeal and as the founder of an extensive foreign Missionary interest, tells us of a similar weakness of a friend. Ignatius Lindl was a Catholic priest. Soon after his conversion, he set to studying and explaining the book of Revelation, and imbibed all manner of fanatical notions. Gossner, one day strolling with Lindl through a forest, replied to his extravagant views: "See here Lindl, you will surely be clubbed!" "Scarcely had I told him thus," says Gossner, "when the limb of a tree broke off overhead and fell on his back." "Do you see!" cried the good man, "there you have it! Scarcely have you crept out of the egg, scarcely have you opened your eyes on the light,



when you already wish to crawl up to the heights of Revelation. There you are clubbed. Drink milk, child, then you will get along better."

LITTLE by little Satan leads souls away from Christ. In ways unseen by others they are led. Around their hearts gather feelings and desires which seem trifling. It is like the first small leaks in the banks of the Mississippi, through which ere long the mighty resistless torrent will break a wide channel and spread ruin in its course. Great criminals usually can trace their fall to seemingly trifling beginnings. An exchange says: "Of the fall of a prominent citizen and member of the church, very recently, into the abyss of ruin and disgrace, a friend inquired sadly, 'How can you account for it? so sudden and unexpected to all.' I replied by relating an incident in my Western experience. I was passing through a beautiful park in which a number of fine locust-trees had been prostrated by a recent storm. I asked of my companion with surprise how it happened that those apparently thrifty trees should be broken by the gale. He replied, 'Oh, the borers prepared the way.'"

Silently and unseen the work of hastening overthrow had been done during the months before. The hearts of the green locusts were "honey-combed" by those little borers. Had the trees been conscious, their fall would have been no surprise to them. Nor has the *moral ruin* of the distinguished criminals of our times been so to themselves. They nourished the hidden destroyers, the secret sins, which prepared the way for the pressure of great temptation, whose ruin startled millions. And all surprise over human depravity suddenly revealed in gigantic evil will vanish for ever in "the day when God shall judge the *secrets* of men by Jesus Christ."

The late Samuel Gobat, for many years Bishop of Jerusalem, was a native of Switzerland. He was if we remember correctly, of Reformed parentage, and received such early religious training as Switzerland afforded in the beginning of this century. As it often happens, with young men, he fell among

wicked companions, and until he was twenty years of age he led an irreligious life. One night he sat among a boisterous group of boon companions, around a table in a village inn, playing cards. The players merrily shuffled their bits of spotted pasteboard, unmindful of the lateness of the hour. Among this jovial party, was Samuel Gobat, who was unusually thoughtful. Evidently the thoughts of his mind were not in accord with the game. Of a sudden he seized his cap and rushed out of the room, without giving a reason for it. As he failed to return his comrades became alarmed. He was not at home, indeed no one knew where he was. The next morning they found him in a gorge of the mountain, lying on his face. Here he had lain all night wrestling with God in prayer. When told that his friends had been searching for him all night, he could scarcely be made to believe that he had been absent more than an hour. In such intense agony of soul did he bewail his sins and plead for pardon, that he could think of nothing but his Saviour.

Thereafter Samuel Gobat forsook his cards and wicked companions. The reviving of the good seed sown in his child-heart, by the Holy Ghost, arrested him at the card-table. He ever thereafter regarded himself as a brand snatched from the burning. He sought pastoral advice and expressed a desire to devote his life to the holy ministry. It is said, that when he came to the Mission House at Basel, he was an awkward, gawky, rough-limbed young man. His appearance betokened such a lack of talent that the Faculty hesitated about receiving him. But underneath his coarse exterior was a heart burning with the love of Christ and perishing souls. He knew what it meant to be sunken in sin. Now only he saw how he had been walking on the edge of a slippery precipice, all the while on the point of falling into the pit of woe. It was not long until he showed a talent for the oriental languages. He was sent to Paris to finish his studies. Besides the European tongues, he became a proficient in Hebrew, Arabic, Turkish, and the various difficult languages of the East. For more than fifty years, until he was eighty years of



age, he witnessed and suffered for Christ. He spent years in Abyssinia, enduring untold privations and pain, where his godly life so gained the affections of the Coptic Christians that they called him to be the head or chief Patriarch of their Church. This was a call never given to any other Protestant Christian; which however he felt it his duty to decline. Perhaps parents or pastor were praying for Samuel Gobat, when he was at the card-table in the village inn. Well was it for him that he tore himself away from wicked comrades, and with cries and prayer sought and found help from God.

DR. JOSEPH COOK says: When the theatre is converted and comes into the church I shall be in favor of theatre-going. The world has been waiting for the conversion of this precious, brilliant, ballooning female vagabond for two hundred years, and she has not come to the church yet. Let us offer our prayers for her, and follow the wisdom of Edwin Booth, who said he would not allow his wife or daughter to go and hear a play unless he had heard it first himself, lest they should be entrapped by some vender of theatrical gimcracks. That is Edwin Booth. If you think his opinion is illiberal, it certainly is not unintelligent.

"RESPECT the burden," said the first Napoleon one day to his servant, who was ordering a poor woman carrying a heavy bundle, to get out of the way in crossing a street in Paris. Not only the burden should we respect, but the person who properly bears it. In these degenerate times, when there is an increasing class of people who look upon the simple and industrious habits of the honest laborer with a feeling of contempt—whilst in many cases, they themselves make a proud parade with other people's money—in such a time it is a pleasing relief to find persons of intelligence and wealth who praise the children of God "that work with quietness, and eat their own bread." Very pleasant it is to meet with a man like Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour who with word and deed cheers the hard-working farmer, and himself works with his hands; and with one like Ex-

premier Gladstone, who fells trees, and takes pleasure in manual labor. Often the descendants of poor hard-working people are the first to turn up their noses at the class of toilers from which they derived their birth. Whilst we may not approve of all the religious methods of the noted evangelist, Mr. Moody, we admire his sterling character, and his unselfish zeal for the salvation of souls. And whilst his name has become favorably known throughout the Christian world, he is not ashamed to show his love for his honest, plain, hard-working parents. Lately he laid the corner-stone of a new school-building for girls in his native place, the town of Northfield, Mass., which is to be built at his instance, and largely with his money. A great crowd of people was present. Among other articles placed into the corner-stone box "were fine soft specimens of flax and wool carded, and spun in 1820 by Mrs. Betsey Moody, the evangelist's aged mother, who sat near by tearful and smiling, with her crown of snowy hair shading her benign face." Mr. Moody said: "When I was in England and assisted in laying a corner-stone of a Young Men's Christian Association building, a silver trowel was presented to me to use. I have been wondering what I should use as trowel on this occasion, and I found up at mother's this trowel," holding up a shining, shapely trowel that looked as if it had seen service, "that my father used—he was a stone mason—he used it in earning his bread and ours. Strange feelings came over me as I took it in my hand—I shall use it to-day." His heart was greatly moved, and his tender voice choked as he held up his sainted father's trowel. Just then and there, at the laying of a corner-stone of a school for girls, the fine soft flax and wool of his old mother's spinning, and the slow solemn strokes of his father's trowel in the hands of his son Dwight, Moody taught, and will ever hereafter teach, the young people of Northfield and elsewhere, useful lessons.

Never dare go where you have reason to question whether God will go with you; a Christian should never willingly be where there is not room for his Saviour.



## Michael Faraday.

NO. III.

BY THE EDITOR.

Among the later school of scientists are some unbelievers. One is the chief advocate of a theory which makes man simply a developed monkey. Instead of having been created as the Bible teaches, he teaches that he has been developed from an atom. Where the atom came from we are not told. Another has called in question the efficacy of prayer. Men who love darkness rather than light are in the habit of quoting these and other unbelieving men of science against Christianity. Like the Pharisees of old, they say in substance: "Have any of the rulers, or of the Pharisees believed on him?"

Yes, the "rulers" of science, the chiefest of them, have had, and still have, faith as simple as that of a child. After Galileo had swept through the universe by means of his telescopic observations, and suffered the pangs of martyrdom for bravely proclaiming his grand discoveries, he lost his eyesight. The blessings of vision are precious to all, but to Galileo especially so. God revealed things to his eyes such as no mortal had seen before. How did his blindness affect his mind? "Alas!" he exclaims to a friend, "your dear friend and servant has become totally and irreparably blind. These heavens, this earth, this universe, which by wonderful observation I had enlarged a thousand times beyond the belief of past ages, are henceforth shrunk into the narrow space which I occupy myself. So it pleases God; it shall therefore please me also." Put into Bible language, this sentiment might be made to read: "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Kepler and Sir Isaac Newton prayed every day. After having made a great discovery or finished the writing of a great work, they would kneel down, thank God, and pray Him to bless all for His glory. Kepler approached the study of God's wondrous works with devout reverence. He said it was "the greatest folly to pry into the so-great secrets of nature and the amazing works of God, without the Spirit of God."

When Dr. Edmund Halley spouted his infidel notions at Newton, he replied: "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other parts of mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." Newton was thoroughly persuaded of the truth of revelation. Among the many great books he read, the Bible was to him the most precious. This he read with more earnest zeal than any other.

Sir Humphrey Davy, the friend and admirer of Faraday, was a sincere believer in Christ. So were Faraday, Agassiz, Silliman, Henry, Morse, and a large number of the most noted men of science.

Faraday's piety was instilled into him from childhood. His father and grandfather were strict in their faith and zealous in their religious practices. Both were members of the Sandemanian sect. This is a small body formed in the middle of the last century by a party which seceded from the Church of Scotland. It assumed its name from Rev. Robert Sandeman, who reduced their peculiar tenets into a formal system. For a while churches were gathered in some of the larger cities of England and Scotland, as also in several towns of Connecticut and Massachusetts. But few of these churches remain. Altogether the sect now numbers less than two thousand members. The Sandemanian creed is opposed to a union of church and state; to a mystical interpretation of the Bible; forbids all games; holds a weekly love-feast every Sunday of all the members, being a sort of a congregational dinner; observes the kiss of the brotherhood at the religious meetings; enjoins abstinence from blood and from "things strangled;" is opposed to a college-trained ministry, and to prayer at funerals. Their religious services mainly consist of the reading and explanation of Scriptures. Where they have no church-building, their religious meetings are held in the houses of brethren. The Sunday morning-service closes with a loud amen by the whole congregation; the afternoon-service always



closes with the Lord's Supper. Their church-government is congregational; they claim to derive their rules of faith and polity directly from the New Testament.

Faraday's religious life and character was nurtured and trained under the teachings of this little body. It seems strange that such a great mind could be content within the confined limits of such a narrow unhistorical sect. Especially that this type of a man should not see the importance of an educated ministry.

Some years ago a distinguished American savan, noted for his scientific attainments, and withal a humble, but eccentric man, called on a certain bishop of the Catholic Church, to apply for reception into its communion. The bishop naturally asked the learned applicant what might have led him to take such a step. He laconically replied: "Bugs."

"Sir?"

"BUGS."

What could he mean by "bugs?" Simply this: The learned Professor happened to be a great entomologist—a student of bugs. In examining the details of insect life, he found that the minutest ones were organisms, perfect in all their parts. The study of bug-formations started his mind on the study of the organized creations of God in other and higher spheres, until he reached the idea and necessity of man's organic union with God by faith in Jesus Christ. To attain this union, he felt that he must be united with the mystical body of Christ, which is His Church, "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all." Hence his reply was: "Bugs."

Faraday from a child was taught to believe in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures. He took every word and sentence as coming from God; every custom and practice as therein described he held himself solemnly bound to observe. No expositions of learned theologians durst come between him and the literal Word of God. Once his convictions were clear and fixed, he adhered to them without regard to consequences.

The Sandemanians had a plain little meeting-house in Paul's Alley, Red Cross Street, London. A month after his marriage, without telling his wife

about it, he here confessed his sins, and professed his faith in Christ. In other words, united with the Church. "Why did you not tell me?" asked his newly-wedded wife. "That is between me and my God," was his answer. He ascribed his faith in Christ to the power of the Holy Ghost. In himself he had nothing to please God. Even in this act of consecration to Christ he felt his lack of fitness and worthiness. Here in this rude meeting-house he regularly worshipped through life, whilst his great friends and associates in science worshipped in costly churches and grand cathedrals. Without any settled, ordained pastors, the Sandemanians appointed unordained elders as their preachers, who led successively their religious services. Some of them were intellectually weak, which one would think must have been trying to the patience of scholarly hearers. Not so to Faraday. "When he entered the meeting-house, he left his science without, and would listen to the prayer and exhortation of the most illiterate brother of his sect with an attention which showed how he loved the word of truth, from whomsoever it came." At length, in 1840, he too was appointed elder. From this time, he took his turn at preaching. In a slow, reverent way, he read out of the small Bible, which he usually held in his hand, now and then hastily turning the leaves in search of some proof-passage. Some said they had never heard "so excellent a reader of the Scriptures." In preaching he had a skeleton of his sermon on two sides of a small card. His preaching consisted mainly of well-arranged, convincing passages of Scripture, interspersed with practical remarks. His prayers at home and at church were very simple, expressing "perfect trust and submission to God's will, with deep humility and confession of sin."

Occasionally he would ask a friend to dine with him. Prof. Tyndall says of such a dinner:

"At two o'clock he came down for me. He, his niece and myself formed the party. 'I never give dinners,' he said. 'I don't know how to give dinners, and I never dine out; but I should not like my friends to attribute this to a wrong cause. I act thus for the sake



of securing time for work, and not through religious motives, as some imagine.' He said grace. I am almost ashamed to call his prayer a 'saying' of grace! In the language of Scripture it might be described as the petition of a son into whose heart God had sent the Spirit of His Son, and who with absolute trust asked a blessing from his father. We talked of research and its requirements, and of his habit of keeping himself free from the distractions of society. He was bright and joyful, boy-like, in fact, though he was then sixty-two. His work excites admiration; but contact with him warms and elevates the heart. Here, surely, is a strong man. I love strength; but let me not forget the example of its union with modesty, tenderness and sweetness in the character of Faraday."

After serving as elder for four years, he happened to be absent at one of the love-feasts. Being called to account for his absence, he answered that by order of the Queen he had been her guest. He held that obedience to his sovereign was a duty. The little church thought differently. He was deposed from his eldership, and submitted to the deposition as meekly as a devout Roman Catholic does to an edict of the Pope. Although deprived of his office and membership in the Church, he continued to attend its services. Twelve years later, in 1860, he was restored to the eldership. The office of preaching the word of God was to him a very solemn one. And his call to it from the Church he deemed a call from God. When the infirmities of age made it a heavy burden, he said:

"He who rules over all is kinder than all; and though I sometimes tremble when I have occasion in doctrine or judgment to use His word, being unable to remember it, I dare not venture to put that (the eldership) from me which He has put upon me; and I call to mind that His throne is a throne of grace, where prayer may be made for help and strength in time of need. And He makes my brethren so kind, that there is only one of the brethren who teases me, and that is myself; and I often think pride and the absence of humility has much to do with that." In old age his failing memory con-

strained him to lay down his office. When preaching one of his latest sermons, his hearers thought "his face shone like the face of an angel."

His great fame in scientific research gathered around him many great people of the world. Persons who were charmed with the wealth and culture of the Anglican Church, or with the peculiar attractions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, sought his society. Some free-thinkers, too, avowedly without God and without hope in the world. All were eager to sit at the feet of this modern patriarch of science, who with unspoiled simplicity continued to go to the little Sandemanian meeting-house every Lord's day, praying with the plain little flock, and in his inimitable way reading and explaining God's word to them. Whilst cultivating a habit of daily prayer and communion with God, he was free from the sanctimonious self-righteous spirit, so common among the smaller sects. He never made a parade of his piety, and on proper occasion never shrank from giving a reason of the hope that was in him. Prof. Tyn-dall says: "Never once during an intimacy of fifteen years did he mention religion to me, save when I drew him out on to the subject. He then spoke to me without reluctance; not with any apparent desire to improve the occasion, but to give me such information as I sought."

Writing to a lady who wished to study science with a view to its bearing on religion, Faraday says: "I am of the very small and despised sect of Christians known, if known at all, as Sandemanians, and our hope is founded on the faith that is in Christ."

At another time he wrote:

"The Christian is taught of God, by His word and the Holy Spirit, to trust in the promises of salvation through the work of Jesus Christ. He finds his guide in the word of God, and commits his soul into the hands of God. He looks for no assurance beyond what the Word can give him; and if his mind is troubled by the cares and fears which may assail him, he can go nowhere but in prayer to the throne of grace and to the Scriptures." "The Christian religion is a revelation. The natural man cannot know it. There is no philosophy



in my religion. But though the natural works of God can never by any possibility come in contradiction with the higher things that belong to our future existence, and must with everything concerning Him ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of natural sciences and religion together, and in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, that which is religious and that which is philosophical have ever been two distinct things."

As is often the case with earnest and heroic minds, the small and despised character of his sect bound him all the more tenaciously to it. Without undervaluing other religious bodies and forms of belief, to him "this small self contained sect" came the nearest to the New Testament idea of a Christian Church.

Cardinal Wiseman, who was his warm and sincere friend, once good-naturedly asked him "if in his deepest conviction, he believed all the Church of Christ, holy, apostolic, Catholic, was shut up in the little sect" of the Sandemanians!

He replied: "Oh, no! but I do believe from the bottom of my soul that Christ is with us."

The learned prelate, whether from courtesy or doctrinal conviction, did not gainsay his friend's confession of faith. What might have been Cardinal Wiseman's reply, had Faraday asked him a similar question concerning his Church?

Faraday was singularly childlike and unselfish. He never forgot an act of kindness, however trifling. Writing to a brother in science on a scientific subject, he closes by asking: "Do you remember one hot day, I cannot tell how many years ago, when I was hot and thirsty in Geneva, and you took me to your house in the town, and gave me a glass of water and raspberry vinegar? That glass of drink is refreshing still."

For years he had received a salary of from \$5,000 to \$6,000. Although he and his wife lived frugally, he laid but little by. His gifts to charity and religion amounted to many hundred dollars a year. He kept a lot of post office orders, ranging from five shillings to five pounds, by which he would send his nameless gifts to various needy and worthy objects. Refusing a certain publisher's liberal offer to prepare a work, he said: "I do not desire to give my

time, for money is no temptation to me. In fact I have always loved science more than money; and because my occupation is almost entirely personal, I cannot afford to get rich." Acting on this principle, he said at seventy years of age: "My life has been a happy one, and all that I desired. The harvest is a continual joy; all seems so prosperous and happy."

Yet withal, this meek, mild soul had the brave, fearless heart of a true Briton. He was repeatedly known to hire a cab, and ride out in a pelting rain or thunder storm to some elevated spot, from which he could view the fury of the elements. During similar weather he would stand at the window for hours, and enjoy the grand sight, his mind meanwhile filled with "lofty thoughts, sometimes of the great Creator, and sometimes of the laws by which He sees meet to govern the earth."

When the British Government settled a pension on him, he consulted the prime minister, Lord Melbourne, on the subject. The haughty nobleman told him to his face that the whole system of pensions to literary and scientific men was a "humbug." Keenly insulted, Faraday wrote him a note declining the pension. The prime minister made light of the matter; not so the King, William IV. The latter would not allow such a subject to be thus wronged. Friends of both parties asked Faraday what he would require for a satisfaction.

"I should require of his lordship what I have no reason to expect he would grant—a written apology for the words he permitted himself to use to me."

The apology was frankly made, and the pension was accepted. Faraday in this, as in all similar cases, acted not from a motive of personal revenge, but from self-respect. His theory was that a person should always act from correct and pure principles. In this way only can he cultivate a feeling of true self-respect, which he ought to maintain with unwavering firmness. Writing to his wife's nephew, then an art student, he said:

"No man can do just as he likes, and in many things he has to give way and may do so honorably, provided he preserves his self-respect. Never, my dear Frank, lose that (your self-respect),



whatever may be the alternative. Let no one tempt you to it, for nothing can be expedient that is not right; and though some of your companions may tease you at first, they will respect you for your consistency in the end; and if they pretend not to do so, it is of no consequence."

Until he was fifty years of age, Faraday rarely rested from his hard work. Even when, after this time, his wife coaxed him away to the sea-side or the continent, to recruit his failing bodily strength, he would evermore see something which would tempt his overworked brain to forbidden toil. Then his little niece would decoy him away to easier pleasures. And soon he would join her in watching a parent-bird feeding her young, and little lambs puzzled to find their newly-shorn mothers, the loss of whose coat made them look like a stranger. They would stroll along the crags of the rocks after a few stray flowers, and along the sea-shore watching the retrograde progress of the little crabs.

With a cheerful hope, he yielded to the increasing infirmities of old age. He felt his mind and his body giving way. He wrote at this time: "I cannot think that death has to the Christian anything in it that should make it a rare or other than a constant thought; out of the view of death comes the view of life beyond the grave. My worldly faculties are slipping away day by day. Happy it is for all of us that the true good lies not in them. As they ebb, may they leave us as little children, trusting in the Father of mercies and accepting His unspeakable gift."

To some aged friends he says: "You and I are waiting; that is what we have to do now; and we must try and do it patiently." "I bow before Him who is Lord of all, and hope to be kept patiently waiting for His time and mode of releasing me according to His divine word and the great and precious promises whereby His people are made partakers of the divine nature."

When his end approached, he answered to the kind inquiries of a friend, that he was "just waiting." Under his paralytic affliction, his body and mind slowly failed. As long as he could, he sat at the window of his home at Hampton Court, watching the people loiter-

ing about, and the sun and the clouds, still having his own thoughts about God's handiworks. At length his wandering mind fancied that he was making new researches. He asked to have them recorded, for "it might be a glorious discovery," he said. And he was correct. Ere long his "glorious discovery" through the gates of death brought to his vision "unseen and eternal things."

For a while he kept his bed, slept much, now and then in short intervals of waking, spoke a few words of faith and love. At one time he repeated the 46th Psalm; at another, the 23d Psalm. On August 25, 1867, he calmly fell asleep in his study, while sitting in his chair. "Give me a plain, simple funeral," he had said, "attended by none but my own relatives, followed by a grave-stone of the most ordinary kind, in the simplest earthly place." On August 30, his remains were laid to rest in Highgate Cemetery. The funeral was plain and private. Only his relatives and two or three scientific friends were present. "In perfect silence, according to the customs of his church, the coffin was deposited in the grave."

It seems strange that such a great mind could satisfy his religious needs in the narrow, short-lived Sandemanian sect. Whether right or wrong, no one disputes his motives or piety. Titles could not spoil, gold could not buy, royalty could not provoke any pride in plain "Michael Faraday." He did that which "he thought was true and kind."

How could the philosophers of his day account for such a character? Dr. Jones says: Faraday's religion "produced what may be called his marvellous humility."

Dr. Gladstone says: "Faraday had learned in the school of Christ to become 'a little child,' and he loved not the world because the love of the Father was in him."

Prof. Tyndall says: "The faintest traits of a character sketched by Paul found in him perfect illustration. For he was 'blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, apt to teach, not given to filthy lucre.' He had not a trace of worldly ambition; he declared his duty to his sovereign by going to the levee once a year; but beyond this he never sought contact with the great. The life



of his spirit and of his intellect were so full, that the things which men most strive after were absolutely indifferent to him." His "faith, held in perfect tolerance of the faith of others, strengthened and beautified his life."

### The Cheat and the Wheat.

BY MRS. J. M. WALKER.

Designing the crop for himself to eat,  
A farmer planted some excellent wheat.

He cared for it well, and said he was proud  
That no man's field was better plowed.

But the earth laughed long at the farmer's pains,  
For she held in her lap beside the grains

Of plump and shining and well-filled wheat,  
Some miserable, worthless, thieving cheat,

When the reapers came to the fields to reap,  
They gathered the good in a little heap;

While the pile of cheat, to the farmer's eye,  
Stretched east and west and high as the sky.

"What is the matter," said Minister Mack,  
"Farmer Brown, that you look so black?"

Said the farmer, "Look at the villainous stuff:  
Now don't you think there is matter enough?"

"How hard I worked? How much I sowed!  
Of all my grain here isn't a load.

"In time of drought I prayed for rain;  
There isn't a load of all my grain."

"What is the matter"—asked Farmer Brown  
Of Minister Mack—"that you're cast down?"

The parson answered, complaining and gruff,  
"Farmer Brown there is matter enough.

"I have a field as broad as your own,  
Do I not plow? Have I not sown?"

"In the time of drouth I prayed for rain,  
Yet I viewed the harvest with sorrow and pain.

"For Virtue dwarfs as the days go by,  
While Vice's heap is as high as the sky;

"The widows and orphans are crying in need;  
The rich man's storehouse is filled with greed."

Over the harvesters fell a hush;  
And one and another detected a flush

On the farmer's face as he fussed about,—  
"The widow McCabe I was turning out.

"Parson just say as you pass her door  
That the cottage is hers for two years more."

### Life in the Olden Time.—A Thank- ing Contrast.

The first day of public Thanksgiving in this country was appointed by Governor Bradford, of Massachusetts, in the year 1623, three years after the landing of the Pilgrims. Our hearts have not ceased to echo the praise to God which that day rang through the forest around the little settlement, that the storm-driven destiny of the devoted band had at last found a resting-place. Contrast that day with this thirtieth day of November, 1876! Imagine yourself in the shoes of your most favored ancestor two hundred and fifty years ago! To make the contrast fair, and suggestive of deeper gratitude, do not stop within the desolate encampment of the Pilgrims, nor with the settlement which a few years before had been started on Manhattan Island. In this country, that was a day of exceptional peril and hardship. But assume the position of a well-to-do citizen of "Merry Old England."

It is then November 30th, 1623, instead of 1876. The first duty of the day is to get out of bed. But if you have gone back to these old times, carrying with you your present notions of comfort on hair mattresses and springs, you will wonder how you ever made up your mind to get into such a bed. It is made of heather, rushes or straw; for, unless you are an extravagant man, you have not indulged the rare luxury which King Henry the Eighth so wantonly provided, and which occasioned the comment of the economists of the day—a tick stuffed with feathers. But notwithstanding your primitive couch, when, half-awake, your foot touches the floor, you will have an instinct to get back again, for, until the introduction of saw-mills into England, which will not be for forty years yet, very few houses have wooden floors; only stone or earth covered with straw.

You will want a fire at this time of the year. It will be lighted of peat or wood, in the centre of the room. If you can afford it, there will be a funnel conducting the smoke through the roof, or a fire-place in the side of the wall; if not, you may choke and freeze and roast by turns.



Your toilet will not keep you long, unless you are the most exquisite of beaux or belles. Your dress will be most probably of homespun, for the Dutch loom, which one day will bring better fabrics within reach of the common purse, will not be introduced into England until 1676. The common citizen dresses in leather, a suit of which is expected to last for a generation; old man and boy living in the same hide, not changed even every seven years, as physiologists say our skin is. Your wife and daughters, if you have such natural luxuries in the house, will array themselves in the work of their own hands. Linen is as expensive as velvet will one day be; while cotton fabrics, muslin and calico, belong to the next generation.

Now you will like to see how you look. I wonder if you have bought one of the wonderful mirrors made in Venice, quicksilver on glass; or will you take your good features in a reflecting piece of brass? Looking-glasses will not be made in England until 1673. I trust you did not fall into the custom of the times and omit your morning ablutions. Some of the English statesmen, a little before this goodly day—if the satirists are to be believed—used to carry as many adherents upon their persons as they had constituents in their counties.

What time did you rise? You cannot tell by your watch, for that article, in its pocket form, will not be used until 1658. I doubt if you have a clock in the house, for these are yet objects of greater curiosity than use.

Now for breakfast. Will you take a cup of coffee? Not quite yet. It will be eighteen years before that strange student at Oxford, from the Island of Crete, amazes his fellow-students by drinking that decoction. A cup of tea? No! It will be yet forty-three years before Lords Ossory and Arlington will introduce it as a court beverage, at sixty shillings a pound. I am sorry that it will take nearly as long to prepare a cup of chocolate. You will have to be content with water, unless you like the cheap ale, or fancy the usquebaugh of the Scot and wild Irishman, or can import the wines of more southern climes. Nor will you have better choice of meats. If you neither own a forest, nor

have a conscience for poaching, you must ordinarily be content with pork. A slice of beef or mutton is a rarity, and, except in the fall of the year, unattainable even by the rich. There is, however, a new vegetable which Sir Walter Raleigh has been successful in raising on his plantation in Ireland, from seed which Sir John Hawkins brought over from Chili, called the potato. But I doubt if you have that, for it will not be commonly found in market before 1765. Oatmeal, with goats' milk, will make the larger part of your breakfast bill of fare.

For dinner you will not do much better. I doubt if you can get a turkey at any price. These delicious fowls were only recently brought over from America, and as yet there are only specimens of the breed in the country. If you have invited company, and follow the fashionable course, a boar's head will be "foremost at the board." Then a peacock, "food for lovers and meat for lords," will be served. [Says Lord Macaulay: "It is the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and storekeepers breakfasted upon loaves, the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern work-house."]

But some of you could endure a poor breakfast, if you had a good cigar or pipe of tobacco afterward. But alas! such luxuries are as yet hardly known except as novelties at the clubs and saloons. The principal use of tobacco seems to be as a legal tender. In 1620 ninety young ladies of England sold themselves as wives to the Virginia planters for one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco apiece.

Others, to whom the fumes of tobacco would only make a poor breakfast worse, could appease the qualms of a dissatisfied stomach by getting up a counter excitement of the brain over the columns of a morning newspaper; the doings of the round world up to the previous midnight all flashed into a picture before your eyes by telegraph and type. But you will have to dispense with this to-day for two reasons. First, unless you are more favored than



most of the squires and country gentry of the day, you could not read if you had a paper—this is long before the age of common schools, either public or private—and secondly, you could not get a paper if you could read. For the first paper in England was not published for forty years yet, until Roger L'Estrange inaugurates journalism in 1663.

Perhaps some member of your family is ill. The simplest ailment is in this age quite alarming. Almost nothing is known of the nature of disease or of its cure. In the nineteenth century the annual death-rate will be one in forty, but in the seventeenth it is one in twenty-three. Modern medical science will not take its rise until Harvey discovers the circulation of the blood, in 1628. The common practice of the day is not greatly caricatured by Dr. Saugrado's advice to his pupil, Gil Blas: "Bleed all your patients well, and supply the loss of blood by making them drink plenty of warm water." Anæsthetics, which will take the terrorism out of all surgical operations, from the extraction of a tooth to the amputation of a limb, and enable a patient to quietly sleep through the most distressing periods of disease, an inscrutable Providence will withhold from mankind for centuries yet. [Macaulay says of this period: "Men died faster in the purest country air than they now do in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they do now on the coast of Guinea."]

But you must go to your daily business. What shall it be? Take your choice of occupations. A farmer. The best soil in England is poorer than the poorest will be in 1876. Then the farmer will raise about thirty bushels of wheat to the acre; now, such is the meagre knowledge of agriculture, drainage, rotation and general cultivation of crops, that he can average only about six bushels to the acre.

Perhaps you prefer store-keeping? Your stock must, through lack of inventions, be extremely meagre; not one hundredth of the articles which will be commonly used in the nineteenth century are now to be found. The mass of people live almost entirely upon home-made

products of their own spinning-wheels, knives and cider-presses.

Are you a mechanic? As intimated, there are few trades. The science of the division of labor, the nurse of all mechanical enterprise, has hardly been thought of. [It is estimated that the inventions of the nineteenth century have given to each man, woman and child a help in the way of comfortable living equal to that of half-a-dozen servants who should labor gratuitously and board and find themselves.]

Will you try banking? Well, the Jews have monopolized that trade as money-lenders, and there are no banks yet. The mint in the Tower of London is a place of deposit for the merchants. But that is not so secure a place for your money as it may be for your body. [In 1640 Charles I. coolly took all the cash from the Tower to pay his own personal bills with. Five years later the merchants coaxed the goldsmiths in Lombard street to receive deposits in the strong boxes where they kept their jewelry. For safer keeping these goldsmiths deposited in the national exchequer; but Charles II., being closely dunned on New Year's day, 1672, shows the cheek of his father and suspends payment to the goldsmiths. Loss on that day, £15,000,000.]

But whatever occupation you may choose, do not enter the ministry, unless you are so enamored of heaven as to care for nothing on earth. A young Levite, as he is called, can be had as chaplain in a respectable family for his board and ten pounds a year. And while he must be ready to groom the horse, keep the family accounts, teach the children and say grace at the table, he is not expected to remain at dinner after the meat and carrots are removed, and the tarts come in. This would be unqualified insolence. As for getting in love with one of the master's daughters, that would bring disgrace upon all parties. [Clarendon complains that there was such confusion of rank in his day that actually some damsels of real culture had married clergymen! Fie! Queen Elizabeth gave special command that not even a servant girl should marry a minister without the consent of the master or mistress.]

But perhaps you are called away from



home. Not far—only into the next county. Well, that will be a life-notable event. Few Englishmen get so far from home except when in the army during the civil war. How will you go? Probably by the ox-team. This is before the day of stage and mail-coaches. But such is the condition of the roads that an ox-cart is about as expeditious a vehicle, and much safer. From London to Oxford is a good two days' drag, although only about forty miles. Carriages have often to be taken to pieces in order to get them over mud-holes; and they are more frequently broken to pieces in them. Everybody who has gone over the kingdom can recount his accidents and hair-breadth escapes, for the hazard of which he pays fifteen times as much as will one day be charged for dashing over a railroad at the rate of forty miles an hour. [The average of accidents on English railways is one for every four million miles, or the chance is that a man may travel one hundred thousand miles every year for forty years without injury.]

Perhaps your journey is not of business—only of curiosity. You wish to see the public works. [As a New Yorker, spirited back two hundred and fifty years, this will be quite natural. We here expend about \$4,000,000 annually for the charity visibly expressed in our almshouses, hospitals, etc.; \$4,000,000 for public schools, and millions more for aqueducts, sewers, paving, parks, etc. So that, allowing a good round sum to be stolen by its custodians, yet the bulk of our \$32,000,000 of taxes comes back in the shape of the public good.] But now in the seventeenth century, out of a population of 5,500,000, over 1,300,000 are paupers, while an almshouse or hospital is as rare as humility in a nabob. There are no schools except the higher universities. Parks are only opened as royal pleasure-grounds. As one of the people, you will hardly get into them. You pay a heavy tax, but not for the public good—only for the king and nobility, who expend it upon their palaces and living, except what goes with the people's best blood into the wars and the prisons.

But, however you may have got through the day, let us see how you will

put in an evening. The streets are not lighted; so, if you go out, take your lantern. Let me advise you to keep as near the middle of the street as you can, and yet not walk in the gutter, which runs down the centre of it. For, after dark, the slops of the day are thrown from the front windows, and many a young swain reaches his destination in very different array from that in which he started. I do not know of any entertainments, such as concerts, lectures, social or religious meetings; there are some private parties, and plenty of pot-house brawls. You had better not take your purse with you. There are no police as yet, and custom has given the thieves license under the starlight.

You will probably, as a quiet, respectable sort of man, stay at home by your own dip or rush-light, and the bon-fire on the hearth. Your piano has not yet arrived, and will not until after Schroder makes the first one in 1717. ["Of all music," says a writer of that day, "there was nothing in England that either pleased the soul or charmed the ear."]

You will therefore either snooze by your fire or engage in instructive conversation. About science? Which? Astronomy? Galileo has just made a telescope, but nobody believes in it. Chemistry is nothing but alchemy, the merest quackery of superstition. History has not yet been unravelled from the tangle of fables, stories of giants and genii, saints and crusaders. There are a few publications of a poetical nature—very rare and expensive—by Chaucer and Spenser; and the plays of one William Shakspeare are talked about; and for the rest it is pretty much the learned nonsense of the theologians.

The subject of religion is always interesting. But you must have a care how you talk about it. For the Church of England is under the direction of Archbishop Laud, who for his papistical tendencies has been offered a cardinal's hat at Rome. Every nook and corner of England is being searched by intolerant eyes for Dissenters. A scholar who ventured to write against High Episcopacy has been publicly whipped, had his ears cut off, his nostrils slit, and been cast into prison. Indeed, I do not



know a better thing to do than to romp with the babies and go to bed. And as you shiver out your good-night, let me draw the

#### MORAL.

If you are depressed because of hard times, take down some faithful record of the "Good Old Times"—not an historical romance which makes a rustic bower of every thatched roof, and sets the nymphs and graces dancing upon every earthen floor. If you have not climbed so high as your ambition aimed, look at the ancestral pit out of which you were digged. The world is almost inconceivably wiser, richer, cleaner, happier, more moral and religious than it once was; and so are you than you would ever have been before.—*Dr. James L. Ludlow in the Ch. Intelligencer.*

#### Our Book Table.

THE WORKMAN: His false friends and his true friends. By Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, D.D., LL. D. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York. Pp. 254. Price \$1.00.

The recent death of the revered author of this work, in the city of Berlin, is a serious loss to American literature. His ripe scholarship, liberal mind and Christian character endeared him to the best literary and religious circles both of Europe and the United States. His residence in Europe since 1872, and his thorough unbiased study of the social problems since that time, eminently qualified him to write a work on this difficult subject.

Much has been written on the excesses of the socialistic movements of Europe. As a rule their leaders and the bulk of the different wings of this element are irreligious, people who hate Christ and His true followers, and denounce gospel ministers as the police of tyrants.

And yet it is important for us to know that these wild ravings of millions of our fellow-men, and their shrieks for relief and remedies, spring from an underlying cause—they are provoked by great suffering. Russia, Germany, France, England and Italy are overrun by them. In 1871 Prussia had a population of 24,673,066, among whom 8,900,000 had a self-supporting income.

And of this latter number 7,251,927 had an annual income of less than 200 thalers. Only 159,238 persons had an income of over \$675. Millions of Russians, Germans, French, and Irish are housed worse than the cattle of American farmers. "There are many huts containing only one room, with the damp earth as a floor, and not more than fifteen feet square, where two families dwell; where sons bury their wives; where young and old of both sexes are thrown together; where modesty can furnish no barrier to vice, and fine feelings, if any could arise, are crushed by hard surroundings." When one sees the toilers of Europe munching their black bread, the father, mother and children being compelled to work slavishly to secure the most meagre living; at best getting only from twenty to thirty cents a day, and board themselves, he will no longer wonder that so many are ready to follow any demagogue who offers to better their lot. In the United States the condition of the laborer is not so hard and hopeless, and yet here too things are not as they ought to be. Unfortunately wicked men are trying to use the misfortunes of the laborer for their selfish ends. The assassins of kings, the communistic burners of Paris, the destroyers of railroads and workshops, the blood-thirsty vampires who scream for a levelling of society and a division of property; who denounce wealth as a crime and poverty as a virtue—these can never improve the condition of the poor man. The levelling of the free-thinking communist lowers and levels society downward, hellward; the levelling of the gospel lifts and levels it heavenward.

Dr. Thompson's book discusses this whole subject in seventeen chapters, under so many different heads. The Workman and his Wants; Property and Capital; Land and Inheritance; Trades Unions and Strikes; Socialism and Communism; All for each and each for all; Christianity and Society; the future of the workman in America, are some of the subjects of this volume. The author writes from a Christian point of view. He writes mainly for American readers. The book is interesting, instructive and sound.



# The Sunday-School Department.

## A Hint for Boys.

A philosopher has said, that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

What is it they ought to know, then?

First—To be true, to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than, being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false at heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second—To be pure in thought, language, and life, pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves, with smutty stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague-spot, a leper, who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry: "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third—To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comfort of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things; when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most im-

portant things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.—*Home Arts.*

## Street Talk.

"Learn to talk like a gentleman, my boy. Papa is sorry to hear you talk 'street talk.' Do quit it."

"What is 'street talk,' papa?"

"What did you just now say to sister?"

"I told her to be quiet."

"But you said, 'Shut up!' and said it very loudly and rudely. And what did you, ten minutes ago, say to Martha?"

"I told her to go out of my way."

"But you did not say it half so nicely as that. You said, 'Get out of this!' and I think you called her a name. What was it?"

Harry looked ashamed, and the tears came; but he answered, "I called her a 'dirty sneak.'"

"Just so. That is what I mean by street talk. All these naughty words, and especially the rough tone and manner you hear on the street, they belong to those boys who have never been taught any better, and to those men who, though knowing better, yet do not care anything about the better way. But my little boy must never use street talk."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

## The Little Wren.

The following story of a little wren in connection with the battle of the Boyne, which was fought in Ireland many years ago, will bring to mind the words of Jesus, that not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without the knowledge of our heavenly Father. Little things often bring about great consequences.



It was in the month of July, a hot summer's day. Just before the battle, the sentinels of King William's army felt uncommonly tired and sleepy and very much inclined to take a nap, notwithstanding the near neighborhood of the enemy. Of course, if grown-up soldiers fell asleep a little drummer could not be expected to keep awake. While he slept, his companions nodded around him, a little wren spied some crumbs upon his drum-head, and straightway hopped upon it to pick them up. The noise of her little feet and beak tapping on the parchment woke the lad, who spied the enemy advancing, and instantly gave the alarm. But for this little bird the sleepers might have been surprised, and the events of the day altered. As it was, the skill of William won him the victory, and James fled beaten from the field.

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### The Echo.

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Little George had never heard anything of the echo. And accordingly one day when he was out in the meadow, he cried out, "Hurrah, hurrah!" Immediately in the nearest woods he heard a voice sound out, "Hurrah, hurrah!" He was very much astonished. At last he shouted, "Where are you?" The voice cried out, "Where are you?" He answered back, "You are a foolish boy." "Foolish boy," echoed back from the woods.

Now little George became very angry, and still harder he began to shout nicknames into the wood, all of which were echoed very faithfully back again. Then he ran into the wood, and sought all through it for the supposed boy, but he could find nobody. George ran home, and complained to his mother how a bad boy had concealed himself in the wood, and had called him names. The mother answered, "This time, my dear little boy, you have betrayed yourself, for it is yourself whom you accused as the 'bad boy:' you have heard nothing but your own words, for as you have often before seen your face in the water, so now you have heard your voice in the wood. Had you spoken in friendly words, then, my little George, friendly words would have echoed back to you again."

So it is always: what we suppose wrong in the conduct of another, is mostly only the echo of our own. If we treat every one kindly, they will treat us kindly. But if we are rude and uncivil, we are entitled to expect no better in return.

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### What is the Tongue For?

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' Since God made the tongue, and He never makes anything in vain, we may be sure He made it for some good purpose. What is it then?" asked a teacher one day of her class.

"He made it that we may pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with," said another.

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what He did *not* make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with, to lie with, or to swear with. He did not mean that we should say unkind and foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now boys, think every time you use your tongues, whether you are using them in the way God means you to. Do good with your tongues and not evil. It is one of the most useful members in the whole body, though it is so small. Please God with it every day."

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A GENTLEMAN who happened to be spending his holidays in Scotland thought that he would like to try his hand at fishing for trout in a neighboring stream. He accordingly equipped himself with the fishing-tackle and other appliances of the best description that money could purchase. He went to the stream and toiled all day, and caught nothing. Toward afternoon he espied a little ragged urchin, with tackle of the most primitive order, nipping the fish out of the water with the most marvelous rapidity. Perfectly amazed, he watched the lad for a while, and then went and asked him if he could explain the reason why he was so successful in spite of his meager outfit, while the expensive apparatus could catch nothing. The boy promptly replied, "The fish'll no catch, sir, as lang a' ye dinna keep yousel' oot of sight." Fishers of men need not wonder at their want of success if they do not keep themselves out of sight.



NOVEMBER 2, 1879.

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

LESSON XLIV.

*Fourth Sunday before Advent. Genesis xxii. 1-14.*

## THE SUBJECT.

## THE TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, *here I am*.

2. And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

3. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt-offering and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.

4. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

5. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.

6. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

7. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here *am I*, my

son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood; but where *is* the lamb for a burnt-offering?

8. And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering: so they went both of them together.

9. And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

10. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took his knife to slay his son.

11. And the Angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here *am I*.

12. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.

13. And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind *him* a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son.

14. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh: as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

## QUESTIONS.

What were the great promises given to Abraham? (Gen. xii. 3; xvii. 16-17; Acts vii. 5. What did the last promise mean? (Gal. iii. 8, 16). Did he believe God? Gen. xv. 6. Was Abraham, likely, anxious to be let into the secret of God's plan of redemption? Very likely. How did God choose to enlighten him? By the offering of his son Isaac. What was the offering of Isaac a figure of? Of the crucifixion of God's only Son. Is it then that Abraham saw Christ's day through his experience? John viii. 56. How long before Christ's death was Isaac offered?—1872 years. Who besides Abraham surveyed long ahead of himself? Moses, (Deut. xxxii. 49, and xxxiv. 1). In what light may we then best understand this strange event in Abraham's history? In the light of Calvary, or the Gospel's.

1. To what events does *after these things* refer? (chaps. xxi. 31-34; xxii. 19). What does the word *tempt* mean? 1. To provoke to evil. 2. To test or try. What is its sense in this case? God tested him to a high degree of glory.

2. Of whom do the phrases—*thy son*, *thine only son*, *whom thou lovest*, remind us? Of Christ, (John iii. 16, 18; Matt. iii. 17). Was Isaac a type of Jesus? Where was the *land of Moriah*? Around Jerusalem, 42 miles off.

3. What does Abraham's early rising and starting imply? That the message had been given him during the night. Did it show his readiness to obey too? Why was a beast of burden needed? To carry provisions, wood for sacrifices, &c. Who accompanied Abraham and Isaac? Two servants. What *wood* was generally used in a sacrifice? Fig and palm.

4. On what day did they arrive there? Of what does this remind us? Luke xiii. 32. How did Abraham know the mountain? Tradition says, by a cloud resting on its top. What mountain was this? Calvary, on which Christ died.

5. Why were the servants to abide at a distance? They could not discern the mystery. Is something like this related in the life of Jesus? Matt. xxvi. 36. How old was Isaac? About 33 years. Why is he then called a "lad?" In contrast with his father, who was 133 years.

Was the act they were about to perform a *worship*? In every way. Did Abraham expect to *return* again with Isaac? He did. How could this be, if he would offer his son? He believed God would restore him again, (Heb. xi. 17-19).

6. Why was the wood laid on Isaac? To typify Christ still further, (John xix. 17). Do the *fire* and *knife* likewise represent Christ's fiery baptism and sword of separation? (Matt. xxvii. 46).

7. What does Isaac's silence thus far portray? Christ's meekness, (Is. liii. 7). How are Isaac and Jesus again alike? By relying on the Father's will without knowing all details in advance.

8. In what two instances did God provide a lamb? Here and at the crucifixion of Christ.

9. How can we account for Isaac's submission to be bound and laid on the altar? He likely received a revelation from God, as to the meaning of all. Why must we assume that such a vision was given Isaac? To account for his non-resistance, and to invest his conduct with merit and glory.

10. What does Abraham's stretching forth his hand teach us? Was this also a figure of the terrible earnestness of Calvary's tragedy?

11. Who now called? Who was this Angel, probably? Jesus Christ.

12. What did the Angel forbid? Had God commanded Abraham to *slay* Isaac? No. What *had* He commanded? To offer Isaac for, or *as*, a burnt-offering. What was implied by this term? To wholly *dedicate* Isaac to God. Had this now been *virtually* done? God so regarded and spoke of it.

13. If Abraham had shown his *will* and *purpose*, was it necessary to go further? No. Did God go further with His Son? Yes. Is God's love then over all our love? (Read John iii. 16; Rom. viii. 32). What supplied Isaac's place now?

14. What did Abraham call this mount? What does this name mean? "The Lord is seen." "The Lord will provide." What had Abraham seen here? The Lord Jesus offered up by His Father. Did Abraham now better understand the mystery of redemption? How should we endeavor to understand the offering of Isaac by Abraham? In the light of Calvary or the Gospel.



NOTES. Abraham had great and grand promises given him concerning his offspring, as we have seen. To these he ever responded, "Lord, I believe,"—like the unhappy father, (Mark ix. 24). But who can doubt that he also added, "Help Thou mine unbelief?" Influenced by a burning desire to be let into the secret, he ceased not to pray for light. Perhaps he asked God, like Moses, (Ex. xxxiii. 18), "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory." And in answer to such a petition, we may suppose, God afforded him this object-lesson, as we will call the offering of his son Isaac, and his faith was to be illuminated. It was a vivid photograph of the sacrifice of God's only begotten Son, for the redemption of the world. See how fine a pro-to-type, or model it is:—Abraham stands in the room of God; Isaac takes the place of Christ; Mount Moriah is Mt. Calvary; the altar is the cross; and Isaac's deliverance is a picture of the final victory of Jesus. Here, Abraham saw the day of Christ, and was glad, (John viii. 56). As through a telescope, he looked 1872 years forward and realized the tragedy of the crucifixion, even as Moses surveyed the promised land from the top of Mt. Nebo, in the Pisgah range, (Deut. xxxii. 49 and xxxiv. 1). And only now, as we look through the offering of Jesus on the cross, back 3751 years, can we understand God's strange command, Abraham's strange obedience, and Isaac's strange submission. We must interpret the scene on Mt. Moriah as a *representative* scene, if we would discern its meaning. As the sun shines upon the earth, and has his light reflected back upon the moon, that she may light up the night, even so does the light of the Sun of Righteousness reflect itself on Mt. Moriah and render it a midnight sun.

VERSE 1. *After these things.* Isaac had now been born and attained to the age of manhood, 33 years; Hagar and Ishmael had been exiled from Abraham's household, and the Patriarch resided at Beer-sheba, along the southern limits of Palestine, (chaps. xxi. 31-4; xxii. 19.) *God did tempt Abraham.* The term *tempt* means, 1) to entice to evil; 2) to test or try. Here, the sense is: God tested Abraham to such a degree as to render him glorious, illustrious, or illuminated. So men test oil, fluid and other substances.

VERSE 2. *Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest.* As Isaac was to represent Jesus, and Abraham stood in God's stead, the parallel shows itself already in these terms. They correspond to the term applied to Christ—"only begotten Son"—"only Son," "beloved Son" (John iii. 16, 18; Matt. iii. 17). *Land of Moriah.* This district lay around Jerusalem, and embraced Mt. Zion, Mt. Calvary, etc. The distance off was 42 miles. *Burnt-offering.* As this offering was *wholly* consumed by the fire of God, it signified any thing or person *entirely devoted* to God. *Upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.* All was to be of God's direction.

VERSE 3. *And Abraham rose up early in the morning.* During the night he likely received the message. By day-break he is already on the way. There is no doubting, debating or delay. *Saddled his ass.* The beast of burden was needed to carry provisions, wood for the intended sacrifice, etc. *Took two of his young men.* These were servants. Perhaps Eliezer, his steward, was one (chap. xv. 2). *Clave the wood.* The fig and palm trees afforded proper fuel for such sacred fires. *And went unto the place.* The general direction was given him by some inner or outward signal.

VERSE 4. *Then on the third day.* So was Christ perfected on this day (Luke xiii. 32). *And he saw the place afar off.* A legend says, a cloud of glory rested on the top of this mountain. According to the belief of earlier Christianity, and the tradition of the Jews, Mt. Moriah was Calvary, on which Christ was crucified.

VERSE 5. *Abide ye here with the ass.* Who does not here think of a similar saying (Matt. xxvi. 36)? These servants were not to witness the solemn mystery, because they were not initiated, and could not appreciate its significance. *I and the lad.* Though called a "lad," Isaac was about the age of Jesus, when He died. Only in contrast with Abraham, who was 133 years old, is he such. *Will go yonder and worship.* What an act of "worship" was to be enacted!

*And come to you again.* He intended to offer his son; but believed God would revive, and restore him again—*accounting that God was able to raise him up*



even from the dead (Heb. xi. 17-19). This fact we must bear constantly in mind.

VERSE 6. *And Abraham took the wood \* \* \* and laid it upon Isaac his son.* Just as Jesus carried the cross (John xix. 17). *And he took the fire in his hand, and the knife.* So Jesus experienced the baptism of fire, and the sword of separation from life and God (Matt. xxvii. 46).

VERSE 7. *Where is the lamb for the burnt-offering?* Thus far Isaac had been silent, even as Christ was dumb and opened not His mouth, (Isa. liii. 7). Both Isaac and Jesus were led wholly by the will of the father, without knowing every detail in advance. Father and son were one in will, if not in knowledge, in both cases.

VERSE 8. *God will provide Himself a lamb.* Abraham spoke prophetically here. His saying has a double meaning, and applies to the case before him, as well as to the Lamb of God, which was to take away the sin of the world. Isaac understood the strange saying too, far beyond what we may imagine. He questions nothing further.

VERSE 9. *And bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar.* It is necessary to assume, that Isaac received a special illumination. And this is plain from two facts: 1. Isaac, in the prime and vigor of manhood would have resisted, had not the meaning of the transaction been revealed to him. Jesus died for an end known to Himself. So did Isaac suffer himself to be bound and placed on the altar, because he had been enlightened as to the end. See John x. 15 and 18. 2. All excellency and credit are clear gone for the heroic son, if we suppose him ignorant of the design, or too feeble to object. Only as we recognize a co-operation between Abraham and Isaac, have we a fine picture of the united offering of Father and Son on Calvary.

VERSE 10. *And Abraham stretched forth his hand, etc.* As the tragedy on Calvary, nearly 2000 years later, was to be a terribly real one, putting the love of God to the utmost tension, and as this scene was to be a true fore-casting of it, it was necessary that Abraham's experience should be eked out to the verge and point, at which the sacrifice of his

son should prove itself consummated in will and purpose. Up to this manifestation-point Abraham had now ventured.

VERSE 11. *Abraham, Abraham! — Here am I!* An angel now intervenes. The Patriarch is just as ready to halt now, as he had before been ready to advance. He went as far as God ordered and ever stopped where God stopped. Obedience shows itself in *not-doing* as well as in doing. It was not necessary to go further, as the sacrifice had virtually been made in Abraham's spirit. He received Isaac as from the dead. Likely the Angel was Jesus Himself, who had seen Himself offered as in a mirror.

VERSE 12. *Lay not thine hand upon the lad.* God nowhere asked Abraham to slay Isaac. By *burnt-offering*, a sacrifice wholly dedicated to God was meant. This was made to the full. Hence, the angel says: *Now I know that thou fearest (or believest) God—seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.* Mark, God regards the offering as having been already made, before and without the enacting of the bloody part.

VERSE 13. *A ram.* As the death of Isaac would not have answered for the sin of the world, and as he was but a representative of Jesus, any creature might well serve in the room of Isaac's death now. Thus far God initiated Abraham into the mystery of Calvary; but He spared him the torture of putting the knife into Isaac. In this heart-martyrdom God is to stand alone, that the love of God may shine supremely brilliant. See, and meditate on John iii. 16, and Rom. viii. 32.

VERSE 14. *Jehovah-jireh.* This name is differently rendered. Some read it: "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." Others make it to read: "The Lord will provide." The plainest reading is—"The Lord is seen." Abraham did indeed here see the Lord Jesus Christ sacrificed by the Father.

PRACTICAL REMARKS. Fearful as the scene on Mount Moriah is, when viewed by itself, as soon as we bring it under the light of the Gospel, the offering of Isaac is one of the most significant facts in the Old Testament. To find fault with it then; is to find fault with the tragic scene on Calvary itself.



NOVEMBER 9.

LESSON XLV.

1879.

*Third Sunday before Advent. Genesis xxv. 29-34.*

THE SUBJECT.—ESAU SELLS HIS BIRTH-RIGHT.

29. ¶ And Jacob sod pottage : and Esau came from the field, and he *was* faint :

30. And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red *pottage* ; for I *am* faint : therefore was his name called Edom.

31. And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birth-right.

32. And Esau said, Behold, I *am* at the point

to die : and what profit shall this birth-right do to me ?

33. And Jacob said, Swear to me this day ; and he swore unto him : and he sold his birth-right unto Jacob.

34. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles ; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way. Thus Esau despised his birth-right.

## QUESTIONS.

How old was Sarah when she died ? chap. xxiii. 1-2. Where did Abraham bury her ? verses 27-20. Is any other woman's age, death and burial so fully noted in the Bible ? No. For what is the cave of *Macpelah* remarkable ? It is the oldest known *burial place* in the world, and the first purchase of land on record. Here the three Patriarchs and their wives sleep—Rachel excepted. Whose marriage is entered in the 24th chapter ? How old was Abraham when he died ? chap. xxv. 7-8. On whom did the great promises now descend ? v. 11. Who were born to Isaac and Rebekah ? Their twin sons, Esau and Jacob. Which was held as their *first-born* ? Esau. What great honor did the first-born son enjoy then ? The honor of the *birth-right*. What privileges did this honor embrace ? 1. The first-born son was especially consecrated to God, Exod. xxii. 29. 9. He stood next to the father in reverence, Gen. xlix. 3. 3. He inherited a double portion, Deut. xxi. 17. 4. He was king over the household after the father's death, 2 Chron. xxi. 3. 5. He was the Priest in the family until the Tribe of Levi was set apart for the Priesthood, Num. viii. 14-17. Could this high honor ever be *transferred* to a younger son ? Whenever the eldest forfeited his right by his moral unfitness. Who so displaced himself ? Cain. His younger brother Seth then stood in his room. What remarkable example of such a self-disinheriting have we to-day ? Esau selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

VERSE 29. What does *Jacob* mean ? A conqueror. Of what was his name prophetic ? Of his rising above his brother, by his greater faith and moral worth. What was Jacob doing ? What does *sod* mean ? To boil. What is *pottage* ? Vegetables having pods, such as beans, &c. What does the name *Easu* mean ? A *robust* man. What callings did they choose ? v. 27. Under what circumstances did the brothers now meet ?

30. What did Esau ask ? Why was he so urgent in his demand ? Why does he speak of it as *red* ? It had a *chocolate* or ground color. Is it not remarkable that this man of a *ruddy* (or red) complexion should crave so anxiously that of like color with himself ? Like will choose like. What was Esau afterwards called ? Edom—*red*, chap. xxxvi. How does Esau strike you just here ? As a carnal-minded man. Do the apostles, John and Peter, describe such minds ? 1 Cor. vi. 13 ; Phil. iii. 19 ; 1 John ii. 15-16.

31. What did Jacob ask in return ? How came he to speak at once of the birth-right ? Esau had very probably, first spoken lightly of

his honor—as of no worth to him, hungry and faint as he was. What reason have we for thinking so ? See Heb. xii. 16 ; also the latter clause of verse 34.

32. What was Esau's reply ? Could he have spoken thus slightly of his honor, had he properly appreciated it ? What great promises were to find their fulfilment in him as the first-born ? The possession of Canaan and the birth of the Messiah. Did he learn to have any faith in their coming true ? None. What does his willingness to part with his honor for such a small price show ? That he was morally unfitted for his position. Was Jacob like-minded ? He set great store by the birth-right, and had faith in the promises coming to pass. To what other twin-pair of brothers may we compare them ? To Cain and Abel—the former not believing in the necessity of a sin-offering, whilst the latter brought it.

33. Why did Jacob exact an *oath* from Esau ? Because he knew his brother's fickle mind. Did Esau repent of his rash bargain subsequently ? Heb. xii. 16-17. On what ground did his sorrow, likely, rest ? Rather on his *loss* than his *wrong*.

34. What did he then receive in exchange for his birth-right honor ? Does he seem to be satisfied with his reward ? Why does he evince no regrets ? Because he *despised* his birth-right. Is this perhaps the whole explanation to the singular transaction ? Undoubtedly. Did this transfer of the honor of the birth-right affect the salvation of either ? In no wise. It pertained only to their several histories as representative men in this life. Did each one seem to come into his proper place thereby ? They did. Was this transaction owing to any presence of God, or did it come about through the free-will of both Esau and Jacob ? It was a voluntary act. In whose line of offspring were the promises now to find their fulfilment ? In Jacob's—the father of the *Israelites*. Can God's purposes ever be defeated by any failure of man ? They cannot. If Esau, the legal heir, fails, Jacob rises in place. Does the *robust* man frequently give place to the "plain man ?" 1 Cor. i. 27-29. What does Esau's folly teach us ? That men may sell their birth-right for a trifle. What birth-right may we all enjoy ? A heavenly birth-right. Is this to be sold for a temporary good ? God forbid.

NOTE.—The faithful and wise teacher will select such questions from the series, as in his judgment are suitable and apt. The important subject did not allow us to be any more concise.



NOTES.—Between our last Lesson and that of to-day lie some interesting narratives. After Isaac's deliverance on Mt. Moriah, his mother Sarah died, aged 127 years. She is the only woman whose age, death and burial are fully recorded in the Bible. The xxiii. chapter records the first family burying-place, and the first purchase of land of which we have any knowledge—nearly 4,000 years ago. Isaac's marriage is recorded in the xxiv. chapter, and Abraham's death, at 175 years. The peculiar promises and blessings which distinguished the father now descended upon his son. Isaac and Rebekah dwelt at Lahai-roi, in Beer-sheba. Here their twin sons were born—Esau and Jacob—who became the heads of two nations. Esau is the father of the Edomites, or *Gentiles*; Jacob is the progenitor of the *Israelites*. This is the second pair of twins we meet with—Cain and Abel being taken as such. In olden times, the *first-born* son enjoyed the *Birth-right*. This privilege and honor embraced certain favors, called “the rights of primogeniture.”

1. The first-born was peculiarly consecrated to God, (Ex. xxii. 29);
2. he was next in honor to the parents, (Gen. xlix. 3);
3. he had a double portion of his father's goods, (Deut. xxi. 17);
4. he succeeded the father in the government of the family, as king, (2 Chron. xxi. 3);
5. he was the Priest of the household, and conducted the religious service. In the place of the first-born in every family, the Tribe of Levi was subsequently chosen, from which the religious administrators were taken, (Num. viii. 14–17). Hence the Birth-right was a matter of very great importance in the household. It descended invariably to the eldest son, first of all. It was *transferable*, however, to a younger brother. Such a transfer occurred, either when the eldest was blind or indifferent to its worth and voluntarily surrendered it; or, when the rightful heir forfeited his claims to it by unbelief and sin. Cain displaced himself by murdering Abel, thus making room for Seth, who inherited the promises then. Esau surrendered his position to Jacob, by his unbelief. Let us see how.

VERSE 29. *And Jacob sod pottage.* The name *Jacob* means a conqueror. It

was prophetic of his rising above his brother by virtue of his greater faith and moral worth. Virtue always supplants vice. *Sod* signifies to *stew* or *boil*. The term *pottage* indicates a mess of vegetables with meats, in a *pot*. It may have been a preparation of beans, lentils, or pulse—any species of plant that bears seed in pods. The German word *gemuse* expresses it.

*And Esau came from the field.* The name *Esau* means *ruddy* or *robust*, and describes his strong constitution. He followed the life of a “cunning hunter,” (v. 27), and “became a roving worldling; whilst his weaker brother was “a plain man” (or piously inclined), dwelling in tents,” of a quiet, reserved and contemplative disposition. Their difference of spirit affords us the key by which the riddle of their lives may be best unlocked. The brothers, so opposite in physique, mind, and calling, are now together. Jacob, at home, is surrounded with plenty. Esau returns from a fruitless chase, empty-handed and *faint*. Of a sensual nature and wholly swayed by the passion of appetite, he undervalues all else, and is ready to sacrifice everything in order to gratify it. His true inwardness exhibits itself in this domestic scene—the entire man expressing himself in the transaction. And unless we permit the *act* to interpret his *spirit*, we will miss the meaning of the narrative.

VERSE 30. *Feed me, I pray thee.* Fatigued and exhausted as he was, and perplexed and dissatisfied with his fate, he thinks only of his present physical wants. Having set himself in the pursuit and love of the world with its vanity, and having submitted to the charm of the “lust of the flesh,” it is not surprising that the “lust of the eyes” now made him fall in love with *that same red* (pottage)—a dish of chocolate color and savory odor. Like will choose its like. See 1 John ii. 15, 16. Esau was a fair sample of the men whom St. Paul describes (1 Cor. vi. 13; Phil. iii. 19.) Esau became the head of the *Edomites* subsequently.

VERSE 31. *Sell me this day thy birth-right.* This was a bold proposition of Jacob's. But may we not suppose that the suggestion first came from Esau himself? The Apostle speaks of him



as "a profane person," (Heb. xii. 16); and further on we are told that he *despised his birthright*, (v. 34). Only, then, after the elder had virtually cast it away, does the proposal of his younger brother seem in place. Instead of marking Jacob as a selfish, grasping character, who took advantage of Esau's distress, it is better to assume that Esau led the way by uttering words of contempt and profanity over his empty honor.

VERSE 32. *Behold I am at the point to die! What profit, &c.* His speech implies that he never expected to see any one of the glorious promises made to his grandfather, repeated to his father, and entailed upon himself, realized. The possession of Canaan—the advent of the Messiah through his line of offspring, as the first-born,—*these* were all myths to him. As Cain did not believe in the necessity of a sin-offering, so Esau was full of unbelief in reference to the fulfilment of what had been solemnly foretold. His readiness to accept the proposition of Jacob, and for so trifling a reward, is a positive proof of his blindness to the worth of a birth-right.

VERSE 33. *Swear to me this day.* No one knew the fickleness of Esau better than his brother. Hence he binds the transfer by all the solemnity of an oath. Accustomed to note his waywardness, he expected him to repent presently, (Heb. xii. 16, 17)—only to slight his honor again, however, by the next provocation.

VERSE 34. *Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles.* Any son fully sensible of the high honor which the right of primogeniture afforded him, would not have sold it for any price—much less for a trifle. The price he sold it by was the measure by which he valued it. *He did eat and drink.* Gluttony is exhibited in the full; but an utter absence of any hunger or thirst after righteousness. *He rose up and went his way*, without any regrets, because he *DESPISED his birthright*.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—1. The fact that Jacob and Esau were *twin-born* allows us to assume that God showed Himself no respecter of persons, so far as the salvation of either was concerned. Whatever advantage was enjoyed by Jacob, or disadvantage by Esau, neither extended any further than this world,

and their several histories in time, as *representative* men.

2. Whatever mystery clings to the fact that "the younger supplanted the elder" (v. 23), their subsequent histories prove that Jacob came into his proper position, for which he was morally fitted.

3. As the line of rightful characters must of necessity be preserved, in whom by Esau's own personal unfitness, the promises were to find their fulfilment, God took care that the moral unfitness of the *legal* heir should not defeat the plan of redemption, by substituting a proper character in Esau's room, and this, too, without doing any violence to either Esau's or Jacob's free-will.

4. The exaltation of Jacob over Esau implied only a *spiritual* enrichment of the Jacobites (or Israelites), for the consummation of the plan of redemption. As the Messiah could not be born of both, or of more than one people, God elected and fitted Jacob's descendants for this end, after Esau had proved himself unqualified for the task.

5. God's purposes are never defeated by the failure of those who are to serve as His agents; if an Esau fail, a Jacob rises up.

6. God displays His glory especially in calling Jacob, the "plain man," to the helm, when a "robust" Esau fails. "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," etc., (1 Cor. i. 27–29.)

7. The folly of men who prove untrue to themselves and their calling, is exhibited in the conduct of Esau, who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

8. By faith in Christ all men enjoy a heavenly birth-right, which they too often, like Esau, sell for a temporary enjoyment, or a mess of pottage.

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### Making Acquaintance.

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My baby-boy sat on the floor,  
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,  
For he had never seen before  
That baby in the mirror door—  
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward that golden head  
The mirror border framed within,  
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,  
Lay side by side, then softly said—  
"I can't get out, can you—come in?"



NOVEMBER 16.

LESSON XLVI.

1879.

*Second Sunday before Advent. Genesis xxviii. 10-22.*

THE SUBJECT.—JACOB'S VISION.

10. ¶ And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran.

11. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put *them* for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

12. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

13. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I *am* the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

14. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth: and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

15. And, behold, I *am* with thee, and will keep thee in all *places* whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land: for I will

not leave thee, until I have done *that* which I have spoken to thee of.

16. ¶ And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew *it* not.

17. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful *is* this place! this *is* none other but the house of God, and this *is* the gate of heaven.

18. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put *for* his pillows, and set it up *for* a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

19. And he called the name of that place Beth-el: but the name of that city *was called* Luz at the first.

20. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on,

21. So that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God:

22. And this stone, which I have set *for* a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

## QUESTIONS.

When and where did Isaac die? chap. xxxv. 27-28. Who were his two sons? Jacob and Esau? How was Esau affected towards Jacob? He hated him. Why? Because Jacob had secured the honor of the birth-right, and also the parental blessing. Whither was Jacob sent then? To Laban, his uncle, in Padam-Aram. Why? To avoid his brother, and to choose a wife for himself from his kindred. What remarkable experience had he on his journey? A vision of the so-called "Jacob's Ladder." Where? At Beth-el.

VERSE 10. What does *Beer sheba* mean? The Wall of the Oath. Why was this name given to the place? chap. xxi. 22-31. Where is the place? In the south of Canaan. Who had dwelt there? His Grandfather. Where was *Haran*? In Mesopotamia. Who had been there too? chaps. xxiv. 10; xxv. 29; xxvii. 43. How far was Jacob from Beer-sheba? Forty-eight miles.

11. What was this certain place? Verse 19. What does *Luz* mean? An Almond tree. Had he entered the city at night-fall? He was on an open field near by. How long did he tarry here? What had he for his pillow? See verse 18.

12. What did he experience in his dream? What did he see? On what did the foot of the ladder rest? How far did its top extend? Who ascended and descended? Of what was it a type? John i. 51. Is Christ the WAY from God to man, and from man to God? John xiv. 6.

19. Who stood over the ladder? Was the LORD likely Christ Himself? What was this saying of the Lord? He confirmed Isaac's blessing on Jacob, verses 3-4. How numerous was his posterity to become? How were all nations to be blessed through him? Through Christ, who was to be born of his line. How long did God promise to preside over him and

his posterity? Until all the promises should be realized in the Messiah.

16. In whose presence did Jacob now know himself to be? Had he before been conscious of the sanctity of the place? No. What did he now likely recollect? The holy traditions of the spot—chaps. xii. 8; xiii. 3-4.

17. How was Jacob impressed then? To what did he compare the place? What made him say so? He likely had a vision of the Temple, and of the Church of Christ, like John (Rev. xxi. 2-3); and saw an open heaven, like Stephen (Acts vii. 56).

18. How did he now mark this solemn place? What do these acts signify? The consecration of the place for future ages.

19. What name did he give it? What does *Beth-el* mean?

20-22. What is a *vow*? A solemn covenant. Did Jacob make this covenant for himself only, or for his posterity? He likely spoke for his descendants, too. Did he perform his vow individually? chap. xxxv. 7 and 14. Did his posterity heed the vow? The Israelites built the Temple, and established the system of worshiping at Jerusalem—perhaps five hours off. How was the Temple service sustained? By the *tithing* system, or giving of the *tenth* part to God.

Does Jacob seem, then, to have had a vision both of the *Jewish* and *Christian* dispensation? So it would appear.

Of what practical use is the contemplation of the vision of *Jacob's Ladder* to us? It illustrates plainly the office of Christ, the mediator between heaven and earth—between God and man. How may we ascend to God in and through Jesus Christ? By our prayers, and the various means of grace. How does God *descend* through Him to us? Through the Sacraments and the various sacramental acts. May we by faith in Christ, then, stand in full communion with God? Indeed we may.



NOTES.—The fortunes of Isaac were in many respects similar to those which befell his father Abraham. He died at Hebron, aged 180 years (Gen. xxxv. 27, 28). His son, Jacob, after having secured the honor of the birth-right, likewise obtained his father's dying blessing, after a singular manner. Esau hated his brother Jacob. In his seventy-eighth year Jacob was sent back to Padan-aram—the original dwelling-place of Abraham—to seek a wife for himself, from among his kindred. On his journey thither, God appeared to him in a dream, at Bethel.

VERSE 10. *Beer-sheba* lies in the southernmost part of Canaan, as we learned before, where Abraham sojourned. Its name signifies *the well of the oath*—from the covenant formed by Jacob's grandfather and Abimelech (chap. xxi. 22–31). *Haran* is in Mesopotamia, or Padan-aram, near the river Euphrates, whither Abraham went from Ur in Chaldæa. See chaps. xxiv. 10; xxv. 20; xxvii. 43.

VERSE 11. *A certain place*. This was near *Luz* (ver. 19)—*an almond tree*—from a number of such trees growing in this region. Not having quite reached the city before night-fall, when the gates were closed—the distance between Beer-sheba and Luz being 48 miles—he probably lodged on the open field adjoining. *He took of the stones*. From verse 18 we find his pillow to have been *one stone* only.

VERSE 12. *And he dreamed*. In other words, he had a vision excited in his soul by the direct influence of the Spirit of God, during his sleep. *A ladder*. Perhaps it was a series or flight of steps. The peculiarity of its construction was, that its foot rested *upon the earth*, whilst its *top reached to heaven*, by which the union of the two worlds is taught—the oneness between God and man. *Behold, the angels of God*—heavenly messengers—passed upward and underward on it. Mark, that the angels are made to ascend first *before* they descend. This plainly teaches that in some way God will open the heavens and lodge upon the earth, or in man, a divine life, by means of which the intercourse between the lower and upper worlds is to be carried forward. What it meant to teach Jacob, our Lord Himself tells us, in

His remarkable speech to Nathanael (John i. 51). He is that ladder—the *WAY* (John xiv. 6) by which God comes to man (or *descends*), in order that men may go to the Father (or *ascend*). The “*Vision of Jacob's Ladder*,” then, is a type of Christ.

VERSES 13–15. *Behold the Lord stood above it*. Christ Himself stood over the way, confirming to Jacob the blessing already promised to his grandfather and father, Abraham and Isaac, and which his father had invoked upon his head (vers. 3, 4). *Thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth*—exceedingly numerous. *And in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed*—Jesus shall be born of thy line—the Saviour of mankind. *And I am with thee*, etc. Here Jacob receives the assurance that God's special providence is to attend him in all his wanderings, as well as his descendants in their entire history, *until* the Messiah should be born of his race, and the Gospel plan of redemption proclaimed to the world. Every word of promise was made true to the letter.

VERSE 16. *Surely, the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not*. He now recollects, that his grandfather had already held intimate communion with Jehovah in this very place (chaps. xii. 8; xiii. 3, 4). All the sacred traditions of the spot became living in his mind, and he knew it again as a consecrated place indeed.

VERSE 17. *How dreadful is this place!* The nocturnal vision of the ladder, the angels and the divine glory covering all filled his soul with awe. *This is none other but the House of God—the Gate of Heaven*. Perhaps the kingdom of God, the Church of Jesus Christ, stood before him as the city of God, in a picture. St. John was favored with such an exhibition (Rev. xxi. 2, 3). The opened heavens may have been seen by him, too, as St. Stephen witnessed them (Acts vii. 56).

VERSE 18. *And Jacob—took the stone and set it up for a pillar*. He placed the stone upright, that it might stand as a monument. Anointing it with oil was an act of consecration. This stone with its unction was symbolical of the setting apart of this spot for all future time—until Christ came, who was to establish a way of constant intercourse between earth and heaven everywhere.



VERSE 19. *Beth-El*. The name signifies *The House of God*—God's dwelling-place.

VERSES 20-22. *Vowed a vow*. A solemn promise, or covenant made with God, was now made by Jacob, which concerned not so much himself as his posterity, or the *Jewish nation*. The promises made to him by Jehovah (vs. 13, 14) seem to be uppermost in his mind. If then God shall verify these prophecies in reference to his descendants, he solemnly binds them to build a "House of God," another *Bethel*—the Temple—a vision of which had been shown him now. His own personal history, of which he speaks directly, was typical of the journeyings of his posterity, and of their final arrival in Canaan—the home of peace. *I will surely give the tenth unto Thee*. This, too, was prophetic of the *tithing system*—devoting the tenth part—by which the whole Temple worship was sustained in Jerusalem. *And this stone*. So far as his utterance pertained to himself, the sense is: "Should I be preserved to return in safety, I shall worship God here." And this he did. He here builded an altar, anointed it with oil, and poured a drink-offering thereon (chap. xxxv. 7 and 14).

NOTE.—For a religious and practical use of this narrative, or the vision of Jacob's Ladder, it is only necessary to think of Christ. Through Him our souls *ascend*, in prayer and the various means of worship; and through Him, the grace of God *descends*, in the sacraments and the various sacramental acts.

### Telling the Bees.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Here is the place; right over the hill  
Runs the path I took;  
You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,  
And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,  
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun;  
And down by the brink  
Of the brook are her poor flowers weed o'er-run,  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the same sun  
glows,  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover smell in the  
breeze;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care,  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brookside my brow and  
throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—  
To love a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked at last  
On the little red gate and the wellsweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—  
Nothing changed but the hive of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearly singing the chore-girl small,  
Dressing each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer's sun  
Had the chill of snow:  
For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must go.

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps  
For the dead to-day;  
Haply her blind, old grandsire sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ears sounds on:—  
"Stay at home pretty bees, fly not hence!  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

A LITTLE deed in God's time, comes  
up bearing fifty, sixty, or a hundred-  
fold, like a tiny seed falling from the  
pine-tree's sky-kissed top. Looking  
back, it sees how far off the clouds are,  
and the arms that cradled it; yet the  
patient days, that come while a century  
fades, lift it up till it bears in its storm-  
tossed branches a generation of future  
forest for the world's need.



NOVEMBER 23.

LESSON XLVII.

1879.

*Sunday before Advent. Genesis xxxii. 24-32.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE WRESTLING OF JACOB.

24. ¶ And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

25. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.

26. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

27. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob.

28. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

29. And Jacob asked *him*, and said, Tell *me*, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore *is it that* thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there.

30. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

31. And as he passed over Peniel the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh.

32. Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day; because he touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh in the sinew that shrank.

## QUESTIONS.

Who were Esau and Jacob? Twin-born sons of Isaac and Rebekah. Which was considered their *first-born*? Esau. To what was the first-born son entitled? To the honor of the birth-right. Could the first-born alienate this honor? Yes. Did Esau sell his? Gen. xxv. 29-34. Who now succeeded to that place? Jacob.

What was the paternal blessing? It was the final confirmation of the birth-right, at the death of the father. Where is the account of Isaac blessing Jacob recorded? Gen. xxvii. Was Jacob entitled to this blessing? Yes; since he had obtained the honor of the birth-right. Was the transaction a fair one? No. Did God in any way endorse their criminal conduct? In no wise. Is it to be supposed that any one in the family discerned the *spiritual* import of the birth-right and its blessing? They probably knew it only in the light of a temporal advantage. When did God teach Jacob the spiritual sense of the birth-right and the blessing? In his wrestling with the angel. Did Jacob come forth from that struggle a better man? He was now a conqueror indeed.

VERSE 24. How came Jacob to be alone? verses 22-23. Who was this angel or man? Jesus Christ Himself. Where is He called an Angel? Hosea ii. 4. How does this Prophet describe Jacob's earnestness? How long did the struggle last?

25. What does *prevail* mean? To conquer. When does God even now seem to allow us to contend with Himself? In Prayer. What Parable explains man as contending with God? Luke xviii. 1-8. Why was the hollow of his thigh touched? To disable Jacob. Why was he so disabled? To teach him that his supremacy must come of God, not of himself? Had Jacob probably prided himself on account of his own cunning and wit? Yes.

26. Why did the angel attempt to move off? To make Jacob still more earnest. Did Jacob become more earnest? Yes. What did he say? To what blessing did he refer? To the blessing of heaven on him, as the holder of the birth-

right. Had he not obtained Isaac's blessing? He now saw the spiritual meaning of it, and craved it.

27. Why did the angel ask him his *name*? To remind him of its import. What does it mean? A supplanter. How had he supplanted Esau? By deceit and cunning. Was that of God's ordering? No. Did God teach him that he must conquer by a better manner? Yes. How? By earnest struggle with God.

28. What other name was given him? What does *Israel* mean? A Prince with God. Of what was this change of name indicative? Of a newness of nature, as well as a new relation to God. Whose name had been changed before? Gen. xvii. 5. Was he now a worthy son of his noble grand-sire? Yes.

29. Why does Jacob ask the angel's name? To know whether he was a being of sufficient authority to change his old name for a new one. What answer did he receive? What does this reply mean? That Jacob ought to know who the angel was. Did he then perceive it? Yes. What was then done? Did Jacob want this? He did. What *kind* of a blessing was it? A ratification of the blessing of the *first-born*, or inheritor of the birth-right.

30. What name did he give to the place? What does *Peniel* mean? The face of God. Was it *Jehovah* whom Jacob saw? John i. 18.

31. What does this sun-rise imply? The favor of God—Mal. iv. 2. What does this *halting on his thigh* signify? Either a restoration to soundness; or a lameness. What would a lameness indicate? A constant dependence on God.

32. Why do the Jews abstain from eating a certain sinew in a slaughtered animal? As a memorial of the struggle of their great ancestor.

What saying of Christ renders this wrestling of Jacob with the angel applicable to us? Matt. vii. 13-14. What saying of St. Paul brings it home to us, likewise? 2 Tim. ii. 5.



NOTES.—As Esau and Jacob were twin-born sons of Isaac and Rebekah, both were alike entitled to whatsoever honor and privilege attached to the birth-right, at first sight. Still, Esau was held as the *first-born*, because he first saw the light, and was consequently next in honor to the father, and the link in that chain of characters, in whom the promise of the Messiah was to be fulfilled. No one would displace Esau from the line, excepting himself. His brother Jacob was, accordingly held as the second-born and an inferior. Had the elder proved true to his calling, the Messiah would have been born of his loins, according to the established order. The fact, that Jacob held his brother “Esau’s heel,” in the birth-moment, might, in that event, have implied no more than the “bruising of the Redeemer’s heel” (Gen. iii. 15)—trial and persecution at the hand of his more cunning and designing brother; but surely not a *supplanting*. But Esau wantonly and profanely cast his honor away, as we have seen (Gen. xxv. 29–34). Jacob took it up, and thus fairly stood in the line of promise. Let it be remembered, however, that Jacob could never have succeeded thus, had not Esau first *seceded*. Esau apostatized, or fell, as the writer to the Hebrews (chap. xii. 16, 17) tells us, and Jacob rose over him. Doubtless, this exchange of places was *foreseen* by God, but it was not *fore-ordered*. It is true, that the saying—“*And the elder shall serve the younger*” (Gen. xxv. 23) seems to imply such an ordering in advance. But it reads just as correctly “the elder *will* serve the younger,” and so may mean merely to declare what would come to pass.

Accordingly, when the paternal blessing was to be conferred—which was the *confirmation* of the birth-right honor—Jacob was undoubtedly the one to receive it. As Esau would have been the proper heir, had he maintained his integrity—even though Jacob had been a better man, so Jacob now became the rightful recipient—regardless of the dishonorable acts with which the transaction was encumbered (chap. xxvii.). In reference to the pious household fraud itself, let it be said, that the entire family acted a *criminal* part. Isaac was willing to confer the benediction on Esau

by virtue of a singular partiality, though he well knew that he had forfeited all claims to it; Esau acted a dishonest part, in begging with tears for an honor he had cast far from himself, for a trifle; Rebekah and Jacob discerning aright where the blessing *should fall*, stained their souls by deception to such a degree as to render the solemn act itself invalid in the eyes of God and man.

And what is to be especially noted, is the fact, that Jehovah never seems to have recognized any part of it. Isaac involved himself in great perplexity; Rebekah sends Jacob away, 600 miles, and never saw him again; Jacob is an exile in consequence; and Esau carries in himself the heart of Cain.

Not one in the household understood the *spiritual element* of the birth-right honor, or of the paternal blessing. For them it was but a temporal benefit, embracing a rulership over the family and a certain honorable distinction. Not until Jacob’s contest with the angel, had he even learned to properly discern the mystery of the benediction. He emerged out of that struggle, as out of a great school-discipline, having obtained thereby a new spirit and sense, as well as a new name. Not a shrewd, scheming supplanter, or tripper of his thoughtless brother, is he thereafter; but an honorable, fairly-striving and successful *Prince of God*.

Let us now witness this remarkable contest by drawing nigh.

VERSE 24. *And Jacob was left alone.* How he came to be thus by himself, we learn from vers. 22, 23. *And there wrestled a man with him.* This strange Being was Jesus Christ, who assumed the form of a man for the time being. He is styled an Angel (Hosea xii. 4), because He was the Messenger of the Covenant, who appeared again and again to the Patriarchs. The wrestling was an earnest spiritual contest, lasting all the night through, drawing tears and supplication from Jacob. Not by a cunning, or out-witting of his wayward brother, was he to attain to the honor of the spiritual birth-right and the paternal blessing; but by an earnest heart-struggle and well-earned victory.

VERSE 25. *And when He saw that He prevailed not against him.* In a spirit of wonderful condescension and amiable



accommodation, as it were, the Angel suffered Himself to be equally matched. So God even yet permits Himself to be contended with in prayer. Consider the Parable of the Unjust Judge—Luke xviii. 1-8. *He touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh.* Some pain and weakness affected him in the groin, probably, causing a disabling like unto a luxation or dislocating of the thigh.

VERSE 26. *Let me go.* To test his earnestness still further, He would now break away, well knowing that Jacob would beg the more sincerely for an endorsement of the birth-right and paternal blessing. What he had obtained from Esau and Isaac, he would have ratified by God. He seems by this time to see how hollow the mere nominal exaltation was, which he had acquired so mechanically, and is determined to realize the spiritual boon, of which the household birth-right and his father's blessing had been but a type. Hence his pathetic cry: "*I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me!*" This heavenly benediction it was, that he now craved, in comparison with which, his former honors were as nothing at all, in his eye.

VERSE 27. *What is thy name?* The Angel asks him this question, to remind him of the significance of his name—a *supplanter*; and to recall likewise the outrageous manner by which he and his mother had hoped to make its meaning good. He accordingly answers—*Jacob!* It was an honorable name originally; but he had shamefully disgraced it. It is remarkable that the term *Jacobin*, in our day, stands for one who secretly and unlawfully endeavors to upset law and order.

VERSE 28. *No more Jacob, but Israel.* "Israel" means—*A Prince with God.* After Esau had displaced himself, Jacob was to stand in his room; but it was not God's will, that he should come to the succession by such foul means, as had been planned by himself and mother. God would have opened an honorable way by which to reach it, had they not taken the matter into their own hands. Hence God ignores their whole conduct by unmanning him entirely, and by casting his very name aside. But as Jacob had now by a fair and desperate struggle attained to his destined position, and by means honorable before God and men, the Angel starts his his-

tory anew by baptizing him with a royal title, as it were—*A Prince with God.* Now only had he proved himself a noble successor of his worthy grand-sire, Abraham, and, like him, was renamed (Gen. xvii. 5). And because he had thus placed himself in right relation to God, *supplanted* or *prevailed* indeed, and aright, *therefore* should he also have *power over men.* Everything comes right now, with Esau, as well as his future history, because he was made right with God.

VERSE 29. *Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy Name.* Doubtless Jacob had learned during his childhood already the signification of his name—that it was prophetic of his life and experience. He is not at once willing to surrender it. He is concerned to know the character of this Being, therefore, who assumes such an authority as to change it. The answer he received was—*Wherefore this?—Thou ask my Name!* "Dost thou not know it already?" Light flashed upon his soul, and he knows intuitively that He is the Lord (ver. 30). *And He blessed him there.* Now the honor of the birth-right and Israel's paternal blessing were ratified unto him. The type found its full realization.

VERSE 30. *Peniel.* This Hebrew term means the "Face of God." *And my life is preserved.* It was a tradition that no one could see God and live. In the Gospel of St. John (chap. i. 18) we read: "No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father he hath declared Him." From all this we may see that the Angel was Jesus.

VERSE 31. *The sun rose upon him.* This was symbolical of the favor of God and Heaven, which now dawned upon his history. "The Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings" (Mal. iv. 2). *And he halted upon his thigh.* This may mean that he could now again rest firmly on his hip, the pain and weakness having passed away; or, that a lameness succeeded to remind him of his helplessness, apart from God.

VERSE 32. *Therefore the children of Israel eat not the sinew \* \* unto this day.* The Jews pretended to know what part of the thigh this sinew is. And as a memorial of the contest, which their great ancestor passed through, they abstain from eating this part of a slaughtered animal.



NOVEMBER 30.

LESSON XLVIII.

1879.

*First Sunday in Advent. Genesis xxxvii. 3-11.*

THE SUBJECT.—JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

3. Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he *was* the son of his old age : and he made him a coat of *many* colours.

4. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

5. ¶ And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told *it* his brethren : and they hated him yet the more.

6. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed :

7. For, behold, we *were* binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright : and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf.

8. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou

indeed reign over us ? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us ? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

9. ¶ And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more ; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me.

10. And he told *it* to his father, and to his brethren : and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What *is* this dream that thou hast dreamed ? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee on the earth ?

11. And his brethren envied him ; but his father observed the saying.

## QUESTIONS.

What two Nations descended from Jacob and Esau ? Israelites and Edomites. Where did Esau's descendants settle ? Chap. xxxvi. 8. Where did the Israelites dwell ? In Canaan. How many sons were born to Jacob ? Chap. xxxv. 22-26. What did they become ? The Twelve Patriarchs, Acts vii. 8—or the Fathers of the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

Which was Jacob's best beloved son ? Joseph. How old was Joseph when the opening of his history begins for us ? Chap. xxxvii. 2.

VERSE 3. Do you remember when and why Jacob's name was changed to Israel ? Chap. xxxii. 28, &c. Why did Israel love Joseph most ? Because he was good and noble above his brothers. Was he the *youngest* son ? No—Benjamin. Why is he then called *the son of his old age* ? Benjamin was but an infant ; and Joseph was his father's constant companion. What kind of a garment was this *coat of colours* ? A long garment, with sleeves, of white and purple, and usually worn by the offspring of the wealthy. What was this garb called by the Romans ? A tunic, or *toga*.

4. How did his brothers take this partiality towards Joseph ? What does the phrase—*Could not speak peaceably unto him*—mean ? Did not say—“Peace be to thee”—in meeting and parting ? Was this usual, then ? Yes. It is called, passing a Peace-Greeting. Do unkindly-disposed persons in our age act thus ? They frequently refuse to bid each other “Good-day.”

5. What does the word *dream*, probably mean ? A vision. Why did Joseph reveal the vision to his brothers ? He doubtless was divinely moved to relate it. What effect had its recital on them ?

6. How did he say to his brothers ?

7. Can you repeat his dream as he gave it ? What did this strange dream signify ? That Joseph was to be promoted over his brothers in worldly prospects. When did his brothers literally bow before Joseph ? When they went down into Egypt for bread—Chap. xlii. 1-6.

8. Did his brothers at once understand its

meaning ? Were they willing to have it so ? How did they now feel towards him ?

9. What did he tell his brothers further ? Can you repeat this vision ?

10. What did his father do ? What does *rebuked* mean here ? To check. Why did he check him ? Lest his brothers might hate him too much. Did Jacob himself understand its meaning ? He could hardly believe it. What did it signify ? That Joseph should be spiritually exalted over the entire household. Who was represented by the *sun* ? Jacob. Who, by the *moon* ? His mother. Who, by the *eleven stars* ? His eleven brothers.

11. What further effect had this recital on his brothers ? What is the difference between *jealousy* and *envy* ? The former feeling prompts us to prevent a rival from surpassing us ; the latter feeling urges us to *destroy* our rival. Did they carry their thought out subsequently ? They did, as we shall learn later.

Of whom is Joseph supposed to be a type ? Of Jesus. How are their lives parallel ? In their mutual humiliation and exaltation. Why had Joseph such visions granted to himself ? To cheer him, in view of the trials which were to confront him. Had Jesus a prospect set before Himself, too ? Heb. xii. 2.

What was the unwillingness, on the part of Joseph's brethren, a type ? Of the Jews' unwillingness to have Christ set over themselves—(Luke xix. 14).

What does the name of *Joseph* mean ? To enlarge greatly. What does the name *Jesus* mean ? A saviour. Is there any relation between their several names, then ? There is.

Had Joseph any dream of his trials and hardships ? No. Do young hearts generally know of the troubles ahead ? No. What do they only anticipate ? Joy and pleasure. Is this well ? Yes. How are we to prepare for trials and difficulties, though ? By imitating Joseph, who feared God and kept His commandments, and was thus always delivered and sent on his way rejoicing.



NOTES.—After Jacob became Israel, and stood in right relation to God, he and Esau became one likewise. They attended the funeral of their father Isaac, like affectionate and dutiful brothers and sons (chap. xxxv. 29). Afterwards they separate. Esau settled at Mount Seir and became the father of the Edomites (xxxvi. 8, 9). Jacob had twelve sons, who are known as the Twelve Patriarchs, or the fathers of the Twelve Tribes of Israel (chap. xxxv. 22–26; Acts vii. 8). Probably at this time he dwelt at Hebron, in Canaan, where his father sojourned (xxxvii. 1). Our lesson begins the history of Joseph, Jacob's favorite son, in his seventeenth year (ver. 2).

VERSE 3. *And Israel loved Joseph more than all his children.* We have before learned how Jacob's name was changed to Israel (xxxii. 28). Joseph was peculiarly beloved, doubtless, because he was the best and noblest character in the flock. *Because he was the son of his old age*, does not mean that he was the youngest—Benjamin was the youngest of all, and but an infant at this time. But he was of so interesting an age, an observant and affectionate lad, and his father's attendant. *He made him a coat of colours.* This was a long garment, called a *tunic*, with sleeves. It was usually worn by the sons and daughters of the richer class. In Persia, India, and China they preserve this garment still. The Roman youth wore it too. It was known as a *toga* to the latter, and was white, striped or fringed with purple. At seventeen, it was exchanged for one wholly white.

VERSE 4. *And when his brethren saw this special fondness of their father for Joseph, a jealousy arose in their minds. They could not speak peaceably unto him.* It was usual to greet one, in meeting and parting, with the saying—"Peace be to thee!"—as we bid "Good morning." It was exchanging the *Salaam*—or Peace-greeting. This his brothers refused to extend to Joseph—just as unkindly disposed persons withhold the "Good-day" from one another. Though they may not have constantly quarrelled with him, they neither wished him well, nor spoke kindly to him.

VERSE 5. *And Joseph dreamed a dream.* This was perhaps a vision,

which God granted to him, in which his future history was foreshadowed. His exaltation over his brothers was plainly indicated in the dream, as in a picture. He felt an impulse to relate it to his brethren. It was revealed to him, that he might impart it to them again. Very naturally, *they hated him yet the more, now.*

VERSES 6, 7. *Hear, I pray you, this dream.* Now follows its recital from his own lips. *We were binding sheaves.* Though we read little of farming in this early age—1728 B.C.—yet it is evident from the circumstance that Jacob and his sons engaged in it. *My sheaf arose and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves \* \* \* made obeisance.* The famine which afterwards afflicted Canaan, and obliged his brethren to go down into Egypt, where Joseph was Governor in a land of plenty, was foretold in his dream. Joseph's promotion over the household, in a worldly point of view, was plainly indicated.

VERSE 8. *And his brethren said to him.* The dream was so plain in its sense, that they understood and interpreted it at once. Their responses reveal their knowledge of the vision, and their hearts swelled still larger with jealousy.

VERSE 9. *And he dreamed yet another dream.* Another vision was granted to Joseph. As under earthly figures of *sheaves* his timely elevation was prefigured, so now is his spiritual exaltation portrayed under heavenly symbols—the *sun, moon, stars.*

VERSE 10. *And his father rebuked him.* His father checked his son, during the recital, lest his other sons might become too much displeased. Besides, the elder cannot be supposed to have understood how all this high promise should come about. We need not presume even, that Joseph himself saw the end from the beginning. All such visions are far-reaching, and only become clear after their consummation. It meant to indicate, that Joseph was to stand over the entire household. The *sun* represented Jacob; the *moon*, Rachel; the *stars*, his brothers.

VERSE 11. *But his father observed the saying.* However strange the scene appeared to Jacob, and improbable indeed, it made a lasting impression on his soul. He was willing, like the Psalmist,



to wait on the Lord (Ps. xxvii. 14). Like the mother of Jesus, he meditated over it (Luke ii. 19-51).

Very differently did it affect his brothers, though. They were unwilling to be *stars* even, if Joseph was to preside over themselves. Before, they were jealous of him; now, they *envied* him. Jealousy is a feeling that prompts us to prevent a rival from surpassing us; envy urges us to destroy that rival. And this latter feeling soon ripened into a deed, as we shall learn in the next lesson.

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—We are just commencing the history of Joseph—a very interesting story. We can best understand his life, the humiliations and exaltations which occur in it, like lights and shadows, if we regard him as a faint type of Christ. Joseph, like Jesus, had a sad and trying journey before himself; and, to cheer him on, his victory was set in prospect for him, through visions and dreams, even as Christ had a *joy set before Him* (Heb. xii. 2). But his reign over his brethren was not willingly submitted to, by the latter, even as the dominion of Jesus Christ was striven against by His own people (Luke xix. 14). Still, God will do His own work. His servant's name was *Joseph*, which means *to enlarge—to give in abundance*; just as *Jesus* means *Saviour*.

As Joseph, the youth, dreamed of his advancement, and knew nothing of imprisonment and trial, so do the young set out in life with pleasure and prosperity before them. They think not of trouble. It is well. Rejoice, in thy youth! If, like Joseph, we acknowledge and fear God, prison-doors will open and trials will become a grand discipline. The cross becomes a crown, over Calvary's hill.

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### The Picture Book.

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When I was a child I remember having a book of stories, in which was a picture of some children, from whose mouth continually dropped toads and frogs; from others wasps and gnats, serpents and snakes, also, another picture of sweet children, from whose lips

dropped pearls and diamonds. I have wished I could meet with these again, but the recollection may be useful, for I do not believe there are actually many of the little ones, even in this favored land, from whose mouth proceed such loathsome things as those unseemly dwellers in miry places, toads and frogs. Others send forth stinging words, as the stinging wasp and biting gnat. Alas! not a few, snakes and serpents, so wily, deceitful, venomous are their words. "The poison of asps is under their lips." "Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." Can it be true of dear children? Alas! alas! how early do even little tongues speak vile words, hateful words, revengeful words, unkind and cutting, stinging words, harsh and ungrateful words. Do they drop out of their mouths? Let us flee from the contact with such as we would from reptiles.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

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### Blessing and Blessed.

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John Oakley gives an interesting account of a beautiful incident he witnessed in Philadelphia. It was half-past nine o'clock at night in Market Street. He espied a little boy about five years old looking wistfully into a baker's window. A stranger, a middle-aged gentleman, approached and touched his hand, and whispered in his ear. A gleam of delight passed over the child's face, and he bounded into the store, and soon emerged with his hands full of cakes. The stranger had meanwhile walked away, chuckling with delight.

Mr. Oakley walked on interested in this king in disguise. He saw him halt before a woman who was sitting on a cold marble step, her cheek resting against a cold marble column, asleep.

Before her was a tray of beautiful bouquets. The stranger paused and selected one, and placed a large sum, too large to pay for it, in the sleeper's hand. It awoke her, and she murmured—

"I have no change for this."

"None is required," said the stranger.

I crossed over and thanked him for his deeds of love. He laughed cheerily, and said that the easiest way to be happy was to render others so.—*Youth's Companion*.



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All orders should be addressed to the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD as given above.



# PROSPECTUS FOR 1880

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XXXIst volume, on the first of January, 1880. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be mainly devoted, as heretofore, to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

In addition to its usual variety of reading matter, THE GUARDIAN will hereafter appropriate at least ten pages of each number to the interests of the Sunday-School cause. It will aim to serve as an efficient helper of Sunday-School Teachers, and thus meet a want which has long been felt in the Reformed Church.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church or of the Sunday-School, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

### TERMS—ONLY \$1.25 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

The Club-rates for Sunday-School Teachers, and the terms for the Lesson Leaves, are as follows:

Five or more copies of the GUARDIAN to one address, for one year, \$1 for each copy.

The Lesson Papers will be sold separately, at 65 cents for 100 copies of a single issue when ten or more copies are taken.

In each case, the money must accompany the orders.

*Discontinuances.*—To insure a discontinuance, *written* notice must be sent direct to the publishers before the close of the year, and all arrearages paid. If the notice be received after one or more numbers of a new year have been sent, the subscriber will be charged for the full year thus commenced.

ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



Vol. XXX.

DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 12.

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”  
—

THE  
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AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF  
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—  
Rev. B. Bausman, D. D., Editor.  
—

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.



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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*The "Guardian" entered upon its thirtieth volume with the 1st of January. It has reached a ripe age, and can refer with pride to its past history. It has strong claims on its various patrons, which, we trust, they will duly recognize, not only by prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but also by earnest efforts to add new names to the list of subscribers. Address:*

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,

907 Arch Street Philadelphia



# The Guardian.

VOL. XXX.

DECEMBER, 1879.

NO. 12.

## Editorial Notes.

KEEP your children off the street at night. Many there and then learn their first lessons in vice. As a rule home is the only safe place for them and their parents at night. When parents spend all their evenings out, home is too cheerless to attract and please the children. Keep your older children, just becoming young men and women, off the street at night. Mingling with the throng of the more crowded streets at night exposes them to imminent peril. It makes one's blood boil to see how many people of the baser sort, and others, just walking along the outer edge of vice, stroll the streets seeking to entrap others, or eager to be entrapped. Men and women with families, or who ought to have them, walking the streets to catch a wink or word from the depraved. Of such Solomon says: "A wicked man winketh with his eyes." Prov. 6: 13. "He that winketh with his eyes causeth sorrow." Prov. 10: 10. An exchange says: "Girls, listen! It is said that nine-tenths of those girls who fall from the pedestal of virtue and lie broken and ruined in Stygian waters of vice, commenced their downward course by flirting on the streets. It may be fun, but, girls, for the good of yourselves, stop it, for flirtation with a stranger is the first step in a bad career; it attracts not the modest and virtuous man, but fast fellows—such as street corner loafers and bar-room pets; it is a bid for seduction, for it seduces young men. Finally, girls, it is looked upon as a habit of 'improper characters,' and if you do not wish to be mistaken as one, don't allow yourself to imitate their actions on the streets."

A FEW months ago a man, poorly clad, was found lying drunk in the rear part

of a drinking saloon, in Kansas City. Some half-drunken men thought to play a joke on him by stealing his shirt. Proceeding to strip him they found underneath his shirt a small canvas bag tied to a string around his neck. In it they found a photograph of a little girl and a curl of hair, and the drunken man's commission—or rather two, one from Gen. Grant and one from President Lincoln—as Brevet Major-General. For a long time during the war he had a large and important command. The discovery of his former greatness, and pity for his fallen condition, led the half-drunken men to replace these articles in the canvas bag, and carefully put everything to its proper place again. The next day a reporter tried to find out something of his past life, but he refused to divulge anything. When told how his name and former position were found out, he wept like a child, and said: "For heaven's sake don't publish my degradation, my name at least, if you are determined to say anything about it. It is enough to know myself how low I have fallen. It will do you no good, and will do my friends a great harm. Rather let them think that I died in South America, whither I went at the close of the war." For two or three months this miserable man had gone through the streets of Kansas City under an assumed name, ashamed to dim the brilliant record in the service of his country by an exposure of his degradation. Without money or friends, ragged, dirty, penniless, "he lived on free lunches and the charities of gamblers, and had not slept in a bed for months." "Strong drink and the gambling table" are said to have been the cause of his ruin. His former prominence makes his fall more striking. The country, the world, is full of such wrecks. Men of less note, by the thousands, have fallen



from the same cause, who have ruined homes and hearts as dear as the victims of this officer's fall. Beware of the intoxicating cup and the gaming table. Once started on this downward way how few can stop and regain their virtue!

I HAVE a neighbor who thinks I am an idolater. Standing at my front door one day I heard an unknown voice call me from the street:

"Do you think that is right?"

"What?"

"Why carrying a gold chain about. You know better than that!"

And then he walked away to his work, with his dinner kettle, and muttering to himself. He wore a beard that brushed his breast, almost a foot long, that looked as if it had not felt the touch of soap for a long while. A few days later I was watering and caressing some flowers in the yard, when a sepulchral voice from across the fence, in the street, startled me:

"*Lauter Götzerei, Lauter Götzerei*" (nothing but idolatry).

Turning toward the street I saw my same neighbor, coming home from his work, with his empty dinner kettle. The bright-colored, cheery-looking flowers, which seemed to reflect the smiling face of God, were in strange contrast with the sour face and feelings of my toiling neighbor. For aught I know he may be sincere in reproving his neighbors, for I have never heard any evil about him, indeed know neither his name nor dwelling-place, only that he lives in this part of the town. He claims to be very heavenly-minded, and thinks I am not, because my piety is not cast over his mold. Now it is my daily prayer to be made more Christ-like, and I sincerely wish the same grace to my fault-hunting neighbor, of which kind wish he may be ignorant, since he does not read the GUARDIAN. For I fear his type of piety gives little joy to himself or any one else. To his uninvited speeches I answer him never a word, but it reminds me of a certain Scotchman who had similar trouble with his neighbors. The Rev. Dr. Macleod, father of Dr. Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the door of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with: "Doctor, if you please,

I wish to speak to you." Being asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience. "O, since it is a matter of conscience, Duncan," said the good-natured minister, "I will hear what it is." "Well, Doctor," said Duncan, "the matter is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church. Now there is really no clock there, only the face of one; there is no truth there, only once in twelve hours; and in my mind that is wrong, very wrong, and quite against the conscience that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord." The Doctor promised to consider the matter. "But," said he, "I'm glad to see ye looking so well, man. Ye're not young. I remember you for many years; but you have a fine head of hair still." "Eh, Doctor," exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, "now, ye're joking; it's long since I had my hair." Dr. Macleod looked shocked, and answered in a tone of reproach: "O, Duncan! Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?" He heard no more of the lie on the face of the church.

AN exchange says: "We rejoice to learn that the great Saengerfest, held in Cincinnati, failed to pay expenses within several thousand dollars. Its Sunday picnic was intended to meet the deficiency, and probably did so; but the demoralization, the defiant disregard of public opinion and of common decency, as well as the desecration of the Lord's day, were not compensated for. Any body of people which acts upon the principles of the Saengerbund should be left to itself by all decent and God-honoring members of society." Most heartily do we rejoice to hear of every Sunday-desecrating scheme having proved a serious pecuniary loss to its authors. If all Christian people would stay away from so-called "sacred concerts" on Sunday, a want of patronage would compel them to close. What cunning Shylocks some of these wandering parasites are! And the readiness of the people to be duped by them is a marvel. During the week they pay well for very little musical moonshine. To make a good round sum they make a programme of Moody and Sankey and Sunday-school music,



for a Sunday evening theatrical, and call it a "sacred concert." The title and the music blind many people to the trick. And the traveling frauds fill their pockets—in other words are paid for desecrating the Lord's day—by the money of Christian people. "If two do the same thing, it is not always the same thing that they do." Singing a hymn as an act of worship and singing it, though with never so sweet a voice, as an artful operatic performance to get money out of the people, and keep them away from places of regular worship, are different things. If only all Christian people would let such tricksters severely alone the loss of money would compel them to close their nefarious business. "An ass was charmed with the chirping music of certain grasshoppers. Wishing to rival them he asked what they fed on that they could sing so well. 'Dew,' they replied. The ass adopted the same diet, and soon after died on it." One man's meat is another man's poison

THEMISTOCLES being asked whether it was wise to allow one's daughter to marry a rich man, replied: "I would rather my daughter would marry a *man* without money, than to marry money *without a man*." Some silly young people fall in love with a pretty face, fine clothes, costly jewelry, a full purse, the fine house of wealthy parents. The soul, the personal character around which the tawdry trappings are hung, are not brought to view in much that the world calls love. No wonder this sort of affection does not last. When the pretty face fades and furrows, when the purse is exhausted, and there is no money left to buy fine clothes and jewelry, and there remains no true manly or true womanly heart to love, whither shall the heart turn? Or what avail these to a person whose earth-born passions look not at the heart, but merely on the outward appearance? The result is conjugal misery. Thence come jealousies, alienations, and separations, unfaithfulness to marriage vows, and years of trouble, years of woe and wrong to innocent and pure victims. True love has the heart, the soul, the character, for its object. It weds hearts, not fortunes; souls, not social caste.

"Zwei Herzen, ein Gedanken  
Zwei Seelen, einen Klang."

For ten minutes I have been vainly trying my best to catch the remarks of yonder speaker. They must be interesting, judging from the faces and applause of those sitting near him, in a quieter part of the hall less noisy. Three persons near me, a lawyer and an intelligent-looking lady, are talking and laughing aloud. They have thus far robbed me of fifteen minutes of precious time, besides what they have taken from others. Others around me are talking. There is a moral wrong in such conduct. These three disturbers of order are otherwise orderly people. For aught I know they may be strictly honest and heartily kind. But whether intentionally or not, practically, they are robbers. They take what does not belong to them. The persons who, by their talking, disturb your devotions at church, do you a great wrong; it may prove a great damage. If your empty gabbling prevents me from hearing a public lecture or concert, for which I pay fifty cents, you rob me of fifty cents and of a precious hour. It is a pity that the civil law does not imprison you for it. No well-bred, no honest persons will thus disregard the rights and property of others.

THE devil can quote Scripture, but always misquotes and misapplies it, as he did in connection with our Saviour's temptation. And his servants misquote not only the teachings of the Bible, but the sayings of good men, to bolster up a bad cause. It is quite common for tippling, tipsy, beer and wine-bibbing Germans to claim Luther as an advocate of their reckless habits. How often do the papers and boisterous beer gatherings falsely quote a certain couplet as coming from him:

"Wer nicht liebt weib, wein und gesang,  
Der bleibt ein narr sein leben lang."

(Who loves not women, wine and song,  
Remains a fool his whole life-long.)

Now, it is well known that Luther never wrote this. It was afloat in his day, but came not from his pen. Although Luther, according to the custom of the times, drank a glass of wine or a mug of beer, he grieved over the growing custom of excessive drinking among his countrymen, which custom he called the *Sauß-teufel* (drink-devil). He said:



"Every land must have its own particular devil. Italy has her's, and France her's; our German devil is a genuine wine-topper, whose name should be '*Sauff*,' (a noun formed from the German verb *sauffen*, to tipple), and who is so sodden and exhausted that the deepest draughts of wine and beer can not refresh him. Such will, I fear, ever remain Germany's curse until the latest day."

THE last month of the year is the time to canvass the congregations and Sunday-schools for the GUARDIAN. The next number will begin a new year, and new subscribers that wish to begin with the year, and old ones who wish any changes made, ought to, if possible, report by the 20th of December, as the January number will be mailed several days before Christmas. The Board of Publication has reduced the rates for single subscribers from \$1.50 to \$1.25. Club rates, as heretofore, will be \$1.00. Help us to increase the circulation of the GUARDIAN. It has an important mission among the young. Commend it to the families and friends around you. Send on for specimen copies, and hand them around. They will cost you nothing if used in this way. Now is the time to work. Give our Reformed magazine a vigorous and hearty start for 1880.

CONFIRMATION. A Tract for Catechumens. By Rev. A. C. Whitmer.

This little book of forty-eight pages, bound in paper, is designed for the use of catechumens. It contains chapters on the History and Meaning of Confirmation; The Confirmation Vow; The Preparation for Confirmation; Advice to Catechumens and Advice to those Confirmed. The style is clear and simple, and the form of argument suited for young people. The chapters on Confirmation and Confirmation Vows abound in illustrations from the Holy Scriptures and Church History bearing on the subject. And the advice to catechumens, before and after confirmation, is wise and well-put. We believe that the circulation of this tract among the baptized, unconfirmed members of the church, would be a great help to the pastor in bringing them into the catechetical class and

preparing them for a pious improvement of the same. The book is, in one sense, a supplement to the author's Notes on the Heidelberg Catechism. Price, post-paid: one copy, 8 cents; twelve copies, 75 cents. Address Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Mifflinburg, Union county, Pa.

THE famous prince of American skepticism roves and roars in his brilliant blasphemies over the country. Lately he held forth in a large hall to a small audience, at Reading, Pa. The *Spirit of Berks*, a journal whose fearless outspoken opposition to all devilry of this sort, we most heartily commend, says of this lecture:

"Bob Ingersoll proved a poor speculation to those who brought him to Reading to lecture. The people that believe 'verily there is a God' left him severely alone, and he spoke to a beggarly account of empty boxes, from which the applause echoed faintly through the chill and cheerless house—a fit type of the speaker's doctrine of nothingness. The good sense and self-respect of our citizens were conspicuous in their unwillingness to listen to the raving enemy of Christ. And we most sincerely thank God that his lecture has 'proved a poor speculation to those who brought him to Reading.'"

THE New York *Observer* reports the case of a certain Sunday-school teacher, who proposed to a bright, studious scholar, to commit to memory all the proper names of the Bible; more than two thousand proper names. In due time the child stood up before her teacher and recited all these names to the end of the Bible, *and then swooned away*. On recovery she was led home to her mother a pitiable, perhaps ruined, child. These names she could not gather out of a concordance, but had to find them by searching through the whole Bible. Much as we commend the committing of Scripture verses to memory, this kind of committing, in detached words, all the names of men, women, cities, countries, rivers, and mountains, in the Bible, is a useless task. Dr. Prime says: "If the Society for the 'Prevention of Cruelty to Children' will arrest and punish this Sunday-school teacher, I will pay the expenses of the prosecution."



BEWARE of Bridget! especially as a child's nurse. She may be all right in her place, but usually is a poor trainer of children. Be sure to select a good Bridget, one who will not cuff the tender little body, or fill the receptive mind with vulgar words and frightful and superstitious stories. Do not hand the *training* of your child over to one who either knows or cares nothing about its eternal destiny. An exchange gives the following:

"Mrs. Smith sent for me to come and talk with her about founding an asylum for deserted and orphan children. Her own son, twelve years old, was stretched on the rug, with dirty shoes, munching an apple, and acting more like a pig in the straw than the oldest son of a lady. She told him to get up, but he wouldn't, and he didn't. We talked as well as we could, and I thought her own children needed care quite as much as the Arabs of the street or the desert. And so it is everywhere. Home is the source of salvation for society. We want good homes. Mothers are the makers of the manners of their sons and daughters. But the mother who commits her tender babes to the unwatched care of a half-civilized pagan or papal nurse, and then imagines that she has done her duty, is a mother false to her nature, to herself, to her children, false to God and to society. If she has heart enough to ache, she will yet regret her neglect of maternal duties, when it is too late to retrieve the lamentable loss.

IN an article in the last number of the GUARDIAN treating of the life of Michael Faraday, we spoke of the Sandemanian sect, to which he belonged. A late number of the New York *Observer* gives the following sketch of its founder and history:

#### ROBERT SANDEMAN.

He was a son-in-law of Rev. John Glass, whose views he developed and propagated. He came to Danbury, Conn., in 1764 from Perth, North Britain, and after labors in Boston, established a church in Danbury in 1765. He declared that his was the only true Church and risen from the ruins of Antichrist, whose reign was nearly ended. One leading feature of his teachings was the refusal to use means to reach the natural man. His followers met to expound

Scripture and to exhort one another; they sat around tables, and only the men addressed the assembly. After such exercises, which were accompanied with prayer and singing, they always had a feast at the house of a brother or sister. Only a handful of his followers now remain in Danbury, who still keep up the service as of old, but doubtless they will soon be extinct; while throughout the world the Glassites or Sandemanians have decreased from thousands to a few hundred. In an old burying-ground at Danbury is found the following inscription upon a dilapidated tombstone: "Here lies, until the resurrection, the body of Robert Sandeman, a native of Perth, North Britain; who, in the face of continued opposition from all sorts of men, long boldly contended for the Ancient Faith, that the bare work of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners spotless before God. To declare this blessed Truth, as testified in The Holy Scripture, he left his native country, he left his friends, and, after much patient suffering, finished his labors at Danbury, April 2, 1771. Ae. 53 years."

#### In Memory of the Sainted Dead.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The Romans accounted stones and trees struck by lightning sacred. With as much reverence ought we to venerate human beings that are stricken of God and afflicted, especially when the divine image has been there by brought out and brightened in their souls."

The summer is ended. The grain has been garnered into barns. The corn cribs are full of large yellow ears. Fruit and forest trees look bare and bleak like the masts of the ships in the harbor, whose cargo has been unloaded. And as the cold storms of winter will play their doleful tunes through the rigging of the ships, so will they play, too, through the dismantled branches of the trees. At this season all the world abounds with sermons which preach to us gratitude for the past, and hope for the future. The decay and death of nature remind us of our own mortality, and of the absence of the sainted dead. To comfort the living, and improve the lessons of



the dead, it is wise to sum up the bereavements of the year, and of our whole past life in a religious service, when our meditations and worship bear on this subject.

Already in the fourth century the Church in the East held a festival in memory or honor of all martyrs. There were many festival days observed during the year in honor of different saints. At length the church had so many saints that there were not days enough in the year to hold each one separately, therefore one day was chosen in commemoration of all martyrs. At first the Sunday after Whit Sunday was thus observed. Later, another festival for the dead, was kept on November 1st. The festival of "All souls" was observed on November 2d. These festivals were first observed in the Roman Catholic Church, and came to be connected with certain unscriptural practices. Since the Reformation the Reformed and Lutheran churches have here and there observed the last named festival, under the name of "Todtenfest." For like some other practices of the Roman church, it was found that, reformed of its abuses, the right observance of this festival of "All souls" could be improved for the comfort and edifying of surviving friends. Thus the ingathering of the natural harvest and the ingathering of saints into heaven, are commemorated in the autumn—the latter usually on the Sunday before the first Sunday in Advent.

The aged saint cometh to his "grave in full age like a shock of corn cometh in his season." (Job 5: 26.) "He brings forth fruit in old age." And when he is gathered home "his works do follow him." The closing life of such a one is peaceful; calm as the setting sun. Beautiful is the repose of age, leaning on the strong arm of God. "Even to old age I am he, and to hoary hairs will I carry you." Thus aged saints can comfort themselves as they calmly wait for the promised rest. And those who mourn the death of pious aged parents or friends, can comfort themselves with the assurance that after their long and wearisome journey they have reached home at last. Thus the death of the child of God, of every age, is the reaping after a sowing; the rest

after the weary work of life's long day; the calm after life's buffetings and conflicts; the victory after life's "good fight;" reaching home at last, after life's dreary pilgrimage.

In any form, the memory of the departed brings some sorrow with it. The anniversary of their death and burial calls up sad memories. The soul, greatly stricken, receives a certain element of awe from the stroke. In the mountains of southern Europe, the Alps and the Appenines, the spot where a murder has been committed is marked with a cross. The earth that receives the blood of a murdered mortal thereby becomes sacred. To this there may be superstition, but all thinking people have a certain feeling of awe in the presence of a sorrow-stricken fellow-being. There are times when words fail us. We can simply fold our hands and prayerfully weep with the sorrowing, as did our Saviour, at Bethany.

"Every road leads toward the world's end." No matter whether it starts from the tent of a savage or the throne of an empire, every mortal life tends toward a little spot of earth called a grave. There its mortal part is sure to land and lie. At this end of our world the road ends. In a certain sense the grave is a point between two eternities—an eternal past and an eternal future. Around it cluster the great questions of the soul—of all souls. Of the souls of Mary and Martha, and Robert Ingersoll. To the tearful questions of the sisters of Bethany our Saviour answers: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The questions of Ingersoll, at the grave of his brother, revive only the echoes of his scholarly vaporings in answer. He too believes that "it is appointed unto man once to die," but the other clause of the sentence—"and after that the judgment," he ridicules. Well, we shall see by and by.

Paul sympathized with the mournful sighings of bereaved hearts. Some of the Thessalonians sorrowed hopelessly around the graves of the departed. So did heathen people then; so do heathen people now. They tore their garments and their hair; they howled and paid others to help them to howl. Not thus hopelessly should Christians mourn. The



sainted dead are to us only like friends calmly asleep after a hard, long and tiresome day's work. Their death is not an extinction of life, but a passing over into rest—the "rest remaining for the people of God." For them

"There is no death: what seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portals we call death."

This hope we *have not by nature, but by grace*. Christ is our life. Without Him we have no life in us. "Except ye abide in me, and I in you, ye have no life in you." "As the branch is united with the vine" so are believers united with Christ, who is found in them, "the hope of glory." The life of grace must *start in this world*. It is not a change wrought by death, or in some future purgatory. "He that believeth in me *hath* everlasting life." It begins with regeneration. Thereafter through life, the child of God, by repentance, faith, the devout use of the sacraments and prayer, and by a patient continuance in well-doing cultivates and promotes growth in the divine eternal life.

This life of faith is *continuous*. Its streams never dry up. Its light never expires, but shines brighter and brighter to the perfect day. Death can not take God's true child unawares. He that worketh the work of God has no "off days." Our spiritual life does not always advance with equal rapidity. It is like a mountain stream that worms and worries its way along the winding gorges, and through the clefts of opposing rocks. Temptations and opposing forces cause a seeming stoppage; but in reality they only deepen and strengthen the current, and help it to gather force to overcome in the end. Sickness and sorrow strengthen the ties that bind us to Christ. Age and infirmity but draw us nearer to the heart of God. The feebler and frailer the failing body the more brightly the light of grace will shine into the soul. An old decaying dwelling with the shingles and weatherboarding covered with cracks and crevices, lets the light and warmth of the sun through the same holes that admit the cold. Thus:

"The soul's frail cottage, shattered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time  
hath made."

The life of grace is *progressive*. Like

the life of a tree, each year's growth is an advance on the preceding. In the gracious life of the believer, every succeeding stage of devotional, ritual and sacramental experience is an onward and upward step. Baptism, confirmation, and the Lord's Supper lift the soul upward. Every conflict and affliction develops and strengthens the divine life. Even death is a step in advance; an upward move. The resurrection is a gracious victory. Each is a promotion in the institution of grace.

To the weak in faith death seems a defeat, a sad failure. The body, once so active and comely, is now so unattractive, helpless and cold. Still its active force has only stepped into a higher sphere; it has been graduated into a celestial department. The cage only is left while the bird has soared to higher worlds; the tent is left, but the tenant has moved to other quarters. Death does not *destroy the identity* of saints. As they were to us while in the body, so shall they be to us out of the body. A passing from earth to heaven does not sever the ties that bind them to us. As all the nerves of the body centre in the brain, so the lives of all believers centre in Christ. By the power of the Holy Ghost our being becomes as nerves in His person, which vibrate the pure life that throbs within Him through us. The saints on earth and saints in heaven touch and commune in Him.

In Jesus Christ heaven and earth are brought into *closest sympathy*. All the days of His life in the flesh the messengers of the heavenly world were His body guard. Angels announced His conception, heralded His birth, brought mortals in adoration to His cradle, guided the divine Babe to Egypt and to Nazareth. Angels were with Him in His temptation in the wilderness, and in His tribulation in the garden, and angels stood guard at His grave. Repeated voices from heaven, at His baptism and on Tabor, showed how He brought heavenly powers with Him down to earth, that He might lift His children to heaven. Thus while He lived on earth He had His being in heaven, too.

"O, wondrous truth to fabling fiction given  
Of One that walked on earth and had His head  
in heaven,

Whose stature is eternity,  
His crown the living sky."



What a blessed ground of hope and comfort the Christian has. In proportion to the sincerity and correctness of our faith shall we have hope in dying. "The *righteous* hath hope in his death." Our hope and guarantee of a happy future solely depends upon our union with Christ.

Pythagoras was one of the wisest of ancient philosophers. One day he saw a man beating a dog. Hearing the animal howl, he begged the man to stop his beating, saying: "It is the soul of a friend of mine, whom I recognize by his voice." Thus many of the wisest ancient Pagans held that when a man died his soul entered some animal instead of going to be happy with God.

The aimless undefined longings of great minds out of Christ are very sad. In his old age Goethe said: "I am contented, I am happy. That I feel; and yet the whole centre of my joy is an overflowing yearning towards something which I have not, something which my soul perceives dimly." And when his wife died in his old age, he knelt aside of her corpse, saying: "Thou wilt not forsake me! No, no! Thou must not forsake me." Only this comfort he sought, and nothing more.

Very beautiful and true is the saying of Chevalier Bunsen on his death-bed: "All bridges that we build through life fail at such a time as this, and nothing remains but the bridge of the Saviour."

I have a book written by a very genial writer. I am sorry that it seems to be out of print. For some of my friends have vainly tried to buy it. This writer says: "How full the old hawthorn-bush is of berries this autumn! In the spring the green buds were pretty, and then the white blossoms were beautiful; and when they vanished, the thick green leaves were pretty; and now, that they are turned yellow with the frost, they and the red berries are pretty. Why, there has not been an hour but some bird or other has been singing in that bush: the merlin and the throstle-cock sing there in April; and the cuckoo in May, day and night almost; and the sparrow, the pie-pirch and the wry-neck, all the summer; and now, in autumn, the robin sings there from morning till night. There was a sparrow's nest there

at Easter, and soon after a billy-white-throat's, and a tomtit's, and a thrush's. The birds built there in the spring, and in the summer they sang there; they roost in the trunk, some of them, now; and in the winter they will feed on its branches.

Let the valley of the shadow of death be as awfully dark as it may, what is there to fear for the human soul as long as God is in heaven and on earth, and therefore in death, which is the midway passage between the two. For a righteous man I have no serious apprehensions of danger in the passage of death. There are heavy visitations in life, and dark overshadowings, and manifold sorrows; but to them that look thoughtfully over the world, there is no lack of comfort; the lilies of the field, the fowls of the air, are all suggestive of faith.

For myself, I should like to leave life calmly. I should not like to present myself before my Maker, my soul hot with recent anger about business, or tremulous with surprise, or burning with the effects of some sudden lust; I would not willingly die with a heart full of earthly matters, debts that wanted discharging, neglects that ought to have been remedied, and anxiety about a last will and testament, just signed hastily perhaps and rashly. God is not to be met so lightly, at least not with impunity, I am persuaded. What does it matter whether thou expire with twelve thousand pounds in thy strong box, or with twenty thousand pounds along with thee inside thy death-chamber, when the infinite concern is to die, with faith and feeling in thy heart.

I was thinking, last evening, as I sat here in the moonlight, of how many souls there must be dying all over the world every minute; and I thought that the spirits must flit through the passage of death, thick and fast, and silently, like night-moths; in darkness probably, mysterious but not terrific, however, and with the light of the city of God in view from the very first, twinkling in the heavenly distance dimly and solemnly, like stars, become lights for the soul, to guide it in its solemn journey, its untried transition out of this world into one or other of the many mansions of the Lord God, our Father's house."



## The Family Brawl.

In days of yore on Jersey shore,  
Phil. Hammer lived with Sue his wife.  
Few days they spent in sweet content,  
But many in disgraceful strife.

It mattered not what Philip got,  
Sue always had some fault to find;  
And him would greet with words not sweet,  
E'en when he claimed to be most kind.

He often sought as still he thought,  
His temper keep to shut out strife;  
But ne'er could he the victory  
Gain o'er his ever-scolding wife.

Sometimes so far things went ajar,  
That likewise he his temper lost.  
Then furor raged as they engaged  
In words and blows at bitter cost.

As they one day in this bad way,  
Each other fought with anger fired,  
A stranger called, who was appalled,  
To hear and see what there transpired.

A strong broomstick she seized quite quick,  
And with it drove him under bed;  
And then declared he'd not be spared,  
If one more crooked word was said.

Still showing fight, and her to spite,  
He cried most loud: "Ramshorn! Rams-  
horn!"  
As though this met her savage threat,  
And saved him from all shame and scorn.

Before she could as fain she would,  
Her wicked threat on him fulfil,  
A knock at door heard once before,  
Caused her to wish the tempest still.

"From under bed, come out!" she said,  
As she the stranger wished let in.  
'Twas e'er his boast "to rule the roast,"  
And hence the triumph he would win.

"I won't! I won't! You know I don't!"  
In savage tones most loud he said,  
"As master still I'll have my will,  
Although you drove me under bed."

This wicked strife was still full rife,  
E'en when the stranger entered in.  
They'd lost all shame; so, whoe'er came,  
They seemed not know or feel their sin.

The stranger tried, as them h'espied,  
To quell the storm thus raging wild.  
His end to gain seemed all in vain,  
Though words he used most kind and mild.

Phil. blamed his wife for all the strife,  
While she persistently maintained,  
'Twas all Phil.'s fault. He'd her assault,  
Though he not once the victory gained.

What caused this strife 'twixt Phil. and wife,  
The stranger wished in truth to know.  
Hence, as desired, of them inquired  
Why thus they fought and quarreled so?

To this Phil. said, by pity led,  
He a small insect home had brought.  
What was its name? in question came,  
When both to urge their view had sought.

To him 'twas plain, he did maintain,  
That it as Katy-did was known.  
But she denied, and sharp replied:  
"'Twas Katy-didn't, as could be shown."

"As I well knew; could prove it too,  
That I was right and she was wrong,  
I could not yield to her the field,  
And hence the strife was fierce and long."

"Was I not right, as well I might?"  
Sue here most sharply interposed;  
"And hence could not to brainless sot,  
Give up, and have the battle closed."

To all thus said, as each one plead,  
The stranger close attention paid;  
Then sought again his end obtain,  
That peace between them might be made.

"The point of sight would both make right,"  
He with the greatest candor said,  
"But each naught gained, as right they claimed,  
And error on the other laid.

Some persons say, as well they may,  
That Katy-did, one insect cries.  
Another then, with sharpest ken,  
Most promptly Katy-didn't replies.

How easily, we plainly see,  
It is in case like this to err.  
Most careful then should be all men,  
Grave charges ne'er with haste prefer.

Come, lay aside your bent to chide,  
And here now make the firm resolve:  
That by God's grace, in Christ's embrace,  
Yourselves you'll ne'er in strife involve.

This end to gain you must maintain,  
A mutual love and kind respect.  
If this be done, you shall be one,  
And all division firm reject."

At last subdued, in kindest mood,  
They each the other warm embraced;  
And from that day, we're pleased to say,  
No more themselves in strife disgraced.

Their case well may, to all each day,  
Its wholesome lessons warmly preach.  
Let's lay to heart, what they impart,  
And thus life's greatest blessings reach.

The most of strife in human life,  
Proceeds from the most trifling cause;  
It would all cease, and end in peace,  
By practising love's simple laws.  
Feb. 19, 1879. S. R. F.



## Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

### VI. *Germany's Higher Education.*

Time was when everything connected with European travel was so new, so strange, so delightfully entertaining withal, that, whether upon the platform or through the printed page, the tourist could always command an interested following. But in this our day the cream of novelty has been exhausted. The idle curiosity of most persons concerning the old world has been more than satisfied. The yearly exodus of Americans to foreign shores is as regular as the recurring seasons. We have not only grown familiar with the Atlantic's hoary mane, but "cities, courts, and princely pomp, and ancient mountain brows" have yielded up their storied wonders in well-nigh tiresome confusion. My task is accordingly no easy one. It is only in so far as the traveler's picture is modified by the taste of the beholder and presented in the light of his individual impressions that it may be said to possess originality or deserve attention. From more or less rich resources of note-book and memory I have sought to glean what might serve to amuse, to instruct, to entertain, perhaps to please. I cannot of course hope to cover the ground, or even to follow any regular topical order. My readers will remember that a vacation tour is necessarily unsystematic, varied in interest and promiscuous in object and character.

The uniform excellence of the German University system is recognized by all. These institutions occupy the front rank in the domain of higher education. There are twenty-two such literary centres in the Fatherland, and their influence in moulding the thought and animus of the people is something well-nigh incredible. Each is characterized by its own peculiar idea or school of thought, perpetuating itself from generation to generation, although ever subject to the constraining power of its leading minds whether in the direction of science or art, rationalism or orthodoxy. In one sense they may be regarded as the legitimate historical outcome of mediæval scholasticism, yielding slowly

and not without opposition to the progress of events in so far as they demanded more immediately practical studies and freer methods of instruction and organization. But this very conservatism was calculated to preserve all that was good in the old life, and, because of its slowness to adopt the strange, and untried, escaped the too often unsound and gross tendencies of the new.

As in Bonn so in Berlin the introductory letters from the Rev. Dr. Schaff proved an open sesame into university circles and privileges. In the latter city we were especially fortunate. We were just in time for the formalities inaugurating the summer's vacation. Professor Piper, of the theological faculty, took us in hand and showed us every attention. His kindness will ever be held in grateful remembrance. He is a specialist, as are nearly all German professors, thorough and enthusiastic in his department—that of Christian Archæology and Symbolics. The museum of Christian Antiquities, in the left wing of the University, is almost entirely the result of his own unaided personal explorations. Here we attended one of his lectures, surrounded by sepulchral casts and "squeezes" from inscriptions in ancient catacomb and cloister. Nor dare I forget one Saturday evening in his rooms on the third floor or *etage* of a comfortable old house in one of the quieter sections of Berlin. We had been invited to tea, and right royally did the good old man entertain his American guests. His sister—for the Doctor never knew bride other than his professorship—presided with an informal grace and charm of manner betokening a native dignity and cultured *good-nature* seldom found outside of the Fatherland. The recollections of this evening are of unalloyed pleasure. Miss Piper manifested an interest in Pennsylvania-German as unassumed as it was gratifying. Some of the poems of our own Harbaugh were, to my surprise, not only understood but fully recognized as written in a language kin to some of the dialects of southern Germany.

On the morning of the third of August we attended the annual festival of the University and witnessed the distribution of prizes. This occasion is the nearest approach to an American col-



lege commencement which the University system affords. The hall in which the exercises were held is comparatively small, and the space reserved for the audience was soon fully occupied by those who like ourselves had been favored with tickets of admission. At a given signal the folding doors were thrown up, and the faculty in their robes marched up the middle aisle and took places on raised seats on either side of the rector's desk. This personage, I may here remark, is elected by the ordinary or full professors from among their own number, and may belong to anyone of the four faculties of theology, medicine, law, or philosophy. His official title is rector magnificus. Herman Ludwig Helmholtz filled this position during the academic year of 1877-'78, and, after the singing of an anthem arrangement of one of the Psalms by a choir of men on the gallery, he proceeded to deliver the annual address. Dr. Helmholtz is one of the leading scientists of our day, and is celebrated as a clear and original thinker. His discoveries and inventions are far-reaching and various. Of him it has been said: "His language is always mathematically precise, and the most abstruse and involved theory becomes as simple as the multiplication table before he has done with it. He does not aim to be eloquent, as indeed eloquence would be out of place; but he is clear, concise, and impressive." The annual festival celebrates the founding of the University by Frederick William the Third in 1809, and the rector's address was a masterly review of its historical and internal workings since then, beginning with the preparatory forces set in motion by Fichte in his fearless and patriotic "Reden an die Deutsche Nation," during the investment of Berlin by the French soldiery. The exercises throughout were of rare interest to the American visitors fresh from their own Alma Mater, and prepared to judge of the relative merits of college and university life. But in more senses than one such a comparison would be unjust. The systems are so radically different both in idea and realization. The American or, more correctly, English college system cultivates a classico-economic life, embracing a given curriculum of studies in the domain of the

liberal arts, and looking forward to a graded proficiency in all of these at the completion of the course. According to the degree in which it adheres to the old collegiate idea it stamps upon the individual students its own peculiar position in the world of letters and art, of metaphysics and philosophy, of theology and science. The German University, on the contrary, is simply an aggregation, a monster aggregation of professors and students. The former teach what they please within the sphere of their recognized departments, attracting students and commanding attention according to their thoroughness and efficiency. When it is remembered that the professor is largely dependent for support upon the fees which he receives from the students thus drawn to his lecture-room, it is easy to see how it happens that the several faculties of a German University are almost entirely made up of world-prominent and original investigators. These teach what and as they please, by which I mean that they are amenable to no one. Scientific thoroughness is the chief criterion. The students study what and as they choose, attend whatever lectures suit their tastes, and are subject to but little discipline. They go and come, follow the bent of their own inclinations, can be examined as soon as they are prepared; but woe to them if the preparation has been only superficial. This, at least, is the rule. At best they conceive but little interest in the University as such. The system cultivates nothing like that attachment to Alma Mater so common to college graduates. Such community of sentiment as that which characterizes the commencement exercises of our American colleges, and which perhaps none but the genuine college boy can understand, is altogether unknown in University circles. And since there is no intimate welding together of hearts and interests, except in so far as induced by more or less frequent external meetings in the classrooms or beer-garden, we can hardly expect to find any but selfish regrets on the part of those about taking their degrees or leaving the University. This by the way, for it must be kept in mind that these great centres of culture do not aim either at imparting or discovering that emotion, sentiment, feeling—call it



what you please—which in after years, when heart and mind grow weary, when the foot falters and the hair turns white, shall call their students to exclaim, with our own American poet-laureate,—

“O ye familiar scenes, \* \* \* \*  
That once were mine and are no longer mine,

\* \* \* \*

Ye halls in whose seclusion and repose  
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose  
And vanished,—we who are about to die  
Salute you! earth and air, and sea and sky,  
And the Imperial sun, that scatters down  
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.”

One word concerning discipline. It is generally known that the German universities have an independent jurisdiction. All offences against law and order are judged by what is known as the academic senate. This tribunal is made up of the deans of the four faculties together with the rector, the pro-rector, and the university judge. Punishment is regulated according to the enormity of the offence, and is usually a certain number of days' imprisonment in the university *carcer*. This system is not without serious defects, which are evident to all. Indeed, it is destined to pass away, and before long the fact of his being a university student will no longer exempt the breaker of the law from civil or municipal jurisdiction. Since our visit the University of Berlin has yielded to the popular sentiment, and we may soon expect other universities to follow its example. In general, however, the practical workings of this traditional privilege has been attended with good results. Of this a late writer (H. H. Boyesen) speaks thus enthusiastically: “A student who is called up before the rector or the senate is always treated as a gentleman. He is addressed with extreme courteousness, and is made to feel his own dignity, which, perhaps, in a freak of boyish exuberance of spirits he had forgotten. He is not, as is so frequently the case with American faculties, bombarded with questions from all sides, cross-examined with an evident purpose to confuse and entrap him, and in the end treated to a long-winded moral exhortation, containing the usual professional platitudes. I have conversed with a number of students, both in Leipzig and in Berlin, who have re-

ceived ‘special invitations’ from the rector, and I have never discovered in them any trace of that petty spite and animosity toward their instructors which in many of our American colleges is so deplorably prevalent.”

The University of Berlin is characteristic of the system. Its faculty includes men whose names are indeed of world-wide celebrity. In the domain of science it is unrivalled. Upwards of 5,000 students are now in regular attendance. Its entire corps of instructors numbers upwards of two hundred, including one hundred and five regular, officially recognized professors. The others are known as *privat-docenten*.

The question of state-endowed national universities has frequently been agitated in our own country. It is said that inasmuch as the idea of the Prussian common schools has been so successfully established, with modifications of course, among our own people, we ought to go a step farther in the wake of her example. Without wishing to join issue with those enthusiasts for so-called popular education, it is but just to say that many of our best educators lament the great extreme to which the common school system has been carried. It is conceded on all sides that it has outrun the original intentions of its founders, in scope and pretensions, but unfortunately not in thoroughness far transcending its prototype across the water. And it is very uncertain whether the idea of the German university could at this juncture be any more profitably introduced. Let those who are better fitted to grasp the difficulties of this problem determine it. It cannot be disputed that any one system of education is no more general in its adaptability to the wants of different nations than is one system of government. What is calculated to subserve the true interests of higher education in the Fatherland is not therefore and necessarily of equal account for us. The different tone and sentiment of our national life and the more decidedly utilitarian tendencies of our people would call for intensely and immediately practical results, to the neglect of that broader, higher, and in the end more really useful culture, which it is the aim and object of true, independent collegiate instruction to foster and impart.



Public opinion is not always a safe guardian.

I have, perhaps, wearied the younger readers of the GUARDIAN. Let us turn now to the pomp and pageantry of the Imperial government as it finds expression in the seats of royalty in and around Potsdam. To these I can but briefly allude. Babelsburg, first visited, is of most immediate interest, for it is the favorite palace of the present Kaiser. Here Wilhelm and Augusta frequently enjoy the quietude and amenities of domestic life. Its grounds are elegant and unostentatious, and the same rich simplicity characterizes the interior of the castle. The Emperor's bed-room is remarkably plain in its neatness. The chambers of the various members of the royal family are models of good taste and genuine home life. A charming story is related of the suite set apart for the crown princess, the wife of Unser Fritz. They are an exact reproduction of her own rooms in Windsor Castle. The Emperor proved himself a most indulgent father-in-law. Spies were sent to the English Court to observe and carefully note the taste and surroundings of the expected royal stranger, resulting as has been stated. Think you Victoria's daughter felt herself a welcome guest or no? The historical interest of Potsdam is intimately associated with Frederick the Great, with the palace of Sans Souci, its parks and fountains, its paintings and statues. The rooms of Voltaire remain intact, and in Frederick's private chambers the original furnishing has been studiously preserved. This fondness for their old enemy was anything but gratifying to the Germans themselves. But what cared he? "My people and I understand each other; they say what they please, and I do what I please."

### Eton Boys.

Eton College, on the left bank of the Thames, was founded more than 400 years ago. It is one of the most noted of English Colleges, and numbers among its past students many of the most eminent scholars and statesmen of England. The following is a brief sketch of the Eton boys of the present, by Richard Grant White, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.—[Ed. G.]

It was now long after noon, and I saw in a field an Eton game of foot-ball. It

was played with spirit, but with less dash than I had been led to expect. At another time, however, there may have been more. Apart from their uniforms, the players could not have been distinguished from the same number of Yankee boys, of like condition in life, engaged in the same sport. I also met a large party of "old boys," as they came up, in their uniforms, from a cricket match. A lathier lot of young fellows I never saw. Not that they were either weak-looking or unhealthy; but they were not at all what the writings of English critics had led me to expect. Not one was robust; only one had color; and there was not a curling auburn head among them. I saw Eton boys by scores, and found them neither ruddy nor plump, but, like most other boys between twelve and twenty, rather pale and slender.

The full-dress Eton costume is a ridiculous one. It is a short jacket or roundabout, with a very broad turn-over shirt collar, and a chimney-pot hat. The combination is grotesque; and it is made more so by the solemnity of most of the young chaps when they have it on. Hunger drove me and my young companion into a restaurant, and I shall never forget the looks of a little Eton prig who entered as we were sitting, and took a place over against us. He kept on his preposterous hat, gave his order as if it were for his own capital execution, and ate his cakes and drank his chocolate as if that event were to take place at the conclusion of his repast.

A RAILROAD TO SODOM AND GOMORRAH. — The country round about the ancient sites of Sodom, Gomorrah and Babylon abounds in bitumen. This was the incentive to the building of the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem, down the Euphrates valley, for, which the Sultan of Turkey has recently granted an English company the right of way. It will eventually connect with Egyptian railways. The Jews point to this project as a fulfilment of the prophecy in Isaiah xix. 23—"In that day (when 'the Lord shall smite Egypt') there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt and the Egyptian into Assyria."



## The Sunday-School Department.

SOME of our friends have expressed a wish that the GUARDIAN should adopt the International Sunday-school Scripture Selections. We have, for years, felt the force of the reasons they assign in favor of this change. As they allege, it would give Sunday-school teachers access to a larger variety of helps. But they must not be blind to the possible consequences of such a step. Will it not bring our teachers and Sunday-schools under a system of teaching foreign to the distinctive doctrines of our Reformed church? The helps furnished in *other* Sunday-school publications are prepared by ministers of the Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, and other bodies. Some doctrines our church holds in common with these denominations, in others we materially differ. Is it wise to bring the children of the Reformed church under an influence which must weaken their attachment to the peculiarities of the Reformed church? The Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches are already giving the alarm on this subject. At the last meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, the Elders held a meeting and took decided action. They approve of the Assembly's recommendation to use "*our own* Sunday-school lesson helps and papers," and further say:

"We personally and deeply feel the necessity and importance of this action. We pray and labor that all our Sabbath-school workers will seriously lay it to heart and earnestly carry it out. Strong considerations press this upon us. There is danger that the study of our precious doctrines and modes of government and worship may be shut out of our Sabbath-schools, and finally, it may be, out of our churches. This danger arises, in part, from the persistent attempts made to overrun our schools with un-Presbyterian lesson helps, books, papers, etc. We call upon you to guard our Sabbath-schools against this danger.

"We believe the doctrines which *our* Teachers' and Scholars' aids present are those taught in the Holy Scriptures. Only by the steadfast use of these can we expect to train up, by means of pulpit teaching, of Sabbath-school and family instruction, an intelligent and loyal Presbyterianism. We cannot reasonably expect that outside helps will indoctrinate our youth in the special truths which are our glory and our crown .....

"We appeal to you, as overseers of this blessed work, to see to it that the Presbyterian church of the future shall grow up holding fast the form of sound words. Guard well the fountains of teaching and power.

"We are compelled by the prevalence of error, as well as of open infidelity, to see to it that our Sabbath-schools train the youth of our churches for the conflict of the day; that they teach what to believe and why to believe it."

The *Christian Intelligencer* thinks that the Dutch Reformed church owes a similar duty to its children. And should not our branch of the Reformed church be similarly on its guard against throwing its doors wide open to a spirit and teachings wholly foreign to our denominational life? What we need is to vitalize or inspire life into the forms and doctrines of our faith, so that they become spirit and life. Should we adopt the International series, we must beware how we introduce non-Reformed comments and lesson helps, which tend to alienate our young people from their mother church. The *Intelligencer* says:

"If the order, the life, the belief, the work, of a denomination deserve to be preserved and perpetuated, the children should have an intelligent apprehension of them, should be taught to esteem and love them and be led to participate in them. The committee very wisely say that undenominational helps do not



minister to any form of church-life. They might have said more, but what they present ought to be sufficient.

A great deal has been said about denominationalism — it makes for the pecuniary and personal interests of some persons to speak often and earnestly in that strain. Far too many persons have been influenced by such opinions, and just so far have become fitful and lukewarm in the service of the Church, and have generally united in the outcry of those given to fault-finding and censure. One of the effects of some Sabbath-school conferences has been to weaken the attachment of superintendents and teachers to a particular church, and consequently in the very responsible and influential positions they hold they have rather inclined to the advocacy of a vague and misty union, while giving an exceedingly languid and perfunctory support to denominational belief and policy. Now if a church is worthy of preservation and is to be preserved it must be imbedded in the esteem and love of the children.

One more word we have been waiting for some time for an opportunity to speak. Sabbath-school conferences at first confined their attention to the methods of teaching and of management, and it was wise and well to come together and obtain the advantage of the widest and most varied experience on such points. But the conferences did not stop there, they proceeded after a time to regulate the *matter* of the teaching. This they had no right to do, and to this the churches never should have submitted. They were not representatives or delegates appointed by the churches, and were entirely without authority to arrange the subjects to be taught to the children, and never should have touched a matter so entirely outside of their province. Many for the sake of peace and through the regard they have for those engaged in the Sabbath-schools have tolerated what they have not approved. There are many, and they include a large part of the most intelligent and devout members of the churches, who look with a great deal of distrust upon the present arrangement by which the Sabbath-school lessons are selected and issued by a body without any ecclesiastical authority or

responsibility. There are many who wish to have their children taught what they themselves believe, and by a union arrangement this is impossible. There are many who are becoming more and more restless under a management that lays its hand upon the whole time of the session of the Sabbath-school and leaves no place for any special instruction."

### Sunday-school Workers.

Little orphans appeal strongly to the tender hearts of Sunday-school children. They cheerfully work for them if they are only told how. A few months ago the Reformed Sunday-school, at Cressona, Pa., under the pastoral guidance of Rev. J. P. Stein, started in this kind of work. The school is none of the largest, but until every one had given something they had an offering of \$40 to send to Bethany Orphan's Home.

The infant Sunday-school of the First Reformed church, of Easton, have repeatedly laid their offerings on the altar of the fatherless. Lately their superintendent allowed them to have a little Sunday-school gathering of a Saturday afternoon, at which they gathered fifty dollars. This, along with eight dollars previously given, they devote to the payment of the debt of Bethany Orphan's Home. Just think, an infant Sunday-school, composed of quite small boys and girls, have paid us fifty-eight dollars to pay the debt on Bethany Orphan's Home. Many other Sunday-schools will cheerfully do just as well, if they are only led in the matter.

Forget not what Fredrika Bremer says: "Sickness is not always an evil, but often a good—a healing balsam, under whose benign influence the soul rests after its hard struggles and its wild storms are still! When at last we arise with exhausted strength from the sick-bed our souls often awake as out of a long night into a new morning. So many things conspire to soften the feelings—the still room, the mild twilight through the window-curtains, the low voices, and more than all, the kind words of those who surround us, their attention, their solicitude, perhaps a tear in their eyes—all this does us good—essential good."



# SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

DECEMBER 7.

LESSON XLIX.

1879.

*Second Sunday in Advent. Genesis xxxvii. 23-36.*

THE SUBJECT.—JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

23. ¶ And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, *his coat of many colours that was on him*;

24. And they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit *was empty, there was no water in it.*

25. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry *it* down to Egypt.

26. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit *is it* if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

27. Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he *is* our brother *and* our flesh: and his brethren were content.

28. Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty *pieces* of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

29. ¶ And Reuben returned unto the pit;

and, behold, Joseph *was* not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

30. And he returned unto his brethren, and said The child *is* not; and I, whither shall I go?

31. And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood;

32. And they sent the coat of *many* colours, and they brought *it* to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.

33. And he knew it, and said, *It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.*

34. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

35. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.

36. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, *and* captain of the guard.

## QUESTIONS.

In what part of Canaan was Jacob's home? In the valley of Hebron—20 miles south of Jerusalem. Where were his pasture lands? At Shechem and Dothan—from 60 to 68 miles off. Whom did Jacob send to his shepherd sons? Joseph. How were they disposed towards him? They resolved to slay him. Who interceded for him? His brother Reuben. What did he propose? To put him into a pit. Why did he suggest this plan? That he might restore him to his father again. (Prove these questions from verses 12-22).

VERSE 23. Why did they strip his coat off? See verses 31-35.

24. Why did they cast him into a dry pit? At Reuben's suggestion, who intended to deliver him again.

25. What did the brothers do, while Joseph was starving, as they thought? What caravan came by? What did they carry? Was Gilead a land of spices and balm? Jer. viii. 22. Where did Gilead lay? On the borders of Arabia. Whither were the parties moving?

26-27. What did Judah now suggest? Did the rest agree to his plan?

28. For what price was Joseph sold? How much is this? From twenty to thirty dollars. Whither did they take him? Is this the *first* record we have of a man being sold? It is.

29-30. Where had Reuben been during the sale of Joseph? Probably looking after some part of the flocks. How did he take the transaction? Why was he so much afflicted? As the eldest, he was in a measure responsible for him.

31-32. What did they do with Joseph's tunic? Why was this done? What would you call

their conduct and speech? A lie. What was Reuben's sin? His silence.

33-34. Did they succeed in imposing upon their father? What did he do? Why rend his clothes? It was the ancient way of expressing grief. What did he put on? What is *sackcloth*? A coarse, rough mourning garment. What garments are worn *now* for the purpose? Garments of pride. To what did the rending of Jacob's clothes correspond? To his torn heart, and the rent tunic of his son.

35. What act of hypocrisy did his children engage in? Was Jacob consoled by it?

36. What does the word *Potiphar* signify? It is an Egyptian name, meaning, "Belonging to the Sun." What position did he hold? He was an officer at Pharaoh's Court. What do we read of his wealth? Chap. xxxix. 4-6.

What parallel features are there to be discovered between the histories of Joseph and Jesus? Both were hated by their brethren; sold for a mean price, and by persons bearing one name—*Judah* being *Judas* in Greek. Of what does St. John make Egypt a symbol? Of this fallen world—Rev. xi. 8. Out of what realm does the introduction to the Ten Commandments represent the Christian, as being delivered from? Out of the land of Egypt—the house of bondage. Out of what country does the Prophet Hosea say God called His Son? Chap. ii. 1. To whom did the Prophet apply it? To Israel. To whom does St. Matthew apply it? Matt. ii. 15. To whom may we further apply it? To every Christian. Are we then Egyptians, that is, idolaters and in bondage, by nature? Indeed, we are. Who is our Deliverer?—Jesus—the Eternal Joseph.



NOTES.—Jacob abode in the valley of Hebron, about twenty miles south of Jerusalem. Joseph tarried at home, while his brothers kept the flocks at Shechem, some sixty miles away, and at Dothan, about eight miles farther. Thither Joseph was sent to bring news of their welfare. On his arrival, his brothers resolved to slay him, except Reuben, who persuaded them to cast him into a pit for a time—he intending to restore him to his father again, (verses 12-22.)

VERSE 23. *They stript Joseph out of his coat.* This tunic was an eye-sore to them. Perhaps they intended to hold it, in order to persuade his father that he had been slain. Compare verses 31-5.

VERSE 24. *And cast him into a pit empty—no water in it.* This was of Reuben's ordering. He seems to have had less cruelty lurking in his heart.

VERSE 25. *And they sat down to eat bread.* They were feasting, while Joseph lay starving, as the ten brothers believed. What a touch of their brutish and diabolical souls! *A company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead.* This was a caravan of several tribes, who carried spices, balm and myrrh from the Arabian region, down to Egypt, the land of the wealthy, (Jer. viii. 22.)

VERSES 26-7. *And Judah said, etc.* His brother Judah now intercedes, as Reuben had done before. He proposes a plan less cruel than the one they had concocted, and, because it appealed to their covetousness, they adopted it.

VERSE 28. *For twenty pieces of silver.* The sum amounted to between twenty and thirty dollars. This is the first instance on record of a man being sold as a slave, though the practice certainly existed. *Midianites and Ishmaelites* constituted the principal parties of the caravan. *And they brought Joseph into Egypt.* Thus, for two pieces each, the ten brothers sold Joseph into the land of bondage—Reuben not being present at the sale.

VERSES 29-30. *And Reuben returned unto the pit.* He had probably been away, attending to some part of the flock apart. As he was likely, the eldest, he felt that he was the responsible party to the father—hence his marked grief. He knew not what to do. Doubtless all was told him then; but it was done.

VERSES 31-2. *And they took Joseph's coat—killed a kid—dipped the coat in the blood.* The ten brothers pretended to Jacob, that Joseph had been killed by some wild animal, taking to him the tunic stained with the kid's blood. Reuben simply forebore to tell the truth. From the tattered state of the coat, it was easy to make a probable story. What deliberate lying! What deliberate cruelty! Thus to torture the feelings of their father! But such cruel, heartless brothers, could be cruel, heartless sons too.

VERSES 33-34. *And he knew it.* Jacob indeed knew the gaudy tunic of his favorite son. All had been so devilishly planned as to impose effectually upon the father. How could he think otherwise? Here was the lacerated coat, all besmeared with blood! They suggested, as it were, the thought—*Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces!* It is quite possible to lie, without saying a word, you see. *And Jacob rent his clothes.* This was the ancient method by which to express sorrow. The modern style is, to purchase expensive mourning suits. The male members of the household did the mourning then; now, the females show out the grief of the family. *Sack-cloth* was the emblem once. Now it is Henrietta cloth, and what not? In one respect, however, the ancient and modern modes agree—to the trail in the dust. It was very natural for Jacob, to rend his garments, even as his heart had been rent, and as he believed his son's body to have been torn, like the tunic itself.

VERSE 35. *And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him.* There was but one daughter—Dinah. But the sons' wives may be included. The entire group entered into the conspiracy. What hypocrisy! They knew Joseph to be alive, yet they mourn with Jacob, and offer consolation over a death that had not occurred. But he that surrenders to the power of evil, is led as a slave whither he would not. Their comfort had no unction, though. Jacob refused to be comforted.

VERSE 36. *And the Midianites sold him into Egypt.* Here the favorite son became a slave—the great member of the father's household was a bound-man. *Potiphar* is an Egyptian name, and means “belonging to the sun.” He



was an *officer* of king Pharaoh's court, and a military character. He appears to have been a wealthy man, (chap xxxix. 4-6).

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—We continue the parallel between Joseph and Jesus, commenced in the last lesson. Joseph, the beloved son of the father, is sent to his brethren, as an innocent messenger of peace and good-will. He is wickedly sold for a few pieces of silver. How plainly Jesus is prefigured in the transaction—even to the letter. The price for which both were sold seems the same, (Matth. xxvii. 3-9.) The bargain was made, in the one case, by *Judah*, which in Greek is *Judas*—the very namesake of the disciple and brother, who sold our Lord. *Egypt* undoubtedly is a figure of this world, the region of bondage and idolatry, in which Christ sojourned. This we may safely believe, on the ground of St. John's saying—"which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified." (Rev. xi. 8.) In this view, the introduction to the Ten Commandments carries much meaning for each and every one of us—"I am the Lord thy God, *which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.*"

Dr. Schaff, in his "Through Bible Lands," says:—"There the patriarchal family found a hospitable home, and grew into a nation; there Joseph rose from slavery into which he was sold by his jealous brothers, to the highest position in the kingdom, and preserved the purity of his faith and character amid surrounding idolatry and corruption; there Moses was born and educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; there he wrought his miracles and became the leader of his people from bondage to freedom. \* \* \* The land of Egypt is imbedded in the decalogue as the house of bondage out of which the Lord God brought His people. Egypt gave shelter to the infant Jesus and His parents against the wrath of Herod. \* \* \* In a double sense it is true what was spoken by the Lord through the prophet, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." Yes, in a "double" sense indeed, Israel and Jesus having been called out of Egypt. But, why not in a *three-fold* sense, as well? If Egypt is verily the region of the

world, the flesh, and the devil, in which our Lord was crucified, according to St. John—is not *every Christian* God's son, whom He called by the eternal Joseph "out of the land of Egypt," into the Canaan of liberty and light? If not, why was this introduction to the decalogue written in stone, for all ages to memorize?

### Children's Tombs.

Westminster Abbey is full of the remembrances of great men and famous women. But it is also full of the remembrances of little boys and girls, whose deaths shot a pang through the hearts of those who loved them, and who wished that they never should be forgotten. Almost the earliest royal monument in this abbey is of a beautiful little deaf and dumb girl of five years old, the Princess Catherine, daughter of King Henry III., who loved her dearly. She was not forgotten, and her two little brothers, and perhaps four little nephews, were buried close to her, as if to keep her company. And so there are two small tombs in Henry VII.'s Chapel of the two infant daughters of King James I. Over one of them are some touching lines written by an American lady, which all mothers should read. And to the tombs of these two little girls were brought in after days by their nephew, Charles II., the bones of the two young murdered Princes, which in his time were discovered at the foot of the staircase in the Tower. And there is in the Chapel of St. Michael another tomb of a little child that died from a mistake of its nurse; and we know from her will that she never ceased to lament the little darling, and begged, if possible, very urgently, to be buried beside it. And there is a monument in the cloisters which contains only these words: "Jane Lister—dear child," with the dates of the child's age and the record of her brother's death. It is an inscription which goes to the heart of every one. It was in the year 1682, just a month before the great English Revolution, but the parents thought only of "Jane Lister," their "dear child."—*Good Words.*



DECEMBER 14.

LESSON L.

1879.

*Third Sunday in Advent. Genesis xli. 37-44.*

THE SUBJECT.—JOSEPH'S ADVANCEMENT.

37. ¶ And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants.

38. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find *such a one* as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?

39. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, *there is none* so discreet and wise as thou art:

40. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou.

41. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.

42. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck;

43. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

44. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt.

## QUESTIONS.

Where is Joseph now? Chap. xxxix. 1. Had God forsaken him? ver. 2. What did Potiphar notice? ver. 3. How did he honor Joseph, on this account? verses 4-6. What misfortune befell Joseph, then? Potiphar's wife falsely accused him, and he was cast into a prison. How was Joseph honored, even as a prisoner? verses 20-23. What other characters were afterwards imprisoned with him? Pharaoh's chief baker and butler—Chap. xl. 1-4. What skill did Joseph show in prison? He interpreted the dreams of his fellow-prisoners—vers. 5-23. Who dreamed besides them? Pharaoh. Chap. xli. 1-8. Who informed Pharaoh of Joseph's knowledge of dreams? The now liberated butler—verses 9-13. Did Pharaoh send for Joseph? verses 14-15. Could he explain Pharaoh's visions? verses 25-32. What did Joseph advise Pharaoh? verses 33-36.

VERSE 37. How did Joseph's counsel strike the mind of Pharaoh?

38. What difficulty did Pharaoh see? What kind of a man did he say was needed? Was Pharaoh not an idolater? He still knew of the true God. Are such men inquired after to-day, during a national crisis? Alas! No. To whom did Pharaoh attribute Joseph's knowledge?

39. To whom did Pharaoh attribute Joseph's skill?

40. How did Pharaoh now honor Joseph? How near the throne did he exalt him? What would we call such a character? A Prime Minister.

41-44. Over what country was Joseph now

ruler under Pharaoh? What did he put on Joseph's finger? His signet ring, or seal. What garments did he put on him? What did he put about Joseph's neck? What did all this mean? It was Joseph's installation. In what carriage did Joseph ride? What were the messengers to cry out, during public turnouts? What does the title *Pharaoh* mean? King. To what extent was Joseph now empowered? So far, as to make every one dependent on his good-will. Do you discern any resemblances between Joseph and Jesus, in this narrative? Both were greatly humiliated, and highly exalted. What other similarities can you point out? Joseph was confined between two criminals, whilst Jesus hung between two thieves on the cross. (Compare Chap. xl. 1-4, with Luke xxiii. 32-33). Any other correspondences? Joseph foretold the deliverance of one fellow-prisoner, and the death of the other; whilst Jesus promised a speedy paradise to one thief, the other perishing in his sins. (See Chap. xl. 13 and 19: Luke xxiii. 39-43). Is there still another likeness to be discerned? Joseph besought the fortunate butler to remember him, after he should become free, whilst the penitent thief prayed Jesus to remember him in His kingdom. (Compare Chap. xl. 14-15, and Luke xxiii. 42).

What does Joseph's new name—ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH, in verse 45 mean? The Saviour of the World. How does this compare with St. Paul's account of Jesus? (Phil. ii. 5-11).

Are Joseph and Jesus models for all Christians? Yes. (Luke xviii. 14).

## CATECHISM.

*L. Lord's Day.*

125. Which is the fourth petition?

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD;" that is, be pleased to provide us with all things necessary for the body, that we may thereby acknowledge Thee to be the only fountain of all

good, and that neither our care nor industry, nor even Thy gifts, can profit us without Thy blessing, and therefore that we may withdraw our trust from all creatures, and place it alone in Thee.



NOTES.—Down in Egypt another part of Joseph's history begins. As a good child, trusty lad, and true son and brother, he withstood the evil example and influence of his brethren. Now he is under a strange master, in an idolatrous country, and in the hard state of slavery, where his virtue is to be very severely tried. But, as occasions do neither make nor unmake a man—they only show what he is—we know already that he will abide his trials. A true man is such everywhere, whether at home or abroad.

Joseph prospered in the house of Potiphar. His Egyptian master was pleased with him and his faithful service; and seeing that his God blessed him, he entrusted all that he had into Joseph's hands. Then a dark day came upon him. The wicked wife of Potiphar accused him, falsely, for which he was cast into prison for two long years, at least. Still it is better to go to jail innocent, than guilty. A good man outside of a prison is a good man, inside too. Joseph soon proved himself trust-worthy there likewise, and the jailor placed the prison under his control. By and by Pharaoh cast his chief butler and baker into confinement with Joseph. Each dreamed a prophetic dream, which Joseph interpreted. Pharaoh also dreamed two dreams. An officer informed Pharaoh of the young Hebrew prisoner's skill in explaining them. Joseph was called and interpreted Pharaoh's visions. On this account he was liberated, and placed in a position of high honor, when thirty years old.

VERSE 37. *And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh.* Joseph had advised the king to choose a wise statesman and set him over the country, who might provide, during the years of plenty, for the years of famine which were to come (verses 33-6). The king saw that this was good statesmanship.

VERSE 38. *Can we find such a one as this—a man in whom the Spirit of God is?* It was a question with Pharaoh, whether so far-seeing a statesman could be had. "Where and who is the man for the times?"—he asked. It was Pharaoh's opinion, too, that no such wisdom dwelt in any one unless he were inspired of Heaven. Although the Egyptians were idolaters, they knew something of the true God, and were far

from being infidels. In the government of private and public affairs, they acknowledged the intervention of God, more so, than many Christian nations do to-day. Such language as the king of Egypt used on this occasion, is, alas! seldom used by our presidents or governors. Would that our capitals had some of the wisdom of Egypt!

VERSE 39. *For as much as God hath showed thee all this.* Pharaoh felt that Joseph had been inspired of God; and that such discretion and wisdom had not come from party-caucuses, or from the arts of the magicians.

VERSE 40. *Thou shalt be over my house.* He elevated Joseph to the place of chief steward over his household. *According unto thy word shall all my people be ruled.* He also made Joseph his prime minister—as we would call such an officer. *Only in the throne will I be greater than thou.* Joseph stood next to the king himself. What a step this was—from a prison-cell to a seat nearest the king!

VERSES 41-4. *See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.* Pharaoh now formally installs him in his new office. *He took off his ring.* This was called *the king's signet*, and contained a seal, by which all royal instruments or papers were impressed. *And put it upon Joseph's hand.* He was now the lord-keeper of the king's seal. *And arrayed him in vestures of fine linen.* His prison suit was now exchanged for royal garments. *And put a gold chain about his neck.* This was an emblem of the great authority which had now been entrusted to him. *And he made him to ride in the second chariot.* Joseph's carriage was next to the king's on all public turn-outs. *Bow the knee!* It was the custom to send messengers ahead during public ceremonies, to notify the masses of the approach of the king and his ministers, that they might thus acknowledge their rulers. *I am Pharaoh.* This means, "I am king,"—Pharaoh being the common title of the sovereigns of Egypt. *And without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot.* No one could approach the king, except through Joseph; nor could any royal approval be obtained to any measure, unless Joseph recommended it beforehand. Thus was Joseph exalted.



PRACTICAL REMARKS.—The correspondences between Joseph and Jesus still confront us. Joseph, in prison, between two criminals, (chap. xl. 1-4); Jesus, on the cross, between two thieves, (Luke xxiii. 32-33)—these several incidents pair well with each other. Joseph foretells the deliverance of one of his prison companions, and the death of the other, (chap. xl. 13, 19); Jesus promises a speedy paradise to the penitent malefactor, whilst the other perishes in his sins, (Luke xxiii. 39-43)—another pair of likenesses. Joseph requests the fortunate butler to “think on” him, (chap. xl. 14-15); the believing cross-companion beseeches Jesus to remember him in His kingdom—two facts, which compare also from their very contrast. But the chief parallel between these grand characters comes to view, most prominently, in their mutual humiliation and exaltation. Pharaoh conferred a strange name on Joseph—ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH. St. Jerome says: this name signifies—“*The Saviour of the world.*” Aside of this fact let us place St. Paul’s words, (Phil. ii. 5-11).

The Christian mind will, furthermore, recognize the way to the *throne*, over the way of the *cross*, as the way over which all God’s children must pass—both Joseph and Jesus having gone before (Luke xviii. 14).

A SUMMER SHOWER.—What a spur and impulse the summer shower is! How its coming quickens and hurries up the slow, jogging country life! The traveler along the dusty road arouses from his reverie at the warning rumble behind the hills; the children hasten from the field or from the school; the farmer steps lively and thinks fast. In the hay-field, at the first signal-gun of the elements, what a commotion! How the horse-rake rattles, how the pitchforks fly, how the white sleeves play and twinkle in the sun or against the dark background of the coming storm! One man does the work of two or three. It is a race with the elements, and the hay-makers do not like to be beaten. The rain that is life to the grass when growing is poison to it after it becomes cured hay, and it must be got under shelter, or put into snug cocks, if possible, before the storm overtakes it.

### A Refusal to Fight.

John Farrago, a Pennsylvania militia captain, once declined to fight a duel in these words:

Sir—I have two objections to this duel business. The one is lest I should hurt you; the other is lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would do me to shoot you. I could make no use of you when dead for culinary purposes, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I could not eat you. Why, then, needlessly shoot you down? A buffalo would make better meat than you. For, though your head may be delicate and tender, it wants that firmness and consistency that takes and retains salt. It might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; but I do not like barbecued meat.

Besides, it would seem a strange thing for me to shoot at anything that would stand still to be shot at, as I am accustomed to shoot at things flying or running or jumping. Were you on a tree, now, like a squirrel, trying to hide yourself in the branches, and I could spy you through intervening boughs and leaves, I think I should enjoy taking a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment either in discovering you or bringing you down.

As to myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything harmful. I’m afraid you might hit me. I shall consequently stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, such as a tree or door, about my dimensions. If you hit that send me word, and I will publicly acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might have hit me. Yours truly,

JOHN FARRAGO.

What a lovely bridge between old age and childhood and religion! how intuitively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively on quitting life the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself side by side with the infant. If there were no efficacy in prayer, do you think that nature herself would have made it amongst the most common and facile of all her dictates?—*Bulwer.*



DECEMBER 21.

LESSON LI.

1879.

*Fourth Sunday in Advent. Genesis xlii. 1-8.*

THE SUBJECT.—JACOB'S BRETHREN SEEKING FOOD.

1. Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, Why do ye look one upon another?

2. And he said, Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die.

3. ¶ And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt.

4. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, Lest peradventure mischief befall him.

5. And the sons of Israel came to buy corn

among them that came: for the famine was in the land of Canaan.

6. And Joseph *was* the governor over the land, *and he it was* that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him *with* their faces to the earth.

7. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, Whence come ye? And they said, From the land of Canaan to buy food.

8. And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him.

## QUESTIONS.

Of what three famines do we read in the Bible, thus far? Chap. xii. 10; xxvi. 1, &c.; verses 56-57. Of what do you suppose these famines, occurring in the histories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to be typical? Of the spiritual want that afflicts mankind and the soul of man.

VERSE 1. What did Jacob know of Egypt? What is meant by *corn*? Grains—wheat, barley, millet, rye, spelt, &c. How did he know that Egypt abounded in food at this time? From common report. How came Egypt to have a plentiful store? Through Joseph's prudent counsel, Chap. xli. 25-37. What did he say to his sons? What does this imply? That they were disheartened and do-less. What two things are necessary to obtaining our daily bread? To pray and labor.

2. Whither did Jacob urge his sons to go?

3. How many of them went? Which son remained at home? Was it natural for the father to retain one with himself?

4. What reason is here urged for Benjamin's remaining at home? How far was it to Egypt? Three or four days' journey. How old was Benjamin now? About twenty-four years. Was there some reason, then, for Jacob's fears? Benjamin was young, and the journey long.

5. Did any other people seek bread in Egypt besides Israel?

6. To what office had Joseph attained? Do you remember how? Had all applications for help to be made through Joseph? He was the mediator. How did his brothers approach Joseph? Had he foretold this? Chap. xxxvii. 9-10. Was this the usual way by which people approached their rulers? Yes.

7. Did Joseph readily recognize his brothers? How could he know them at once, after not seeing them for 20 years? They were full-grown men when they sold Joseph, and had not changed much. Did Joseph make himself known at once? Why not? To bring them gradually to a knowledge and sorrow of their sin. Had they formerly spoken so to him? Chap. xxxvii. 4. What question did he ask them? Was it necessary for Joseph to be cautious against foreigners, at this time especially? It was, lest they might rob the country. Did they speak the truth as to their native country and mission? Had they, likely, strange thoughts, when they found themselves beggars in a country into which they had sold their brother?

8. Did they know Joseph? Why not? He had been but a lad, a slave-boy; and Israelite; now he had become a man (38 years old); a king; and an Egyptian.

Why had Joseph never paid a visit to his native country and kindred during the 20 years, do you suppose? Perhaps, as Joseph was a type of Christ, Providence so ordered it, as to make his life correspond in this respect, with Christ's, who remained away from his Father's House some 30 years.

What analogies can you point out between Joseph and Jesus? Both were raised out of the pit; ascended the throne; became mediators; and channels of a bread supply. What is Egypt for us? This sinful world. Who is our Bread of Life? John vi. 48. Before whom must the New Israel bow? Phil. ii. 6-11; Is. lx. 14; Rev. iii. 9.

## CATECHISM.

## LI. Lord's Day.

126. Which is the fifth petition?

"AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS;" that is, be pleased for the sake of Christ's blood not to impute to us, our sinners, our transgressions, nor that de-

pravity which always cleaves to us; and as we feel this evidence of Thy grace in us, that it is our firm resolution from the heart to forgive our neighbour.



NOTES.—Famines were of frequent occurrence in Canaan, and elsewhere—even as in our age. The first recorded in the Bible, was that which fell in Abraham's day (Gen. xii. 10). We read of a second famine in Isaac's time (Gen. xxvi. 1, &c.). Then we are told of the great famine, "which was over all the face of the earth" (verses 56-7) in Jacob's day, 1700 years before Christ. The fact that the three Patriarchs experienced each a season of scarcity, and being, at the same time, representative characters of God's people, must be taken as typical of the spiritual want, afflicting mankind at large. But there is provision made in spiritual Egypt even—as it was, and is, and shall be.

VERSE 1. *And when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt.* The most common kinds were wheat, barley, spelt, millet and rye. It is best to understand *grain* here. Whilst this product was wanting, other growths still yielded—balm, honey, spices, myrrh, nuts, almonds (xliii. 2). The plentiful store in Egypt, amid the general scarcity, was owing to Joseph's prudent council (xli. 25-37). From common report Jacob had learned of the gathered quantities in this country. Providence usually orders it so, that one region abounds when another wants. *Why do ye look one upon another?* They were perplexed, and knew not what to do. Jacob reproved his helpless sons for being despairing, despondent and do-less, in such a time, as this was.

VERSE 2. *Get you down thither.* He urges them to go to Egypt on a bread-mission. We must not only pray for our daily bread, but work for it, no less. "Pray and labor" is a rule which never fails to bring bread.

VERSE 3. *And Joseph's ten brethren went.* Jacob would not suffer Benjamin, the youngest, to accompany his other sons. He was perhaps twenty-four years of age, just then; besides the father felt like having at least one with himself.

VERSE 4. *Lest peradventure mischief befall him.* Benjamin was now the favorite child. As it was a journey of three or four days, he feared the fatigue might be too much for him, young and tender as he was. Sickness or death might overtake him.

VERSE 5. *And the sons of Israel came*

*to buy, among those that came.* Egypt served as a great store-house for the afflicted regions lying around.

VERSE 6. *And Joseph was the Governor.* We have already learned, in what way he became what he then was. *And he it was that sold to all the people of the land.* He was the mediator between the king and the people. Foreigners and natives approached alone through Joseph's intermission. *And Joseph's brethren—bowed down themselves before him.* This was the usual conduct in coming before a ruler. Joseph had so dreamed (xxxvii. 9-10), though his brothers spurned the thought of it. His father even understood it not. And they bow like the empty sheaves before Joseph. Compare Is. 60: 14; Rev. 3: 9.

VERSE 7. *And Joseph knew them.* They had changed but little, having all been full-grown and man-aged, when they sold Joseph, twenty years before. Their dress and habits had not altered to any extent. *But made himself strange unto them.* He merely refused to make himself known to them, which was no dishonesty. It would not have been well for Joseph to discover himself, and receive his brothers into favor at once. It was necessary for them to come, by a severe course of discipline, to a knowledge and repentance of their great crime. *And spake roughly unto them.* It was just what they deserved and needed. They were brutal fellows, and the wonder is, that they were not enslaved at once and for ever. Still, Joseph's heart burned within himself, all the while. It was by a divine impulse that he refrained from uncovering himself, and that he assumed a harshness of conduct. He did as the good master and father does, when administering punishment—chastises in sorrow and grief. *Whence came ye?* A certain vigilance was necessary, on the part of the guardians of the country, against foreigners, lest they should crowd into Egypt for bad purposes. He must not be partial towards his brethren even, for Pharaoh's sake. He must keep his official record clean by respecting no one above another. He assumes a cautious and offensive attitude towards them, even as towards all, and consequently questions them, whether they are not *spies* (ver. 9), who intended to survey the land, to rob, perhaps. He



obliges them to reveal their country and mission—*From the land of Canaan*. Perhaps at this very moment they recurred in their minds to their former evil. It must have struck them as a strange coincidence, to find themselves in the country, into which they had sold a brother. And to *buy bread* from a people who had bought Joseph. But, who can realize their remorse, when they afterwards learned, that they were obliged to buy from the very brother they had sold?

VERSE 8. *But they knew not him*. Joseph was now perhaps in his 38th year. He had become full-grown and of mature age. Residing in Egypt for the last twenty years, and a ruler for about seven years, he must have changed greatly. The lad had become a man; the Israelite, an Egyptian in dress, speech and habits; the slave-boy a great ruler—no wonder that they did not know him any longer! We were asked the question—“Why did Joseph remain away from his country and kindred for twenty long years?” It is a question worthy to be entertained. Riding in his chariot, as we are told, “through all the land of Egypt (xli. 45-46), and Canaan being but a border-country, lying but three or four days journey away from the capital—why did he not make an excursion home—inform his duped father of his happy lot—and avenge himself on his heartless brothers? The only answer we can give is:—Joseph having been a type of Jesus, his life was presided over and ordered by God, so that in this feature, too, it might portray a portion of Christ’s history, who remained away from His Father’s House for thirty years.

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—Let us still further compare Joseph and Jesus. Joseph came out of the pit; ascended the throne; stands as a mediator; is the bread of life to Israel. Is he not as Jesus? Provision was made for Israel even in Egypt. Even so it is, to this day (Rev. xi. 8). Israel bows the knee before Joseph in Egypt. Compare Phil. ii. (6-11.) Let us rejoice, a Greater than Joseph is here. “I am that bread of Life.”—John vi. 48.

NEVER fear man if God is on your side.

### Almost Sundown.

I am looking over my labors  
By the light of the setting sun;  
For I see by the lengthening shadows  
That my day is nearly done.

My work for the blessed Master  
Is drawing towards its close;  
Far less have I done in the vineyard  
Than I hoped when the morning rose.

And yet, while the daylight lingers,  
I will work as well as I may,  
Nor waste the remaining moments  
Regretting a misspent day.

And oh! if now in the vineyard,  
Are any led there by my hand,  
I give you this word at our parting,  
As near the gateway I stand:

Do all you can for the Master;  
Do better than I have done;  
And then, when the day is ended,  
You may welcome the setting sun.

—The Watchman.

It is a duty to contend earnestly for “the faith.” It is, however, very far from being a duty to fight every scarecrow and bombard every spectral error that chances to appear. If for reason or no reason a gun happens to be fired from some vessel passing through the straits, the mighty masters at Gibraltar do not open all their batteries. There is such a thing in human dialectics as the hiding of power. There must needs be defences, historical, critical, and the like. If some real Goliath comes into the field, he must be met. But the average scope of transient controversies is quite too small. They train up no great champions. They excite temper, provoke wrath, and do next to nothing towards making firmer the foundations of faith.

Some years ago a work was published of very light calibre and of slight morality. There was not enough of it to take a good blow. It had a poor run. A clerical friend was moved to denounce it violently from his pulpit. His sermon was reported. Straightway the work, which had been gasping for a breath of public favor, became locally famous, and the publisher and author were made happy. And so it will always be.—*Christian Intelligencer*.



DECEMBER 28.

LESSON LII.

1879.

*Sunday after Christmas. Matt. ii. 1-11.*

THE SUBJECT.—THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST,

1. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

2. Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

3. When Herod the king had heard *these things*, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

4. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

5. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

6. And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

7. Then Herod, when he had privily called the

wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

8. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child: and when ye have found *him*, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

9. When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

10. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

11. ¶ And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

## QUESTIONS.

What company of pious pilgrims first visited the Infant Jesus? Luke ii. 8-20. Of what nation were the Shepherds? Jewish. On what day did it fall? On the day of the Nativity, or birth of Jesus.

Of what other company do we learn in the Lesson? On what day did their visit occur? On the 12th day after the Nativity, it is said. To what Festival did this visit give rise, in the Christian Church? Epiphany. What does this name mean? Manifestation. Of what nationality were the wise men? Heathen. What fact does the Church celebrate on Epiphany, or the 6th of January? The manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

Did Jews and Gentiles, then, assemble around the cradle of Jesus? Yes; in the persons of their several representatives, the Shepherds and wise men. Was this a prophecy, that mankind shall become one in Christ? John xii. 32; Eph. iii. 28. What has Christ been called, in view of this fact? The Magnet of Souls.

VERSE 1. Was there more than one town called Bethlehem? Two. How is the Bethlehem of Christ usually distinguished? Bethlehem of Judea—or of Judah, about six miles from Jerusalem. What had been its earlier name? Ephrath, or Ephratah (Fruitful). In what had it been so fruitful? In the ancestors of Jesus; Jacob, Ruth, David. What does *Bethlehem* mean? The House of Bread—or of Flesh—or of the Incarnation. (Compare John vi. 48, and John i. 14). What *Herod* is here intended? Herod the Great. Who were the wise men? Learned men, also called "Magi," (Priests), and "Kings." Whence were they? The East is supposed to mean Persia or Arabia. Of whose descendants were they likely? Abraham's, by his wife Keturah, (Gen. xxvi. 1-4). How many were they? It is thought *three*, from their three-fold gifts presented, (ver. 11). Do you know their fabled names? MELCHIOR, GASPARD, and BELTHAZAR.

2. What question did they ask? What made them ask after such a king? It was a widespread opinion at that time, that a great character was to be born shortly in Judea. What reason had they that this character was born now? Why did they connect His birth with the appearing of a star? The Prophet Baalam had so foretold it, 1500 years before, (Num. xxiv. 17). What did they intend to do for them?

3. Who was troubled over this visit of the wise men? Why? They feared that their power would now end.

4. Whom did Herod call together? Who were the *Chief Priests*? The former and present High-Priests, and the Head-Priests of the

24 Priestly Courses, established by David, (1 Chron. xxiv.) Who were the *Scribes*? The Secretaries or writers in civil and religious affairs. What did Herod wish to know from this Council? Why was he so anxious to know this? To plan a way to destroy Jesus.

5. What was their answer? On what was their answer based? On the Prophet's utterance made 700 years before. What Prophet? Micah, (v. 2).

6. What were the Prophet's words?

7. Whom did Herod then call? How did he call them? Why so secretly? Not to let the people know his anxiety. What did he ask them? Why would he know that too? To satisfy himself as to *when* Christ might have been born.

8. How did Herod then charge them? Was Herod sincere?

9. Whither did they then go? Why had they first come to Jerusalem? They thought the King of the Jews would be born in the Capital. Had they promised Herod to return again? We know not; but, if so, after God's warning, they were free from such obligation, (verse 12). What now appeared before them on their journey? Had it been lost to them before? During the day it was not visible. How could the star *stand over* the place? It seems to have approached nearer the ground. Was it a real star? That or a meteor—or, finally, a heavenly signal, like to the pillar of cloud and fire before Israel.

10. Why were they so delighted? They were assured of having a Divine pilot.

11. Into what place were they conducted? Had not Jesus been born in a stable, or cave? There the shepherds found him; but the Holy Family had been removed to more comfortable quarters. Whom did they find? Why did they bring treasures? It was the custom. What gifts did they present? What was *gold* a symbol of? Of royalty or kingship. What did *frankincense* signify? It was a vegetable, of rich odor, and was a symbol of worship paid to the *Divine Being*. What did *myrrh* foretell? It was likewise a vegetable, used at burials to prevent corruption. It was typical of Christ's *human* nature, which died and rose again. Did these gifts portray our Lord's two natures and kingly character?

Can you relate the conduct of the wise men subsequent to their departure? What did Herod do? What became of the Holy Family for a time? Where was the home of Jesus then?

If Jesus is so noble a character, ought not such wonders to have accompanied His birth? If not, might we then wonder and doubt? Yes.



NOTES.—Two small companies of pilgrims visited the cradle of the Infant Jesus, in Bethlehem. St. Luke (ii. 8–20) tells us of a group of pious *Shepherds*, who formed the first delegation of reception and honor for Him. Not having far to come, they arrived from the adjoining fields on the same day of the Nativity, or Birth of Christ. An angel led them thither. They are commonly called the *representatives* of the Jews. St. Matthew tells us that *Wise Men* came to the same place, and for the same purpose. Living far away from Bethlehem, their arrival is generally supposed to have occurred on the *Twelfth* day after the Nativity. This falls on the 6th day of January, and gives us the *Festival of Epiphany*—His manifestation to the Gentiles—because the *Wise Men* were the representatives of the *Heathens*.

Thus the *Cradle* of Christ portrayed already, in a picture, as it were, what he declared His *Cross* and *Throne* would do in fact—"draw all men unto Him," (John xii. 32). So early was the pledge of the mystery given, that in Christ mankind would indeed become *man-kinned*—or, one family (Eph. iii. 28). He is aptly called the "Magnet of Souls," on this account.

VERSE 1. *Bethlehem*. There were two towns of this name. Hence the birth-place of Jesus is distinguished by the additional words—of *Judea*—because it lay within the limits of the Tribe of Judah, and about six miles from Jerusalem. It was once called *Ephrath* or *Ephratah* (Fruitful) Gen. xlviii. 7. And fruitful of grand characters it was. Here Jacob tarried; here Ruth, the ancestress of David and Jesus lived; here king David was born, tended his father's flocks, wrote the 23d Psalm, likely, and was crowned by Samuel; and here Christ was born. Its sacred name—*Bethlehem* means *The House of Bread*. You will know the reason why, if you remember that Jesus calls Himself "the Bread of Heaven" (John vi. 48). But it means *the House of Flesh*, too—and just as aptly, since the Son of God "was made flesh" here (John i. 14). Best then, to render "*Bethlehem*" *The House of the Incarnation*.

"Bethlehem! Of noblest cities,  
None can once with thee compare;  
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven  
Didst for us incarnate bear."

*Herod the King*. There were several Herods. This was Herod the Great. And such he was indeed—in wickedness! He married *ten* wives, ordered the slaughter of the little boys in and around Bethlehem, and died in disgrace and exile. In the last year of his reign, our Lord was born. *Wise Men*. They are sometimes called "Magi" (from *Mag*—a Priest), and "Kings," too. They were learned and devout men among their people, who served as teachers or priests, in religious affairs, and as rulers in civil matters. *From the East*. The regions of Persia or Arabia are believed to be indicated here. The Jews held that some descendants of Abraham, by his wife *Keturah* (Gen. xxv. 1–4) resided there, who had preserved the sayings and traditions of their great father. Perhaps we may now know, in a measure, how it was that these *Wise Men* knew, or cared anything about the birth of Jesus. From their three-fold gifts presented (ver. 11), it is supposed these were *three* in number; who were accompanied, however, by a large number of servants and camels. Their names, we are told, were MELCHIOR, GASPAR, BALTHAZAR.

VERSE 2. *Where is he that is born King of the Jews?* At that day, old writers tell us, a general opinion prevailed all over the land, that some great deliverer was to be born shortly; and that he was to come out of Judea. Of this expectation the *Wise Men* shared. *We have seen his star in the east*. About 1500 years earlier, the prophet Balaam spoke of a grand star that should appear, at the coming of the Deliverer (Num. xxiv. 17). Now we understand at once, both why they came, and why they spoke as they did. *And are come to worship him*. They intended to receive and honor this great character in a becoming manner, as one sent from above.

VERSE 3. *Herod \* \* \* was troubled*. The wide-spread hope of a Coming-One, the arrival of this strange company of nobles from afar, and the constant rebellion of his own subjects—these things perplexed the king greatly. And *all Jerusalem with him*. Though many pious minds watched and longed for the consolation of Israel, such as Simeon, Anna, and others (Luke ii. 25, 36); still, the Scribes, Pharisees, and Leaders of the masses were of like mind and charac-



ter with the wicked king. They together feared an end of their power.

VERSE 4. *Gathered the chief priests.* Now Herod called a council together, to learn what was best to be done. The reigning High-Priest, and his predecessors in office, as well as the Head-Priests of the 24 courses of the priestly families, which David had already arranged (1 Chron. xxiv) were summoned. *And Scribes.* These were the assistants of the king and magistrates, their secretaries (from *Scribo*, to write), who kept account in writing of all the public acts, as well as transcribed the law and prophecy. They formed quite a synod. *He demanded of them where Christ should be born.* He had heard this coming one called "Messiah" or Christ. Having learned certainly from this council the birth-place of Jesus, he might readily, as he believed, slay Him and thus end his fears.

VERSES 5-6. *In Bethlehem of Judea.* This was the report of the Synod. And it was taken from the prophet Micah (v. 2), who foretold it 700 years before.

VERSE 7. *Then Herod \* \* privily called the Wise Men.* He did this secretly in order to prevent the people from knowing his anxiety, or that he attached any importance to their visit. *Inquired of them diligently, what time the star appeared.* Knowing the place of Christ's birth, it was only necessary for him to convince himself whether the time of His advent had actually come. Hence he asked after the precise period of the signal in the heavens. Doubtless, the Wise Men informed him when Herod inferred that Christ had come indeed, and he accordingly proceeds to carry out his plan to make way with him.

VERSE 8. *And he sent them to Bethlehem.* They had come to the Jewish capital Jerusalem; thinking naturally that there the Great King would be born. Herod, from the Synod's report learned His birth-place officially, and sends the Wise Men thither. *Go and search diligently for the young child.* He pretends to have it much at heart. *And when ye have found Him, or know the house definitely; bring me word again—report to me; that I may come and worship Him also.* Under the disguise of loyalty and piety, he sheltered the wickedest purpose, as we shall see.

VERSE 9. *They departed.* They did not promise to come back, it seems; and if they even had, they were no longer bound after God's warning (verse 12). *Lo! the star \* \* went before them.* Whether it was an actual star, which appeared in the heavens, or was but a meteor; or finally, a God-sent sign, like the pillar of cloud and fire, which went before Israel of old—all this matters not to us. It served as a special directory to Jerusalem and Bethlehem. *Till it came and stood over where the young child was.* It likely, approached nearer the ground then. Some say, a halo of glory surrounded the head of Jesus. Perhaps painters first caught the thought of so representing the head of Christ from this tradition.

VERSE 10. *When they saw the star.* During the day spent in Jerusalem, it was invisible. Now, setting out at eventide, they once more saw their heavenly guide.

VERSE 11. *And when they were come into the house.* Though Jesus had been born in a stable or cave, where the shepherds found Him, the Holy Family had by this time been transferred to better quarters. *They saw the young child.* Jesus is mentioned first in order—the least, and yet the greatest. *With Mary His mother.* Next Mary has a place, as the one indeed nearest to Him in earthly connection, but Joseph is not spoken of at all. *They fell down, or prostrated themselves, as was the Eastern mode of doing reverence; and worshipped Him.* They acknowledged Him first of all, as a King. But, likely, they saw in Him a Heavenly King too. *And when they had opened their treasures.* It was customary to present gifts on such occasions. The nobles never went with empty hands before each other. They expressed their inward regard by outward tokens. The Wise men accordingly brought their "Christmas Gifts."—*Gold.* This was a symbol of royalty, by which they confessed the Kingly character of Jesus. *Frankincense.* This was a vegetable, rich in odor. It was offered in worship, and represented prayer and sacrifice. In this case it was a quiet prophecy of the Divine nature of Christ, to whom worship could be given. *Myrrh* This, too, was a vegetable, and much used in burials, to preserve from decay. It, like-



wise, silently told of the *human* mortal nature of Jesus—of His death and burial, and of His *Resurrection*.

Thus we find a sacred character attaching to these gifts. In fact, the cradle of Jesus is fruitful in prophecy of His person and mission. It is only necessary to read to the end of the chapter, to learn how God warned the Wise Men not to return by way of Jerusalem; how the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt was brought about; how Herod avenged himself on the Innocents of Bethlehem, and by what providential acts Nazareth became the home of Jesus.

**PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.**—It is not at all strange, that the wonderful child,—so different from all other children—should have called forth such a series of signs—Angels and a Star; Shepherds and Wise Men—all to do Him reverence. Nor should it surprise us, that the powers of darkness would instigate Herod to be His destroyer. If the Divine Infant had *not* been accompanied by signs in heaven, and on earth, and in hell—that would have been a cause for wonder and doubt.

Believing, then, we rejoice to bring Him the God of *Obedience*, as Heavenly King, the Frankincense of Supreme *Worship*, as God in Man, and the Myrrh of *Sanctity* or Holiness, without which we cannot escape the power of death, and enter into Life. Thus are we like unto the Wise Men, indeed. And more wisdom than they do we exhibit, since they went first to Jerusalem, and thence to Bethlehem, while we go first to Bethlehem, in order to enter the heavenly Jerusalem for ever.

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### Counsels for Children.

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BY REV. DR. PLUMER.

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Remember always to live in peace. Hate all strife. It is a dreadful thing to be at war with those around us. Be kind to everybody. If you cannot live quietly with any one of your companions, withdraw from him. It is a sad sight to see boys and girls engaged in disputes or quarrels. The Lord Jesus never quarrelled with any body, though He was oftentimes cruelly treated.

Be very kind to the weak, and poor, and the unfortunate around you. God,

long ago, said, "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child." He also said, "Thou shall not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block before the blind." It is both mean and wicked to take advantage of the infirmities and misfortunes of those around us.

Use your best efforts to become wise. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom. If you do not know a thing, ask others. This is scriptural. God said to the Jews: "When your children shall say to you, what mean ye by this service? ye shall say, it is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover." We should think before we speak, and not thoughtlessly ask silly questions. Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king.

Watch your lips. Keep your tongue from evil, and your mouth from speaking guile. Life and death are in the power of the tongue. Ask yourself if it is right for you to say anything; then try to speak kindly and truly and soberly. Childhood and youth spent in sin are a great vanity. Beware of evil speaking.

Be not too fond of play. Life is a serious business. It is right that young people should have their time to play. But some hate work and hate their books, and love their ease and would rather play all the time. Learn to find your joy in doing your duty. It may be hard for you to do some things, but try your best, and by degrees they will become easier.

Obey your parents. Obey them promptly, cheerfully, in all things that are lawful. I hope they would not command you to do a wicked thing. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." It is safe for old or young to do anything that God bids them: it is very unsafe for them not to do what He commands.

Do all you can to be like Jesus Christ. He was the best model that children ever had. He is the best friend they now have. When on earth, He cured sick children just as He cured other people. Oh, that everybody, old and young, would trust the Saviour.—*Child's Companion*.



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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1880

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

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THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

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